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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

THE ARTS THROUGHOUT THE AGES

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF AMERICA

VOLUME X

JULY—DECEMBER, 1920



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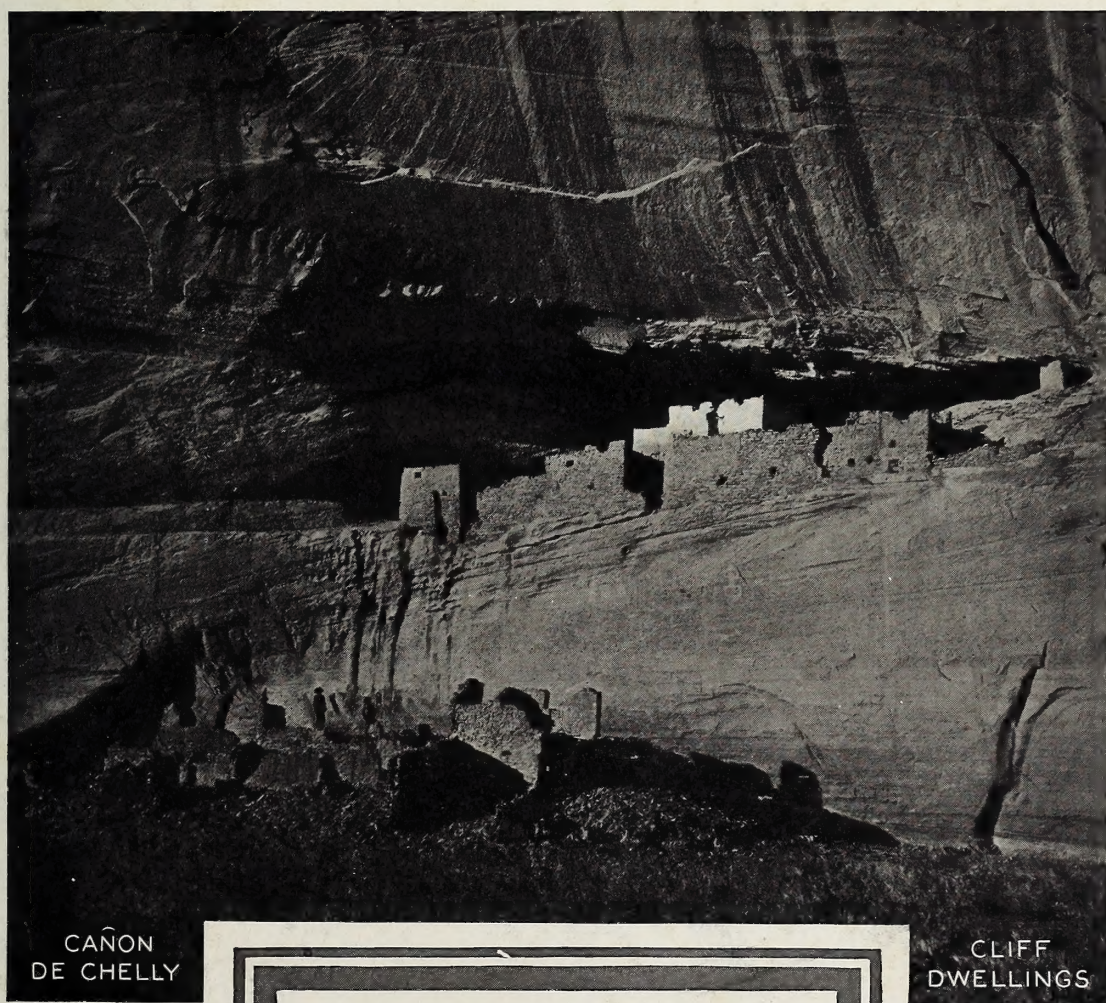
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MID-SUMMER DOUBLE NUMBER

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY is now entering upon its tenth volume, and both to meet a popular demand and to catch up with our schedule so that each number may appear henceforth at the first of the month, we present for July and August a special Mid-Summer Double Number devoted to "The Story of Our National Monuments." The articles and illustrations have been collected with the cooperation of the National Parks Service of the Department of the Interior, the National Parks Association and the School of American Research. The National Monuments have been created in accordance with the following Act for the Preservation of American Antiquities:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress-assembled, That any person who shall appropriate, excavate, injure, or destroy any historic or prehistoric ruin or monument, or any object of antiquity, situated on lands owned or controlled by the Government of the United States, without the permission of the Secretary of the Department of the Government having jurisdiction over the lands on which said antiquities are situated shall, upon conviction, be fined in a sum of not more than five hundred dollars or be imprisoned for a period of not more than ninety days, or shall suffer both fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.

SEC. 2. That the President of the United States is hereby authorized, in his discretion, to declare by public proclamation historic land-marks, historic and prehistoric structures, and other objects of historic or scientific interest that are situated upon the lands owned or controlled by the Government of the United States to be National Monuments, and may reserve as a part thereof parcels of land, the limits of which in all cases shall be confined to the smallest area compatible with the proper care and management of the objects to be protected; *Provided*, That when such objects are situated upon a tract covered by a bona fide unperfected claim, or held in private ownership, the tract, or so much thereof as may be necessary for the proper care and management of the object, may be relinquished to the Government, and the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized to accept the relinquishment of such tracts in behalf of the Government of the United States.

SEC. 3. That permits for the examination of ruins, the excavation of archaeological sites, and the gathering of objects of antiquity upon the lands under their respective jurisdictions may be granted by the Secretaries of the Interior, Agriculture, and War, to institutions which they may deem properly qualified to conduct such examination, excavation, or gathering, subject to such rules and regulations as they may prescribe: *Provided*, That the examinations, excavations, and gatherings are undertaken for the benefit of reputable museums, universities, colleges, or other recognized scientific or educational institutions, with a view to increasing the knowledge of such objects, and that the gathering shall be made for permanent preservation in public museums.

SEC. 4. That the Secretaries of the Departments aforesaid shall make and publish from time to time uniform rules and regulations for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this Act.

Approved, June 8, 1906.

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View in Little Zion Canyon, Zion National Park, Utah.
(See p. 37)

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME X

JULY-AUGUST, 1920

NUMBERS 1-2

THE STORY OF OUR NATIONAL MONUMENTS

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

By MITCHELL CARROLL

PRIOR TO 1906, the United States of America had no law for the protection of American antiquities nor any provision for the designation of sites of historic or scientific interest as National Monuments, no matter how great their importance. No other nation of the first rank had been so indifferent to the disappearance of its historic landmarks and the despoliation of the cultural remains within its borders.

The lack of such legislation and of public sentiment to demand it, was felt especially in connection with the prehistoric antiquities of the country. It was the custom of anyone who so desired to strike into the Western archaeological fields with pick and spade and appropriate at will for personal use or commercial profit the treasures of forgotten ages which nature always strives to save from the vandal by covering under the protecting soil. Curious, that it is against himself,

chiefly, that man's finest monuments must be guarded. Nature does her best, but eventually government must extend the restraining hand.

It was not until the beginning of the present century that noticeable progress was made toward such protective measures in the United States. Isolated voices had been raised from time to time, and resolutions had been passed by scientific societies. But vandalism proceeded unchecked and with large rewards.

However, about twenty years ago, remonstrances with a more determined sound began to be heard. Departments of government having jurisdiction over the possessions of the people were earnestly urged to exercise power which seemed to be inherent even in the absence of specific legislation, with the result that vandals were stayed, collections confiscated and protective measures inaugurated.

For the public sentiment which fin-

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ally brought the matter to the attention of Congress credit is chiefly due the people and institutions of the Southwest. The incident which first brought substantial results, was the visit of Congressman John F. Lacey of the Sixth District of Iowa, then Chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands, to New Mexico in 1902, where, in company with Edgar L. Hewett, one of the leading archaeologists of the Southwest, a comprehensive view of the great field of American Antiquities was made and plans were discussed which were destined to bring results. Major Lacey never ceased thenceforth to uphold in Congress all well-considered legislation looking toward the conservation of the nation's wealth, not only material, but also historic and scientific. He was at President Roosevelt's right hand in all the conservation movements of that great period. In his autobiography, Major Lacey attributes his archaeological legislation to this expedition in New Mexico with Dr. Hewett.

By 1904 numerous organizations, members of Congress and private individuals had bills for the preservation of American Antiquities pending, all of which tho ill-advised in details, served the excellent purpose of bringing an important matter before the public and arousing interest and discussion—necessary prerequisites to information and intelligent action. Bills supported by the Smithsonian Institution, the Archaeological Institute of America and prominent individuals introduced simultaneously and urged rather persistently came in conflict, with the result that much-needed legislation was delayed.

The obvious need of the time was information and in answer to this demand came a series of pamphlets prepared by

Dr. Hewett and published for free distribution by the Department of the Interior, the Smithsonian Institution and the House of Representatives. The deadlock on the conflicting measures was then removed by requesting the same author to prepare a draft of a law for consideration by institutions and government departments concerned. The result was the simple and adequate measure presented to Congress under the name of the Lacey Act, carrying the support of all the parties above mentioned and being sponsored especially by the Department of the Interior. The measure was handled by the Congressman whose name it bore and to his intelligent and persistent efforts the enactment of the law on the 8th of June, 1906, was due. (See second cover page.)

It seems fitting that this piece of wise legislation should be explained in some detail. It provides not only for the preservation of the antiquities situated on lands under the control of the various departments of government, but for the creation of National Monuments, embracing such objects and sites of historic, scenic or scientific interest as should in the estimation of the President of the United States, be so designated and protected by the nation. Under its operation, the major part of the archaeological work of the past fourteen years in the United States has been conducted, and all the National Monuments, most of which are described in this number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, established.

The results flowing from this legislation and the campaign of education leading up to it have been enormous. It went far toward standardizing the work of all the investigators in American Archaeology. It carried with it the contemporaneous Act establishing the Mesa Verde National Park, leading to

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

what has been the principal activity of the government in the archaeological field during the past ten years, namely the excavation, repair and preservation of type ruins in which Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, has been the outstanding figure.

The Archaeological Institute of America, during the period when its policies were being shaped by President Francis W. Kelsey, brought all its force to the support of the American Antiquities Act. It broadened its own foundations by securing an Act of Congress giving it a national charter, approved May 26, 1906. It added American Archaeology to its field, making the author of the Antiquities Act Director of American Archaeology and founded the School of American Research at Santa Fé, recently characterized by a distinguished author as "the first real field school of American Archaeology in America"—an institution which has in ten years built the museums of archaeology and art at Santa Fé and San Diego, with buildings, equipment and collections running beyond a million dollars valuation, done noteworthy research work in the United States and Central America, trained several of the leading archaeologists and ethnologists of the country, and encouraged the most notable art movement of the time that has centered in New Mexico.

One of the results of this campaign of education was the spread of popular interest, not only in our American heritage but also in the archaeology of the Old World. In obedience to this impulse also ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY was founded as a vehicle for carrying information from the various fields in popular form to the lay membership of the Institute, which had trebled its membership incidental to its educational propaganda.

This movement for the creation of National Monuments naturally coincided with that for the development of National Parks, and has consequently been under the fostering care of the National Parks Service of the Department of the Interior since its creation in 1917. Likewise the National Parks Association, established in 1919 to quicken intelligent interest in the preservation and extension of our National Parks System, has appointed a permanent committee to consider the problems of the National Monuments, and to devise a comprehensive policy for their development. The thirty-six National Monuments already created under the Act may be classified as follows: Prehistoric Monuments, 11; Historic Landmarks, 5; Natural Monuments, comprising a variety of areas of scenic or scientific interest, 20. This is really only a beginning, when we consider our national heritage, and Dr. Hewett in this number suggests several other sites which should be made national monuments for their archaeological significance.

Our National Monuments should be parts of a carefully studied system, built up as a cathedral is built, stone upon stone, decade after decade, until the national domain is compassed. This system should embrace all important prehistoric remains, historic landmarks commemorating our early history and the work of our pioneers, and sites illustrating the range of geological phenomena, of fauna and flora, of picturesque mountain and lake scenery. To this end the National Parks Association through its National Monuments Committee is now working as part of its varied program, and those of us who are primarily concerned with sites commemorating the Story of Man, will gladly lend our support to the entire plan.



Rito de los Frijoles, New Mexico, general view showing the pueblo of Tyu'ouyi, excavated by the School of American Research. Now Bandelier National Monument.

NATIONAL MONUMENTS OF NEW MEXICO

By PAUL A. F. WALTER

BANDELIER NATIONAL MONUMENT: EL RITO DE LOS FRIJOLES

IF one would spend an unforgettable vacation, whose memories remain vivid for a life-time, if one seeks a spot which for a vacation setting is incomparable, then the Rito de los Frijoles must be the Mecca of the quest. There, within a few square miles, is located the strangest corner of the great Southwest. There the clock of civilization seems to have been set back a thousand years. There, if the visitor attunes himself to the environment, he may revel in the primitive and live over the life of the ancients who, before they departed to the Land of Sip-o-phe, handed on the torch of their culture to the Pueblo Indian of today.

La Villa Real de Santa Fé de San Francisco, a charming bit of old Spain, lies glistening like a jewel in the lap of the Blood of Christ Mountains in central New Mexico. It is from here that you start for any interesting point in the Southwest. Santa Fé has an honored place in literature, art and history. No other place in the United States has been so much written about. A complete bibliography of Santa Fé and surroundings includes some 12,000 titles. It is a small library indeed that is devoid of books about, or references to, Santa Fé.

Westward from Santa Fé, the visitor may travel to the Rito, now Bandelier National Monument, in automobile, or on horseback, or by narrow gauge train, to the head of the White Rock Canyon, where the little settlement of Buckman stands at the entrance to the Pajarito Park, of which the Bandelier Monument is an integral part.

Worthy of the setting is the entrance to the Pajarito Park. After crossing the Rio Grande, there is a three-mile ascent on the cliff side of the volcanic plateau upon which is situated the archaeological wonderland. To and fro the road winds, revealing one panorama after another of overwhelming grandeur; at one turn, looking far down the dark White Rock Canyon in which the Rio Grande is a mere thread of silver or gold or fire, just as the sun happens to strike; at another turn disclosing the hoary Truchas peaks 13,306 feet in altitude, the highest and yet accessible as well as most picturesque peaks in all of the southwest. In between spreads out the fertile Espanola Valley hemmed in by Titanic mountain masses on all sides,—the Tewa world with its four world mountains coming within compass of the view. It is a region hallowed by martyrs, Franciscan friars, who years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, planted the cross and made converts by the thousands, built massive missions and convents 150 years before the oldest in California. It is here that the Spanish Conquistadores made their first permanent settlements whence they set out to conquer and to colonize the Southwest. However, possibly a thousand and more years before there had descended from the Pajarito Plateau, Indian tribes and clans who planted cotton, who grew corn, who had developed a culture that even in this day of advancement, seems altogether admirable and in some ways superior to our own.

Higher and higher, the road ascends. Now the Taos mountains and even the Sierra Blanca in Colorado, swim along



Great ceremonial cave, Rito de los Frijoles, Bandelier National Monument, New Mexico.

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the horizon to the north, and there are glimpses of the Sandias and Manzanos far to the south, while to the east, a phalanx of peaks, a dozen of which rise more than 10,000 feet in altitude, frame in a view to which no camera, no painter's brush, no magician of words, ever will or ever can do justice. When the eye grows tired of discovering new worlds as it sweeps the thousands of square miles spread out east and north and south, it finds unsuspected glories leaping into view near at hand.

The top of the mesa is reached, but there are further heights to climb, more canyons to descend, traverse and ascend. Upon this tableland are other tablelands—*islands of tufa*, a soft volcanic rock—forming huge cliffs in which are found the caves and upon which are built the great community houses that make the Pajarito Park the richest region archaeologically speaking, in all of the United States. To the left and just a little bit ahead looms up the Tchirega with its partly excavated community house, its stairway of the Plumed Serpent, its hundreds of caves. The road threads its way between boulders of pumice stone, under swaying pine trees, along dizzy precipices, past mounds underneath which sleep ancient ruins, each mile revealing new beauties and finer vistas of the Valles mountains to the west and of volcanic buttes and cliffs to the north and south. Even though one feels no breeze, the murmur in the pines is continuous and emphasizes the great silences of this strange, mysterious land. Few travelers are prepared for the sight that bursts upon them as they stand upon the rim of the Rito de los Frijoles, the Ultima Thule of the automobile, for here the road comes to a sudden stop. This is the northern boundary of the National Monument, behind whose

prosaic name, no one would suspect the glory that is revealed in this remarkable cleft of the Pajarito Park.

After the pilgrim has plumbed its depths, has viewed its magnificent water falls, has rambled among its many caves with their primitive frescoes, has climbed the dizzy cliff to enter the ceremonial cave, has explored the Painted Cave, the Stone Lions and regions round about, has lain on his back at night to watch the glittering starry hosts march across the narrow canyon, then closed the eyes to conjure up a vision of it all, he will discover how futile, how inadequate, the English language with its 180,000 words is after all, to make any one else see it as he has seen this old, new bit of the world. If there is another spot in this or any other country that surpasses it, the writer has not seen it in his travels in various lands.

The descent into the canyon is over the new trails which the National Forest Service has built, for the Bandelier National Monument is within the boundaries of a National Forest of almost 2,000,000 acres. The ever-present feature as one looks down, is the elliptical Tyu'onyi, the excavated first story of a community house, the weird ruins from which the School of American Research has reconstructed a fairly comprehensive picture of the life and customs of the people who lived in this romantic canyon many generations ago. At one time, it was three stories and had perhaps 700 rooms, the metropolis of this valley of thirteen talus villages and hundreds of inhabited cave dwellings.

Fortunate he who can stay a week or two, and who has taken time to attune himself to the solitude, the blue skies, the evergreens, the crisp atmosphere, who can afford to study as he goes



Ruined village, Rito de los Frijoles, Bandelier National Monument, New Mexico.

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along, who has the leisure to make original explorations and find for himself some of the treasures that the sands of a thousand years have covered. First, of course, he visits the Ceremonial Cave. That is inevitable. It is so accessible and yet, so inaccessible; so near, yet so remote; so simple and yet so romantic; so mute and yet, telling a story so wonderful that it inspired an entire novel of several hundred pages. It is a holy place, haunted by bats and owls and spirits and memories. On its brink, the writer has stood with one of the most learned of modern Oriental scholars, who there recited a Latin oration, and then declared that the use of the Cave could have been no other than that of the Thingvalla in Iceland, the housetops in Palestine, the place from which the priests proclaimed to the people, assembled in the mural amphitheater below, the laws that the Sky Father had whispered to them.

The cave is high above the waters of the Rito de los Frijoles. It can be reached only by a dizzy climb up ladders and a narrow trail and stairway hewn into the rock—safe enough, but testing one's nerves. Right at the edge is the kiva, the circular sanctuary sunk into the rock. As in olden times, a ladder has been placed in the top opening to facilitate descent into its depths. There, the simple interior arrangement of the holy place has been restored. Behind the kiva stretch the dim recesses of the cavern. This great cave is isolated from the lesser ones and the talus villages that line the cliff walls of the canyon farther down, thus emphasizing its importance.

Looking out of the cave, the eye sweeps over tree tops, getting glimpses of the canyon walls and the turquoise blue horizon beyond. Beneath, glides

the stream, winding hither and thither between rocks and sandy slopes. The pilgrim follows its course some distance before striking the talus ruins and the deserted caves that are strung, cave above cave and cave within cave, along the foot of the cliffs for over a mile. Several of the talus villages have been excavated and their construction and interior arrangement are laid bare. Most of the caves have been carefully explored and in 200 of them, especially the more inaccessible ones, the Springer expedition only in recent years found wall decorations and frescoes of primitive drawings underneath ten or twenty coats of plastering, that form a parallel to those found in the caves of Cro-Magnon man in southern France and northern Spain. Upon the sheer cliff walls are graven petroglyphs and are painted pictographs which in some instances give a clue to the clan that made each group of dwellings its home.

One may easily follow the old trail down to the falls, where the Rito in three leaps clears 160 feet. Whatever waters are not dissipated in spray through which rainbows glimmer, hurry down to the nearby White Rock Canyon of the Rio Grande. It is a fine bit of landscape that forms the setting for the falls. The approach is through a magnificent tree-set amphitheater hemmed in by walls that tower high and shut off the world. The outlet is a gloomy gorge of impressive proportions. There is a steep trail to the foot of the falls. These, viewed from above or from below, make an unforgettable picture.

Returning, the traveler may linger at the excavations of the Tyu'onyi. It must have been planned as a whole, as it is elliptical, with only one entrance to the patio in which there are three kivas. Originally, three and possibly,

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four stories high, it was a primitive apartment house that sheltered scores of families. The population of the little canyon appears to have gone into the thousands. In the rooms laid bare, are to be found the stone implements, decorated pottery shards and bone and stone artifacts, testifying to the industry of the early inhabitants who raised cotton, corn and beans, who kept turkeys and dogs, and who had developed a culture admirable in many ways.

From the Rito, trails lead southward to Pueblo Viejo and other mounds covering ancient community sites, to the Capulin Canyon with its Painted Cave and its Stone Lions, crouching on the bed rock and hedged in by a ceremonial stone wall. The scenery is rugged and ever changing. Yet, there is a unity and character about it that set aside the Bandelier National Monument as probably the most distinctive portion of the United States—scenically, climatically, historically and archaeologically. Those who have the leisure and the means, could plan no more interesting and satisfying outing than several weeks in the Pajarito Park.

When the traveler returns to Santa Fé and visits the Rito de los Frijoles and the Puye rooms in the venerable Palace of the Governors, the mural paintings take on a new significance, the exhibits in the cases live again and the models of the ancient community houses tell their story far more eloquently than before. The publications that at first seemed technical take on a vital interest. The Indian becomes indeed the Noble Red Man, whose ancestors cherished art, poetry, religion, and had developed a fine system of government in days when Europe was in the Dark Ages.

Not only for charm of scenery and of

antiquity will the Rito be sought out by the travelers of the future who desire to know America. From the standpoint of sentiment it will remain unrivalled. Already it has inspired a wealth of poetic and descriptive literature. But it is on account of its place in the development of history, science, and art in the Southwest that the Rito will always hold its high distinction. Bandelier and Lummis explored it together in the early eighties and the latter's accounts in the "Land of Poco Tiempo," and "Strange Corners of our Country" are the classics on this romantic spot as they are on most places of the southwestern wonderland. The former immortalized it in his novel "The Delight Makers," and friends in grateful memory of this pioneer historian and archaeologist of the southwest had his name given to the National Monument.

On the archaeological side no other district in America has received such comprehensive treatment as has the Pajarito Plateau. This has been the work of the School of American Research or of those whose investigations lead up to the founding of that institution. It was explored, mapped, and its ancient nomenclature recovered and established by Hewett from 1896 on. It gave to Lacey in his exploration of 1902 the enthusiasm which he carried into the National Congress in support of the legislation for the preservation of American antiquities. It has thus been the stimulus to momentous developments in the cultural history of the Southwest.

The work at the Rito is far from finished. During the present year additional villages will be excavated, and, as a result of the studies heretofore made, one entire village, the House of the Sun People, is being restored in collaboration with the National Forest

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Service, which has the official custodianship of the National Monument. This, with the restorations previously made, notably that of the great Ceremonial Cave and the Cave Kiva at the foot of the Snake Trail, together with specimens of the dwellings excavated in the cliffs, enables everyone to gain almost a complete picture of the ancient life at the Rito. The Rooms of the restored Sun House will be re-furnished with implements and utensils excavated from the ruins, thus constituting a unique field museum.

Never before in the history of archaeological activity has there been such a complete recovery and restoration of a buried civilization. To crown the whole achievement with something entirely new in archaeological work, the flow of water in the Rito has been greatly increased by the skilled methods of forestry. The water is flowing in the ancient ditches, irrigating the identical fields, growing the identical crops of the people of the far past. Indian men and women till the fields, re-build the houses, plaster the walls, and live the simple lives of the olden times. Of all the brilliant epigrams of Charles F. Lummis, none was ever more pointed than his saying that "in the Southwest you may catch your archaeology alive." He matched it in his description of the uncovering of the ancient Mayan City of Quirigua in Guatemala by the School of Research as the place "where the stones come to life." It may be doubted if even in the imagination of Lummis there ever was born such a dream as this of the "Resurrection of the Rito."

CHACO CANYON

Though remote from the highways of travel and difficult of access, the Chaco Canyon is one

of the wonders of the Southwest. There, apparently, the Pueblo Indian culture of pre-Spanish days reached its apogee. The partial excavation of Pueblo Bonito, over twenty years ago, revealed sufficient to indicate that the eighteen large, and the many smaller, ruins within the Chaco district hide secrets that may be the key to many of the problems of the old Pueblo culture. Unless the work is done soon, it may be too late, for vandalism has played sad havoc in this remote region. The School of American Research, aided financially by the Royal Ontario Museum of Toronto, is beginning the systematic excavation of some of these ancient community houses this summer.

The Chaco is a narrow, shallow canyon, not as spectacular as Canyon de Chelly, or a score of other wonderful gulches in this region, but nevertheless impressive. N. C. Nelson, of the American Museum of Natural History, thus describes it: "From Aztec, the journey led south across the arid waste, inhabited only by small bands of Navahos, to the Chaco Canyon. Here is located the famous Pueblo Bonito, an immense ruin of semi-circular ground plan, and at one time five stories high. Within a few miles radius of this great pile are to be found no less than eighteen additional large ruins, besides many more of small dimensions. Some of these ruins have an oval ground plan, others are L-shaped, but the majority are E-shaped. In nearly every case a curving wall connects the two extreme building wings, thus enclosing a court, which itself invariably faces southwest. As indicative of their size it may be stated that the main building of one of these ruins measured about 425 feet in length and had once stood to a height of three or more stories. The ceilings were unusually high in these struc-



Pueblo Bonito, Chaco Canyon National Monument, partially excavated, New Mexico.

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tures and the rooms generally much larger than in the ruins, for example, of the great pueblos found near Santa Fé and elsewhere in the Rio Grande drainage. The walls are from one to five feet in thickness and are models of skill, patience, and good taste. The heavy timbers employed for roofs and ceilings in these buildings must have been transported 50 to 60 miles and how this was done is as much of a mystery as the construction of the pyramids."

Like the community houses of Pecos and Cuari, the huge buildings of the Chaco Canyon were walled cities, fortresses more impregnable to assaults in their day than are the modern fortified towns of Europe. The Chaco Canyon can be reached not only from Aztec on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, but also from Gallup or Thoreau on the Santa Fé System. The United States Indian School at Crown Point is the nearest settlement. In fact, one of the large ruins of the district is but a short distance from the school. The country round about is typical of much of the Navajo Reservation. Part of it is desert, while other portions, despite the sparse vegetation, have the appearance of a vast park of evergreens. Deep gulches and sandy arroyos cut up the country and with it the wagon roads. The effects of the rarity of the air, the brilliant sunshine, the isolation and silence are remarkable.

Dr. Hewett, who made an archaeological survey of the Chaco region in 1902 and prepared the first official map of it, says of Pueblo Bonito, (Spanish for "beautiful village"): "The building, which stands within 70 feet of the north wall of the Canyon, is of dark brown sandstone, semi-elliptical in form. Its length east and west is 667 feet and its greatest depth, north and

south, 315 feet. It was originally five stories high, there being portions of the fifth-story wall still standing. The greatest height of standing wall at present is 48 feet, 39 feet being above the detritus; probably half the rooms are rectangular, but there are many of irregular form, semi-circular, trapezoidal, elliptical, triangular, etc., owing to the subsequent addition of rooms to the original structure, several such additions and remodelings being evident. Every type of masonry known to Pueblo architecture is found in this building, and not fewer than 27 circular kivas, varying from 10 to 50 feet in diameter, have been uncovered in it."

One of the most important ruins of the group is Chetro Kettle (Rain Pueblo) which measures 440 by 250 feet. It is less than one fourth of a mile east of Pueblo Bonito. The masonry is exceptionally good and consists of fine-grained grayish-yellow sandstone, broken into small tabular pieces laid in thin mortar. In places courses of heavier stone are laid in parallel at intervals, giving an ornamental effect. Jackson in the Tenth Report of the Hayden Survey, calculates that there are 315,000 cubic feet of masonry in the structure. Chetro Kettle will be the first of the great ruins to be excavated by the School of American Research. On top of the mesa, about three-fourths of a mile north of Pueblo Bonito, are the ruins of Pueblo Alto (high village) consisting of two community houses, the smaller about 75 feet square, containing some of the best plain masonry to be found in the Chaco Canyon region. There is a large circular kiva in the small building. In the larger structure, seven kivas have been located. It is rectangular, facing south, the court like that of



Kin-Yai Ruins, Chaco Canyon National Monument, New Mexico.



Una Vida Mesa, Chaco Canyon National Monument, New Mexico.

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Hungo Pavi being enclosed by a semi-circular double wall between which were rooms, making it really a series of one-story apartments. The north wall is 360 feet long, while the wings are 200 and 170 feet long respectively. The rooms are from 15 to 20 feet long and 8 to 12 wide. A quarter of a mile east of the ruins is a wall extending north and south for 1,986 feet. Other walls extend toward this from the main building but do not connect with it. Pueblo Alto is reached from Chaco Canyon by a tortuous stairway through a narrow crevice just back of Pueblo Bonito.

The ruin of Hungo Pavi is one of the major ruins of the Chaco group. It is on the north side of the Canyon, less than two miles above Pueblo Bonito. It is built on three sides of a court, a semi-circular double wall enclosing the fourth side, the space between the two walls being divided into rooms. The main building is 309 feet long and each of the two wings 136 feet. When it is considered that the building originally was four stories high and was built in terraced form, imagination will picture a structure that must have looked formidable indeed when occupied by hundreds of men, women and children. The masonry of Hungo Pavi, according to Dr. Hewett in the "Handbook of the American Indians," is exceptionally good; the material is fine grained, grayish yellow sandstone, compactly laid in thin mud mortar. The exterior walls of the first story are three feet thick and walls still stand to a height of thirty feet. Within the main building there is a kiva 23 feet in diameter."

Una Vida, lying about two miles to the southeast of Hungo Pavi, is L-shaped, the extremities of the wings being connected by a semicircular wall. The ruin is badly demolished. The

wings are 274 and 253 feet in length. Within the court is a subterranean circular kiva 60 feet in diameter. Nearby is the ruin of the Saydegil (house on the side of the rocks) which has a kiva 54 feet in diameter, surrounded by twenty rooms.

Wijiji, the next important ruin above Una Vida, one mile up the valley, is rectangular, 225 by 120 feet, built around three sides of a court which has no wall on the fourth. The structure was three stories high and the masonry was regular and well-finished.

The most easterly of the group is Pueblo Pintado, built of grayish yellow sandstone. It is L-shaped and is surrounded by ten minor Pueblos, all within a mile of the large structure. The surrounding country is absolute desert almost on the top of the Continental Divide.

Casa Rinconada across the arroyo to the south of Bonito is an enormous double-walled kiva, measuring 72 feet in diameter, with rooms built partially around it. The walls, 30 inches thick, are built of well-selected sandstone smoothly laid. Thirty-two niches, 16 by 22 inches, 14 inches deep, smoothly finished and plastered, extend around the interior of the kiva wall at regular intervals. The outer wall of the kiva is eight feet from the inner, the space between being divided into rooms. Sin Kletzin is a similar structure on the mesa a mile to the south.

Almost within a stone's throw of Pueblo Bonito to the southwest, and on the very brink of the arroyo, is Pueblo del Arroyo, similar in character, 270 feet long and 135 feet wide with nine kivas, the largest 37 feet in diameter. In places this pueblo is being cut away by the waters that rush down the gorge in flood season.

Kin Kletsoi (Yellow House) is a

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small pueblo against the north cliff wall, half a mile down the canyon from Bonito. Another mile down on the same side of the arroyo and close under the vertical wall is Casa Chiquita.

Penasco Blanco is situated on a high mesa three miles northwest of Pueblo Bonito, on a high point south of the arroyo. It is one of the most remarkable of the entire section. It is in outline almost a perfect ellipse, the long diameter 500 feet and the short 365 feet. The pueblo was four stories high. There are seven kivas on the west side of the court and a large one 50 feet in diameter is outside of the building at its south end. The rooms in the building are large, 20 feet in length and from 10 to 20 feet wide.

Kin Klizhin is three miles south and five miles west of Pueblo Bonito. It stands on a sandhill near a dry wash and was 145 feet long and 50 feet wide, but the semi-circular wall connecting the northeast and southeast corners was 450 feet long. In the wall was a circular tower probably 30 feet high. The wall is three feet thick at the base. The original height of the house was five stories and portions of the fourth story wall still stand. The masonry of dark brown sandstone, consists of alternate courses of large and small stones. A stone dam, wasteway reservoir and ditches are plainly traceable in the vicinity.

Kin Binioli ("Whirlwind Pueblo") is one of the best preserved of the group and is located in an arroyo tributary to the Chaco Canyon. It is ten miles west and four miles south of Pueblo Bonito. It is rectangular in form, having three wings. The exterior dimensions are 320 by 270 feet. Ten circular kivas are built within the walls of the structure, the largest 26 feet in diameter. Part of the fourth story walls are

still standing and of the north exterior wall 120 feet are still standing to above the second story. Walls and corners are true to the plummet and T-square, an exceptional occurrence in aboriginal structures. The remains of extensive irrigation works exist in close proximity, the most elaborate that have been found in the San Juan drainage.

The above are some of the most important of the ruins in the Chaco group. It is truly a land of mystery, and the day is not far distant when it will be one of the most sought of the ancient shrines in America, for, at last, scientific enterprises worthy of the place are under way. In 1916 the Smithsonian Institution, School of American Research and Royal Ontario Museum planned to undertake a comprehensive investigation of the entire Chaco Canyon district. A concession was granted by the Department of the Interior for the excavation of the ruins and the preliminary reconnaissance was made by the staff of the School in the fall of 1916 with a view to beginning more extensive operations in the spring of the following year.

With the entrance of the United States into the World War, major activities in the field were postponed, though a considerable portion of the work contemplated, namely, that not dependent on excavation has been accomplished and publication of results will begin in the fall of the present year. The original plan is now resumed by the School of American Research, assisted financially by the Royal Ontario Museum. It is estimated that the work will continue for not less than five years. A field station was established at the ruins in June and will be maintained there continuously except during the winter months.

Likewise, the National Geographic

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Society has obtained from the Department of the Interior a permit to make a reconnaissance of the Chaco Canyon during the summer of 1920 with a view to more extensive explorations in future summers. Mr. Neil M. Judd of the U. S. National Museum has been placed in charge of the reconnaissance and is now on the site making the preliminary studies essential to a comprehensive survey of so large a field.

EL MORRO OR INSCRIPTION ROCK

"The most precious cliff, historically, possessed by any nation on earth, and, I am ashamed to say, the most utterly uncared for." Thus wrote Charles F. Lummis in speaking of Inscription Rock, in "Some Strange Corners of Our Country," in 1892. It was not until 1917 that the National Park Service caused to be constructed a substantial fence one and a half miles in length at the base of Inscription Rock for the protection of the inscriptions against depredations, and caused the ancient spring to be cleaned out so that refreshing waters again gush forth from it. However, vandals are still at work, scribbling their own insignificant names on the rock wall, side by side with those of Conquistadores and Franciscan Martyrs, to the shame of Americans be it said.

El Morro was on the high road traversed by the Spanish Conquerors three hundred and more years ago, and then as now commanded attention of the traveler, especially if he approached over the old Zuni road. Nature has cut the sandstone cliffs of that region of New Mexico into fantastic shapes, and Inscription Rock as to form and size has rivals innumerable between Santa Fé and Gallup and from Zuni to the Mesa Verde, but few whose sheerness of sides is so pronounced as that of El

Morro, and none, of course, that has served as an autograph album for celebrities of three centuries.

The rock is a pink, sandstone cliff, in the midst of a lonely plain. The range round about offers good grazing, the cedar and juniper brush with the Zuni forest not far away, supply an abundance of firewood, and the spring at the foot of the cliff, good water in plenty, affording an ideal camping place, such as are found few and far between in this arid country. It is no wonder that even in early days, cavalcades would stop here and camp long enough for men to carve not only their names but long inscriptions in the soft rock, some of these inscriptions proving to be important historical documents in later days. One of them, indeed, fixes the approximate date of the founding of Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico. In fact, the inscription of Oñate, the founder of Santa Fé, is one of the most important of the series and is hardly overshadowed in interest by that of DeVargas, the reconqueror. Perhaps the neatest and most extensive inscriptions are those of Governor Silva Nieto, one of them in verse. Eleven days separate the two and one glimpses from them an important and thrilling bit of history.

The first inscription reads: "The Most Illustrious Sir and Captain General of the provinces of New Mexico for the King our Master, passed by here on the return from the villages of Zuni on the 29th of July of the year 1629; and them (the Indians) he put in peace at their request, they asking his favor as vassals of His Majesty. And anew they gave obedience; all of which he did with persuasiveness, zeal and prudence, like such a most Christian (effaced), such a careful and gallant soldier of unending and exalted memory."



El Morro, or Inscription Rock, National Monument, New Mexico.

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Says Hodge in a note to the Memorial of Benavides, translated and published by Mrs. E. E. Ayer:

"There is internal evidence, if one may be permitted to read between the lines of the next inscription, that all did not go well at Zuni after the Governor's departure with his soldiers, for early in the following month he was again carving an inscription on El Morro after having 'conquered the impossible' by his strong right arm and his valor, 'a thing which he only accomplished August 9.' Thus it would seem that the Governor had scarcely time to return to Santa Fé, a distance of 36 leagues from Acoma and 56 leagues from Zuni before being called back. Indeed we have the direct statement of Perea, who devotes the greater part of his *Segunda Relacion* to the subject, that only by a miracle was Fr. Figuerdo, the missionary at the Zuni pueblo of Hawikuh saved since the Devil admonished the natives, 'with menaces, that they should eject this strange priest from their country. They put it into operation, all manifesting themselves in such manner that already they did not assist as they were wont, to bring water and wood, nor did one of them appear. By night was heard a great din of dances, drums, and caracoles, which among them is signal of war.' But in this imminent danger God came to Fray Roque's succor, and to make a long story short, the missionary saw that the Indians were 'well catechised and sufficiently fit,' whereupon 'he ordered to be built in the plaza a high platform, where he said mass with all solemnity, and baptized them on the day of St. Augustine of the year 1629; singing the *Te Deum Laudamus*, etc.; and through having so good a voice, the Father Fray Roque—accompanied by the chant—caused de-

votion in all.' Thus were the Zuni Christianized for the time being, although, needless to say, they did not understand a word the good fraile said, nor knew the meaning of any part of the rites he celebrated for their benefit."

The second inscription of Governor Silva Nieto reads: "Here passed the Governor Don Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto, whose indubitable prowess and valor have already conquered the impossible, with the wagons of Our Lord and King, a thing which he only accomplished August 9, 1629. That it be seen that I passed to Zuni and carried the Faith."

An inscription, carved less than three years later, makes record of a tragedy at Zuni and the manner in which it was avenged. Francisco de Letrado, who built the mission at Hawikuh and that at Halona, became a martyr among the Pueblos at Zuni on February 22, 1632. The story is that on that Sunday, just 100 years before George Washington was born, the Indians delayed in attending mass and Fray Francisco angered at this, went out to remonstrate with them. They turned on him, and he, seeing that the martyr's crown awaited him, knelt down, holding in his hands a small crucifix and was shot dead with arrows. The Indians carried off the corpse, scalped it and then gave a dance. Governor Francisco de la Mora Ceballos sent to Zuni a squad of soldiers under Tomas de Albiqu together with a few priests and it was while camping at Inscription Rock, that Lujan, one of the soldiers, carved the following on the Rock with clear-cut letters: "They passed on 23d of March 1632 to the avenging of the death of Father Letrado," or as it is in old Spanish: "Se pasaron a 23 de Marzo de 1632 anos a la Benganza de Muerte del Padre Letrado."

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But, as early as fourteen years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, Don Juan de Oñate cut across an earlier Indian petroglyph the following legend: "Paso por aquí de adelantado don juan de oñate del descubrimiento de la mar del sur a 16 del Abril del 1606." Translated it reads: "Passed by here the provincial chief Don Juan de Oñate from the discovery of the South Sea on the 16th of April 1606." This inscription also fixes fairly well the date of the founding of Santa Fé, for it was after his return from the Gulf of California (the South Sea) that Oñate established his capital at Santa Fé and began the construction of the Palace of the Governors, a fort, castle, capitol, executive mansion, on what appear to have been the walls of a prehistoric community house abandoned long before the arrival of Oñate. (Spanish documents just translated seem to point to Peralta, who was Oñate's successor, as the founder of Santa Fé in 1609.)

Not less interesting and suggestive of romance and long vistas of history is the inscription by Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon; "Aquí estaba el Genl Dn Do de Vargas quien conquisto a nestra santa fe y la real corona todo el nuevo Mexico a su costa ano de 1692." The English version is: "Here was the General Don Diego de Vargas, who conquered to our holy faith and the royal crown all New Mexico, at his own expense, year of 1692." What a vision of the times this inscription brings up! Doughty men in armor from Castile and Andalusia conquering new worlds, new races, for their King, bringing to them European culture and an Oriental religion from the hills of Palestine! Tired warriors and priests resting at the foot of this silent rock and gazing out upon scenes that to this day are considered

overwhelming in their majesty and beauty.

Thus one may study and ponder over inscription after inscription carved in this rock. The imagination may even bring up pictures of the days before the coming of the Spaniards, for into the rock are sunk ancient petroglyphs, symbols of a religion as old, and perhaps older, than that of the Christian, of a people who built communal houses and had evolved an admirable culture in days when Europe was still shrouded in the fog of the Dark Ages. Says Charles Francis Saunders in his recent book, "Finding the Worth While in the Southwest:" "One who has Spanish enough to give zest to the quest could easily spend a couple of days, camped at this fascinating spot, spelling out the quaint old notations, peopling again in fancy this ancient camp-ground with the warriors of long ago in helmet and cuirass, their horses housed in leather; and ever with them the Franciscan soldiers of the Cross in gray gown and cord with dangling crucifix. Then there is the enjoyment of the place itself—the sunny solitude, and the glorious extended views, the long blue line of the Zuni mountains, the pale spires of La Puerta de los Gigantes (the Giant's Gate). Then, if you like, is the climb to the mesa's summit for yet wider view and a sight of the ruined old pueblo there, whereof history has naught to tell—only tradition, which says that it was once a Zunian town."

Lately, the Federal government has added to the National Monument a considerable area which includes the prehistoric sites on top of the mesa. Says a circular of the Department of the Interior: "The existence of extensive, prehistoric ruins on the very summit of Inscription Rock is another feature of interest. On the top of the

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rock a deep cleft or canyon divides the western end of the formation. On each of these arms are the remnants of large communal houses or pueblos. Some of the walls are yet standing, and the ground plans of the structures are well defined. That on the south arm and almost overhanging the cavern and spring, is approximately 200 by 150 feet. Some of the buildings must have been more than one story in height. The remarkable natural defenses of the site and the existence of the spring doubtless induced the builders to select this odd location. At some distant day it may be desirable to excavate these ruins and thus add to this historic spot attractions for the scientist as well as the general public."

Locally, Inscription Rock and El Morro are known as separate and distinct monumental rocks. The latter, translated "The Castle," is the rock standing out in bold relief to the east, while "Inscription Rock" is the name applied to the formation to the west, which is a part of the mesa. On the south side, in the angle formed by the two, one extending east and the other south, is a great chamber or cavern, a natural amphitheater where secure refuge from storm or human foe could easily be secured. It is here, too, that the only spring within many miles wells up as if to make the natural fortifications doubly secure. Upon these walls are many of the best preserved inscriptions, although there are quite a number 200 feet east, under the shadows of a stately pine tree and on the north side of El Morro. Most of them are as plain, apparently, as the day they were written; especially is this true of the older ones, carved during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

As with other regions that are not only scenically but also historically

and archaeologically interesting, the tourist who gets most out of his visit is the one who has carefully read the important things written about the spot visited. The trip to Inscription Rock is greatly enhanced in interest to him who has read "Twitchell's Leading Facts of New Mexican History," Ayer's "Benavides: Memorial on New Mexico," Charles Francis Saunders' "Finding the Worth While in the Southwest," and, among the older works, Simpson's Report, and, of course, Lummis' "Strange Corners of Our Country," Bancroft's History and Defour's "Martyrs of New Mexico."

GRAN QUIVIRA.

Mission churches built by the Franciscans, New Mexico had before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Authorities are not agreed when the first was built, but it was more than 300 years ago and probably in 1617. Only ruins of the original structures survive. It is not quite certain that the walls of the Pecos mission, that are still standing, are those constructed in the days of Benavides, nor is the San Miguel chapel in Santa Fé the temple built by the Franciscans in the early days of Santa Fé, nor is it the oldest church in the United States. One must go to the Saline pueblos in the Manzano mountains, to Abo, Cuarai and Tabira to find the picturesque ruins of the Franciscan missions built and abandoned prior to the Pueblo Revolution of 1680.

The most extensive of these missions and pueblo ruins in this country of mystery that stretches south of Santa Fé and east of the Manzanos to the weird alkali and salt lakes, is Tabira, or as it is better, though less correctly known, "Gran Quivira." The church and part of the pueblo ruins have been



Walls of Gran Quivira National Monument, New Mexico.

set apart by presidential proclamation as a National Monument. The greater part of the ancient pueblo site is the property of the School of American Research and the Museum of New Mexico.

The site is an imposing one, and whether one approaches over the Abo highway or on the road from Santa Fé, the impression of the ruins is one of ghostliness. They lie on a hill that dominates a vast expanse of country. The walls that project above the surface are of blue-gray limestone, while the country round about has a peculiarly forsaken, isolated appearance, heightened by a broad river of fine sand in which there is no vegetation. Except for a well or two that have been sunk nearby, no water is to be found for many miles although, it is almost certain, that when Tabira was occupied by its hundreds of busy people, there was a bounteous spring which was plugged and

buried when the people abandoned the great community house.

No excavations have been conducted on a large scale at Gran Quivira, but treasure hunters, lured by myths of buried gold and gems, have turned over every part of the ground and opened caverns and pits. It was at Gran Quivira that the old Pueblo culture was thrust farthest eastward in this region for any length of time, and it was there that it was in constant contact with the Plains Indians of the Southwest.

Tabira was not the Gran Quivira sought by Coronado. Colonel Twitchell in his "Leading Facts of New Mexican History," tells how Tabira was first given the name of Gran Quivira, which has clung to it so tenaciously and has now been officially confirmed by the United States government in naming the National Monument.

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Tabira is thought to be one of the eleven inhabited Saline pueblos seen by Chamuscado in 1581. Oñate in 1598 visited the pueblos and Fray Francisco de San Miguel, chaplain of Oñate's armed force, began missionary labors among them in the same year, although, according to Hodge, it was 1629 before the first actual missions were established by Francisco de Acevedo.

Lummis, in "The Land of Poco Tiempo," gives his impression of Tabira, saying: "Mid-ocean is not more lonesome than the plains, nor night so gloomy as that dumb sunlight. It is barren of sound. The brown grass is knee-deep—and even that trifle gives a shock in this hoof-obiterated land. The bands of antelope that drift, like cloud shadows, across the dun landscape suggest less of life than of the supernatural. The spell of the plains is a wondrous thing. At first it fascinates. Then it bewilders. At last it crushes. It is sure as the grave and worse. It is intangible, but resistless; stronger than humanity. When one cannot otherwise escape the plains, one takes refuge in madness. But on a sudden, the tension is relieved. A mile to the south, where a whaleback ridge noses into the uncanny valley, stands out a strange ashen bulk that brings us back to earth. Wan and weird as it is, it bespeaks the one-time presence of man, for Nature has no such squareness. I do not believe that the whole world can show elsewhere, nor that a Doré could dream into canvas a ghostliness so apropos. Stand upon the higher ridges to the east, and it is all spread before you, a wraith in pallid stone—the absolute ghost of a city. Its ashen hues which seem to hover above the dead grass, foiled by the sombre blotches of the junipers; its indeterminate gray hints, outspoken at last in

the huge, vague shape that looms in its center; its strange dim outlines rimmed with a flat, round world of silence—but why try to tell that which has no telling? Who shall wreak expression of that spectral city? Come nearer, and the spell dwindles but it is never broken. Even as we pass out hands over that forgotten masonry of pale limestone, or clamber over fallen walls with tangible stubbing of material toes, the unearthliness of the haggard scene does not wholly cease to assert itself. Only, we know now that it is not a ghost-city, which the next breeze may waft away. It is a ruined pueblo again—but such a pueblo! Not in size nor in architecture—there are several others as large, and some as imposing—but in color and in setting it is alone * * * * And in the western terminus of the village, just on the brow of the slope that falls away to the strange valley that looks across to the sombre Mesa de los Jumanos, is another and a gigantic ruin, whose like is not in all our North America. Its walls, thirty feet high and six feet thick, roofless and ragged at the top, 202 feet front and 131 feet in greatest depth, are of the same spectral bluish-gray limestone, broken into irregular but flat-faced prisms and firmly laid in adobe mortar."

Of the three great churches that of Cuarai is largest, having a floor area of 5,020 square feet. That of Tabira comes next, with 4,978 square feet; and then Abo with 4,830. These figures are for the auditoriums alone and do not include the extensive convents, attached to each, of which that at Tabira is most extensive, covering 13,377 square feet. The walls of Abo are much the noblest and most massive, and those of Tabira the crudest, though no less solid. The pueblos of Abo and Cuarai had each a tiny but sufficient rill; but

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Tabira is absolutely dry. There is neither spring nor stream in thirty miles. But this is hardly a rare thing among Pueblo ruins; and it is well known that the aborigines were wont to kill their water when forced to abandon a town, lest it give comfort to the enemy. We know, not only for record, but by eyesight, of several cases where, with infinite labor, the Pueblos actually obliterated a spring to keep it from their savage neighbors.

GILA CLIFF DWELLINGS

Approximately fifty miles northwest of Silver City, New Mexico, a deep

rough canyon in the west fork of the Gila river contains a group of four cliff-dwellings in a fair state of preservation. They lie in cavities in the base of an overhanging cliff of grayish-yellow volcanic rock which at one time apparently were closed by protecting walls. The importance of these cliff-dwellings consists chiefly in the fact that they are located in a district in which few prehistoric ruins are found. The Gila Cliff-Dwellings National Monument was created by proclamation in November, 1907.

Sante Fe, New Mexico.

SONNET OF SANTE FE

THE CITY OF HOLY FAITH

The nursling of Assisi bides with dream
And noisy centuries pause hushed before
Her quiet dwelling, where conquistadore
Is sentinel forever and supreme.
The swords of Coronado, deathless, gleam.
To Tigua—but yesterday, no more—
The saving cross leal sons of Francis bore.
At morn, was not her trail a living stream?

Old Santa Fe is Beauty, height and plain,
In wistful shadow running o'er the walls,
Once haughty fiefs to Mexico and Spain
Or throned, a queen in far sky seeking halls,
Ablush, she weds the sunset. While they reign,
The snowclad peaks don crimson as their thralls.

—LILIAN WHITE SPENCER.

IN ARIZONA

The red buttes linger on the shattered plain,
Where twisted herbage glorifies the sun.
What god conceived them in deific play?
Or was he Titan, drunk with godlike power,
Frenzied with mortal dreams of what a god,
Fired by mortal cunning, might create?

The red buttes linger: thrice a million years
Have idled by their unresponsive feet
Since first their crests gazed upward toward the star
While still earth travailed. Still they linger on,
Still guard the fickle plain, unchanged and grand,
The altars hewn by Nature for her shrine.

—ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS.

THE NATIONAL MONUMENTS OF ARIZONA

By BYRON CUMMINGS

EVER since the human race began to set up the huge menhirs of France and rear the mighty pyramids of Egypt and of Mexico, man has thought that he was building the only monuments that would commemorate great events and the leadership of great individuals. The people have been very slow in realizing that Nature, long before man began his career, had been commemorating her achievements and marking the epochs of her development by monuments that are the wonder and inspiration of all seekers of truth. The individual only gradually learns how insignificant his accomplishments are in comparison with those of the Master Workman whose resources are inexhaustible and whose energies are hemmed in by no limitations of time. In proportion as man has watched the craft and handiwork of Nature and been able to read the record she has laid down through the ages, in that proportion has he caught the inspiration of the real builder and been able to fulfill his part in the great plan of the universe and rear monuments that tell their story of the constant upward struggle of the human race toward such a knowledge of the truth that it brings peace and happiness. Man realizes, however, that as he, as an individual, has a part to perform in this great plan of the ages, so nations and tribes in a larger way either advance or retard the great onward movement of the human race. It is not, however, merely a question of mighty structures and amazing technique but rather a measuring up to their understanding in the age in which they lived. Did they make the most of the knowledge and materials and opportunities

at their disposal? If so, the monuments left behind by any people are worthy of preservation as the achievement of that people—the page of their contribution to the world's history.

Believing this, the United States government a few years ago began setting aside certain remarkable natural places and historic spots as national monuments. These demonstrate the forces at work in shaping the earth's crust and show the progress of the human race on this part of the continent. Since Arizona's natural features are varied and attractive and since, scattered over her entire area, are the ruined homes of many a prehistoric tribe of her native population, a number of these monuments have been established within the confines of the state.

Throughout the southern portion of the commonwealth along the courses of the Gila river and its tributaries are found the ruined pueblos of an agricultural people. Along the upper courses of these streams where rock was fairly accessible, the walls of these villages have been laid up with water-worn boulders bedded in clay, while in the broader valleys of the lower courses, massive walls were constructed of clay strengthened with caliche or some similar material. These buildings rose one, two, three and even four stories in height. They are found especially abundant along the valley of the lower Salt river near Mesa, Tempe and Phoenix, and along the Gila from Florence westward.

CASA GRANDE

In 1906, Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, of the Bureau of American Ethnology at



Casa Grande National Monument, Arizona.



Wreck House A, excavated, Casa Grande National Monument, Arizona.

Washington, began the study of this old pueblo culture of the Gila valley. He selected the largest known ruin of these early people, a house called by the Spanish explorers Casa Grande. It was first visited by Father Kino in 1694, and since that time has been an object of great interest to all those who have dared to visit the so-called deserts of Arizona.

The main building, the residence of the head man or chief, stood four stories in height and its central tier of rooms still shows portions of the walls of that fourth story. There are four main groups of buildings in this vicinity. There are four clan house groups, one of which (clan house 1) contains a dancing place with adjacent dressing rooms and a ceremonial chamber. In this chamber are the remains of a chair or throne upon which the patient was placed in a healing ceremony. Tradition says that formerly this throne was covered with shells brought from the western ocean, and that an adobe block standing against the southern

wall of the room represents the mountains from beyond which they came.

Their irrigating ditches can be traced near the compounds and stretching out across the plain lying between the ruin and the river. Tradition says that they abandoned this locality because the soil was too hard (too clayey) to raise corn and so the people migrated northward. Part of them finally built Pueblo Bonito in northwestern New Mexico and another portion found their way into Canyon de Chelly in northern Arizona.

This Casa Grande ruin is located nine miles southwest of Florence and seventeen miles northeast of Casa Grande station. Florence is on the Arizona Eastern railroad, which can be reached at Phoenix by the Santa Fe from the north, or at Maricopa on the Southern Pacific from the south. Casa Grande station is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific. Private conveyances can be obtained at either Florence or Casa Grande to take one to the ruins. Ten acres of



Kitsil, Navaho National Monument, Arizona.

land on which the ruins are situated have been set aside as the Casa Grande National Monument.

NAVAHO

By leaving the railroad at Flagstaff, one may travel north eighty miles along the "Painted Desert" to Tuba City, the headquarters of the western division of the Navaho reservation. A ride of sixty-five miles farther takes one to Marsh Pass, from which a trail leads up Sagie Canyon to Navaho National Monument. This monument embraces two ruins of prehistoric cave pueblos. Six miles in the saddle up a most picturesque and beautiful canyon takes one to Betatakin, the smaller of the Monument ruins. Betatakin is the Navaho name and signifies side-hill house because the rooms of the pueblo

are arranged along terraces that rise one above the other at the back of the cave. This ruin was first visited by white men in August, 1909, when John Wetherill with the writer and his party consisting of Neil Judd, Donald Beauregard, Stuart Young and Malcolm Cummings made a trip to it and began its investigation. The work was continued in October and December of the same year. The pueblo contained originally some one hundred and twenty rooms and occupied every available building space the cave afforded. From one end to the other, the great cavern measures four hundred and fifty feet and has a maximum depth of one hundred and fifty feet. The cave roof projects far out over the village but is so high that the swirling storms have induced shrubbery to grow up to the

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very foundations of the ancient homes. From the accumulated rocks just below the bottom terrace and within the cave itself bubbles a never-failing spring of excellent water. The gorge below is filled with tall slender quaking aspen, alder and water birch, while the opposite slope is thickly studded with dark green pines. In the spring of 1917 the government, under the able supervision of Mr. Neil Judd of the National Museum, began the restoration of the ruin. Time did not permit the entire completion of the task, but the ruin was left in excellent shape and so nearly restored that it is saved from further deterioration for many years.

Betatakin is a spot where one loves to linger. The mocking echo of the cliffs, the wild confusion of the canyon foliage together with the primitive houses huddled together in this great paternal cave make you think you have been transported to some remote age and are a part of Nature's first struggles to walk upright and hold her head in a clearer atmosphere. The writer and his party last August were driven to the shelter of this cave by a terrific canyon storm. The would-be archaeologists rolled up in their blankets in the various apartments of Betatakin and dreamed they were "Cliff Dwellers." As they filled their lungs with the fresh morning air of the mountains, they shook off the spell that the gods of the cave men had thrown around them and rejoiced that some day they would again sleep on a twentieth century mattress with at least two feathers under their head.

Retracing one's trail for a couple of miles to the forks of the canyon and taking the second branch to the left, an additional tramp of five miles brings one to the garden of Kitsil, the other ruin of the Navaho National Monument.

The word *Kitsil* means broken pottery, and as one reaches the level of the apartments, he realizes why the Navaho have given it this title. The open spaces between the apartments are strewn with broken pottery of the finest type produced by the ancient cliff people. Parts of ollas, and pieces of bowls, ladels and pitchers lie in heaps or are scattered through the debris of fallen walls and covered with the wind-blown dust of centuries. This village completely fills a cave three hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet deep. There are some one hundred and forty-eight rooms in all. Several circular ceremonial chambers at the front of the cave help distinguish the clans living in this cave from those occupying Betatakin. Here, we find the underground or sunken chambers known to the Hopi as *Kivas*. Those of the modern Hopi, however, are rectangular, while the Zuni still make use of the rounded apartment. In Betatakin there are no sunken chambers at all. Several of the apartments contain rooms that were plainly used for ceremonial purposes but all are built on the same level as the other rooms. Since, also, some excellent specimens of reed flutes were found in the ruin, it is possible that Betatakin sheltered the ancestors of the Hopi Flute Clans while Kitsil resounded with the busy hum of the people of the Snake and Antelope Clans. Kitsil stands out as a fine type of cave pueblo, situated in a well wooded canyon where the warm coloring of the sandstone cliffs in a setting of rich green enlivened with bright flowers, creates a picture that lingers in one's memory. Kitsil makes one wish to be a "Cliff Dweller" and settle down in this atmosphere of peace and simplicity. Here one drinks in divinity with every breath and with



Inscription House, Nitsie Canyon, Navaho National Monument, Arizona.

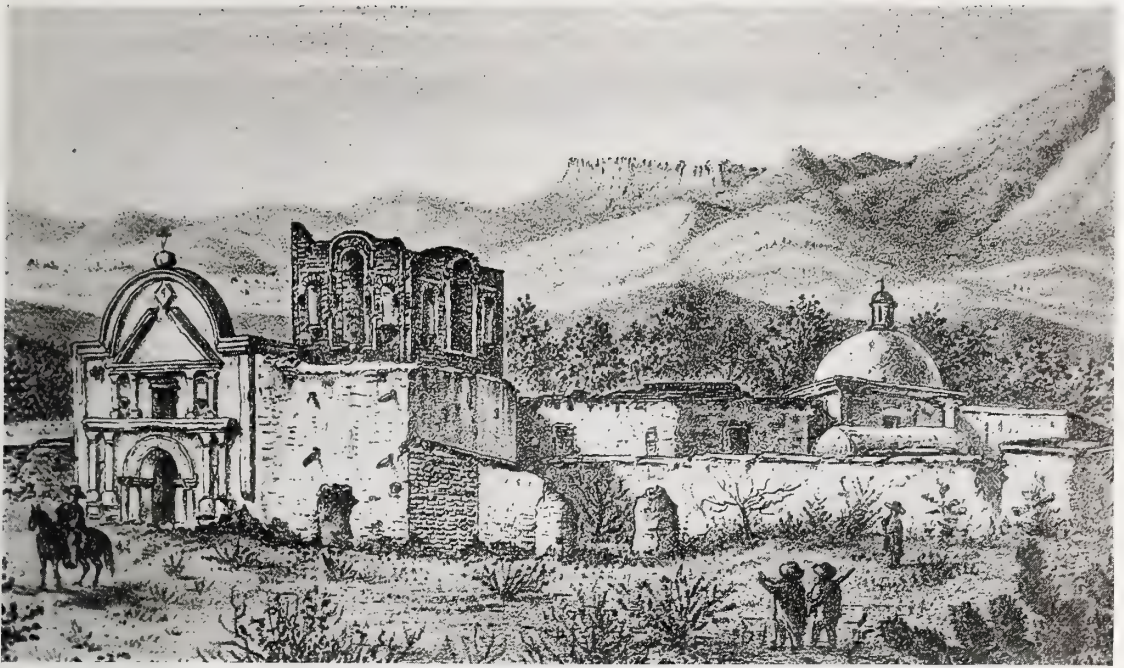
every picture, and turns toward the future with greater confidence and a stouter heart.

INSCRIPTION HOUSE

By taking saddle horse and pack a ride of some forty miles to the west brings one to the rim of Nitsie canyon (Navaho Creek). Below you stretches a panorama of deep-cut canyons whose depths you are unable to penetrate. Their courses zigzag in every direction like the tentacles of some huge devil fish and their rounded points and sides shimmer in the sunlight as though pulsating with life. You pause in astonishment at this riot of color and form spread out before you. Nature never seemed so big and attractive before. Your Indian guide breaks the spell by suddenly disappearing over the rim and you timidly follow.

Your pony gingerly picks its way over smooth sloping cliffs and through shifting sand. After an hour or two of slipping, sliding and tortuous winding, you find yourself in the bottom of one of these gorges in the midst of fields of Indian corn and stretches of primitive sagebrush. In a few minutes you draw rein before a large cave in which nestles an ancient pueblo. Everywhere you turn up and down these many deep cuts in the earth's crust, similar caves and similar primitive homes confront you, but this cliff ruin has special interest because of the peculiar adobe bricks made of clay and grass with which some of the rooms have been constructed and also because of an unusual record scratched on the clay wall of one of the rooms.

When the house was first visited by Mr. John Wetherill and the writer in



Ruins of Tumacacori Mission, Arizona. From an old print.

June, 1909, Malcolm Cummings in scratching away the accumulated dust and debris from the wall in one of the rooms discovered an inscription scratched into the clay plaster of the wall. It reads: "S-hapeiro Ano Dom 1661." Some intrepid early Spanish explorer or father on his way to or from the Colorado river must have entered these canyons and visited this pueblo. A small section of land, including the cave, has been set aside as a national monument under the title of "Inscription House."

TUMACACORI MISSION

As one motors along the boulevard that now stretches off to the southward from Tucson, the fields of waving wheat and branching cotton remind him of the glowing account Father Kino sent to Philip V of Spain on the great fertility of portions of the Santa Cruz Valley.

The account relates that the natives were raising wheat, barley, maize, peaches, pomegranates, grapes and flowers around Bac in profusion. It was a veritable land of milk and honey. But no less attractive than Bac was Tubac, situated some forty miles to the south. Here were Indian settlements whose beginning dated far back in the forgotten lore of the people.

About two miles farther on toward the Mexican border where the land on either side of the Santa Cruz widens out into attractive fields stands the wreck of what once was a fine old church known as San Jose de Tumacacori. Many believe that Father Kino's visit in 1691-92 was the first time that natives had come in contact with white men and that the missions of San Jose de Tumacacori and San Xavier del Bac were first organized at that time. But whence had come the seeds from which



Montezuma Castle National Monument, Arizona.

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all these European fruits and grains had sprung? Is it not fair to suppose that other intrepid fathers and bold adventurers had found their way from Sonora down into the Santa Cruz valley and visited these thriving Indian settlements some time before? The building was erected before that of San Xavier del Bac near Tucson, probably about 1787. It is a fine old structure with an elaborate façade, a bell tower and a dome. The material used is adobe brick, laid in mortar with burnt brick employed in the second story of the bell tower and in the ornamentation. The nave is long and rather narrow. At the north end stands the great altar beneath a lofty dome of beautiful proportions. The sacristy to the east of the dome is covered with a barrel vaulted roof and there are some indications that the original roof over the nave was of a similar character. The massive side walls especially indicate such construction. The bell tower stands at the southeastern corner, and thus the whole structure has the shape of a capital E with the central projection omitted. To the north, extends a large rectangular burial ground surrounded by a high wall. Near the center of this enclosure stands a circular mortuary chapel with a massive moulded cornice. Along the eastern wall for about two-thirds of the length of the enclosure runs a two-story adobe structure—the quarters of the priests. To the east of the church lies the garden and beyond it stretch the fertile fields once tilled by the hands of the intrepid fathers.

The exterior walls of the building are covered with stucco while the interior surfaces were made attractive by a coat of time plaster. Into the stucco covering of the walls have been pressed, at regular intervals, small pieces of rock and slag which give a

pleasing effect to the blank spaces. The plaster of the interior was decorated in various geometric and symbolic designs. The color schemes are simpler and more harmonious than those employed in the elaborate interiors of San Xavier del Bac. The government, with some assistance from the University of Arizona has repaired the crumbling walls, hung new doors in the main entrance to the church and in the side entrance to the burying ground and cleaned out the nave.

It is a great landmark in the history of the Southwest and a remarkable illustration of the courageous industry and versatility of the hardy men who, after blazing a trail over the mountains and across arid plains, reared such a lasting monument to their memory as the Mission of San Jose de Tumacacori.

MONTEZUMA CASTLE

This beautiful ruin, three miles east of Camp Verde in Yavapai County, Arizona, is, on account of its unique location and perfect condition, one of the most remarkable remains of the ancient cliff dwellers. The following description is from a bulletin of the Department of the Interior on the National Monuments.

"The monument embraces a prehistoric cliff-dwelling ruin of unusual size situated in a niche or cavity in the face of a vertical cliff 175 feet in height. The formation exposed along the face of the cliff is a compact tufa or volcanic ash. About half-way up the cliff there is a bed of soft, unconsolidated tufa which has suffered considerable erosion, leaving irregular-shaped cavities. The bed of soft material is overlain by a harder formation which has withstood erosion and thus formed an overhanging sheltering reef.

"The cliff-dwelling ruin known as Montezuma's Castle is situated in one

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of these cavities, the foundation being about 80 feet above the base of the cliff. The unique position and size of the ruin give it the appearance of an ancient castle and doubtless account for the present name. Access to the castle or ruin is made from the base of the cliff by means of wooden ladders placed against the face of the cliff and anchored thereto with iron pins.

"The structure is about 50 feet in height by 60 feet in width, built in the form of a crescent, with the convex part against the cliff. It is five stories high, the fifth story being back under the cliff and protected by a masonry wall 4 feet high, so that it is not visible from the outside. The walls of the structure are of masonry and adobe, plastered over on the inside and outside with mud. The cliff forms the back part of the structure, the front and outer walls being bound to the cliff with round timbers 6 to 10 inches in diameter.

"From the appearance of the walls now standing, the structure originally contained 25 rooms, 19 of which are now in fairly good condition. Besides the main building, there are many cave chambers below and at each side of the castle. These small chambers are neatly walled up in front and have small doorways.

"The timbers in the building are hacked on the ends and were doubtless cut with stone axes. They are in a good state of preservation, no decay having set in owing to the dry climate. The main part of the structure is sheltered by the overhanging cliff, and the walls, thus protected from storms, are in good condition."

WALNUT CANYON

In the bulletin of the Interior Department previously cited we have the following description:

"This national monument created by proclamation of November 30, 1915,

embraces 960 acres of land within the Coconino National Forest, about 8 miles southeast of Flagstaff, Arizona.

"Within this area, and along both sides of Walnut Canyon, there are situated about 30 prehistoric cliff dwellings of great scientific and popular interest. These cliff dwellings are readily accessible, since a transcontinental railroad passes through Flagstaff, and the highway known as the 'Ocean-to-Ocean and Old Trails Highway' now passes within a short distance of Walnut Canyon. The scenic features surrounding the cliff dwellings are also quite notable, since the trail from the pine-covered mesa passes down an arroyo fringed with locust. This trail follows around the canyon rim. In places ladders have been constructed so that cliff dwellings otherwise inaccessible might be reached. The cliff houses themselves were built in under the outward sloping canyon walls. The ruins as a whole are in a fairly good state of preservation."

TONTO

The Tonto National Monument is located in Gila County, Arizona, and is one of the most easily accessible ruins of the vanished race of cliff-dwellers. The southern group of dwellings is located in a cavern about 25 feet across and the ledge upon which the dwellings are built is about 35 feet wide. The dwelling, evidently communal, contained about 15 chambers, and 10 of these are in a fair state of preservation. The construction of the dwellings showed careful planning and no mean knowledge of the art of masonry. The northern group of dwellings occupied two caverns. One contains about 12 rooms in a fair state of preservation, with one large interior chamber in an almost perfect state. The other cavern contains 8 single-storied chambers, poorly preserved.

University of Arizona.

UTAH—ZION NATIONAL PARK.

By LEVI EDGAR YOUNG

IN the southern part of Utah, an interesting river—the Rio Virgin—finds its source in the great plateaus south of the Wasatch mountains. Fed by the streams of the deep, mysterious box canyons of this region, the Rio Virgin runs on southward until it empties into the Colorado River below the famous Grand Canyon. Like all the rivers of that part of the country, it flows through level country where sage brush and greasewood abound; then plunges into wild gorges, which are shut out most of the day from the warm sunshine. These gorges bid defiance to the explorer, and give the impression that the stream purposely hides away in the depths of the earth, only to emerge again after many miles into the desert country. Such a gorge is the Little Zion Canyon, one of the masterpieces of desert beauties. The region, formerly Mu-kun-tu-weap National Monument, created in 1909, became Zion National Monument March 18, 1918, and was embraced in Zion National Park, created Nov. 19, 1919.

Little Zion Canyon or the Mu-kun-tu-weap (the Valley of Many Waters) as the Indians call it, is guarded by a mountain of bare rock—the Great Temple of the Virgin. From afar the buttes, titanic in their nature, are impressive in their grandeur. On both sides, plain rocks rise a thousand feet or more, and then shelve off to higher altitudes beyond to more than three thousand feet. All the colors of nature play upon the cliffs. First a pale gray, then various reds, yellows, and browns. The sunshine and the reflection of the sunset and sunrise produces a very riot

of color. At the break of day the tints are yellow and gray; in the evening, golden and crimson. The valley narrows down to a gorge, into which the sun rarely penetrates. You look up thousands of feet to the “cliffed and serrated top of the domed plateau.” Every few feet reveal new forms. Nature has chiseled out a veritable temple of beauty. It is awe-inspiring. The domes of the temple may be seen for miles and miles on a clear day, and the atmosphere is generally clear. For hundreds of years the river has cut down and is still cutting deeper and deeper into the gorge.

Springs of water burst forth from the foot of the walls; and waterfalls send crystal sprays from projecting ledges. The sound is like music in the great solitude. The canyon is a paradise of flowers in the early summer, and many of the rocks are lichen colored. Mr. C. E. Dutton says that nothing can exceed the wondrous beauty of Little Zion Canyon. “In its proportions,” says he, “it is about equal to the Yosemite, but in the nobility and beauty of its sculptures, there is no comparison. It is Hyperion to a Satyr.” And Doctor G. K. Gilbert, the eminent geologist, declared it the “most wonderful defile” that he had ever seen.

Major Powell pointed out a half century ago that the Indians have a legend concerning one of the cliffs or the Great Temple. Many years ago, a light was seen in this region by the Paru-sha-pats, who lived in the southwest. They supposed it to be a signal fire at first to warn them of the approach of the Navaho, who lived be-



Cliff village, Zion Canyon National Park, Utah.

yond the Colorado to the east. Then other signals were kindled to warn the neighboring Indians both north and south. But the Paru-sha-pats discovered that the light was a fire on one of the great temples. They knew it was not kindled by man, for who could scale the rocks to such a height! Then they concluded that it was the Tu-Mu-Ur-Ru-Gwaits-Si-Gaips or rock spirits who made the fire and after then it was called "Rock Rover's Land."

In the vertical walls far above the river, are great caves, where prehistoric man built his home. Ages ago they were accessible, but now it is only by facing danger and carefully working one's way to dizzy heights that they can be entered. Who knows but that this mysterious land may yet yield a wonderful story concerning prehistoric man on the American continent?

When the Mormon colonists settled on the Rio Virgin below the Mu-kunt-tu-weap, and made "the desert blossom as the rose," they discovered the canyon, and their leader, Brigham Young, designated it as "Little Zion"—a sacred place for his people where they might find protection if needs be from the Indians, who never entered its sacred precincts.

Geologists have found Little Zion Canyon a rich field for study and hundreds of wild flowering plants grow along the river and around the springs, making it a paradise for the botanist. John Muir pronounced Little Zion one of the beauty spots of earth, and sleeping one night on the desert before he entered the canyon, he said that the sound of the animals and the song of the birds issuing from "Little Zion" was a symphony to his ears.

University of Utah.

ANTIQUITIES OF COLORADO

By EDGAR L. HEWETT

MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK

THE plateau which bears the name of Mesa Verde lies in the extreme southwestern part of Colorado. That part of the state is reached from either the east or north by way of a stupendous mountain barrier, the San Juan range, which in scenery rivals the Alps. As looked upon from high points which surround it, Mesa Verde springing from the level Montezuma valley, is seen to be aptly named, the *Green Tableland*. It presents the appearance of an unbroken plain sloping gently to the south and covered with grass, cedar and piñon. It is only on nearer approach that the network of deep gorges with which the surface is split in hundreds of precipitous fragments becomes visible. From the surrounding valley on the north and west one sees the bold escarpments of sandstone rising almost vertically to a height of from 1,000 to 2,000 feet.

The earliest explorers of the southwest learned nothing of that which was eventually to make this region so widely known; that is, the imposing remains of ancient civilization hidden in the fastnesses of Mesa Verde. Father Escalante who crossed the valley to the north in 1776 mentions in his diary a ruin near the great bend of the Dolores river, but makes no mention of the Mesa Verde. It was a hundred years later that the reports of Holmes and Jackson first directed attention to the cliffhouses of the Mancos canyon. The greater ruins in the heart of the Mesa Verde were later made the subject of a monograph of Nordenskiöld who spent a season in

their study. As the ruins became known the most valuable relics to be found in them became the prey of curiosity hunters and the buildings themselves were subjected to much destructive vandalism.

It became evident that the study of ancient America would soon suffer an inestimable loss if steps were not taken to provide for the protection and preservation of these ruins. After many years of effort on the part of individuals and scientific and historical associations, sufficient interest was awakened in the subject to secure the attention of the Government. In the winter of 1906 the Secretary of the Interior requested that an archaeological survey of the Mesa Verde be made and a report prepared concerning the condition and historical value of the ruins thereon; the object being to determine the merits of measures pending for the preservation and protection of these ruins. The writer was named for this task by the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and, based upon the report presented thereon the Congress of the United States in June of the same year, passed an act creating the Mesa Verde National Park, thus making these splendid remains of American antiquity the property of the Nation for all time.

The cliff houses on the Mesa Verde are still to be numbered by hundreds though many have been considerably mutilated. In the open, on the Mesa tops and in the valleys, one finds remains of watch towers, small houses and entire villages now reduced to mounds. Of those built in caverns and on ledges high up in the canyon,



Spruce Tree House, Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado.



Cliff Palace, Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado.

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the walls have been protected from the elements and in a measure from vandals so that many are in a good state of preservation. The ruins range from single rooms probably used as granaries, and houses of three to four rooms, the home of a single family, up to entire towns which may have housed from 400 to 500 people. These are veritable cliff castles, three or four stories high, displaying great skill in construction. The finding of buildings with walls of enduring masonry on precipices that are quite inaccessible is a source of constant wonder to the explorer. While many of the cliff houses of Mesa Verde have been explored, there are a few that are yet to be entered for the first time by white men.

The ruins of Mesa Verde have inspired countless popular articles, several readable books, and a number of important scientific monographs. Those who desire to be thoroughly well informed on this fascinating region should read first the reports of the pathfinders, Holmes and Jackson, U. S. Geological Survey from 1874 to 1879; the superb monograph of Baron Nordenskiöld, "Cliff Dwellings of the Mesa Verde," and the reports of Dr. J. Walter Fewkes of the Bureau of American Ethnology, who for some years past has been engaged in the most extensive work of excavation, repair and preservation of ancient monuments ever undertaken in America. So numerous and authoritative are his reports and so easily obtainable that no detailed account of Mesa Verde need be presented here.

YUCCA HOUSE NATIONAL MONUMENT.

Through the generosity of Mr. Henry Van Kluck, of Denver, the great ruin at Aztec Springs, Colorado, just off the Mesa Verde to the west has been

presented to the government of the United States and declared a National Monument under the name "Yucca House" December 19, 1919. This site has been carefully excavated in recent years by the Museum of Natural History, New York, with Earl H. Morris in charge, and for a complete account of the work, we refer the reader to the publications of the Museum.

For our first description of this ruin we are indebted to William H. Holmes, who visited it in 1875, and as usual said what was to be said so well, that subsequent writers find it best to quote his words:

A very important group of ruins is located in the depression between the Mesa Verde and the Late Mountains, and near the divide between the McElmo and Lower Mancos drainage. It is stated by Captain Moss and others who have been in this locality that up to within two or three years there has been a living spring at this place, and the spot has been christened by them Aztec Springs.

The site of the spring I found, but without the least appearance of water. The depression formerly occupied by it is near the centre of a rectangular instead of a circular building as the chief and central structure.

These ruins form the most imposing pile of masonry yet found in Colorado. The whole group covers an area of about 480,000 square feet, and has an average depth of from 3 to 4 feet. This would give in the vicinity of 1,500,000 solid feet of stone-work. The stone used is chiefly of the fossiliferous limestone that outcrops along the base of the Mesa Verde a mile or more away, and its transportation to this place has doubtless been a great work for a people so totally without facilities.

The upper house is rectangular, measures 80 by 100 feet and is built with the cardinal points to within five degrees. The pile is from 12 to 15 feet in height and its massiveness suggests an original height at least twice as great. The plan is somewhat difficult to make out on account of the very great quantity of debris.

Enclosing this great house is a net-work of fallen walls, so completely reduced that none of the stones seem to remain in place; and I am at a loss to determine whether they mark the site of a cluster of irregular apartments, having



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

Photo by Earl H. Morris.

East Wing, Aztec Ruin from the South—Now Yucca House National Monument.

low, loosely-built walls, or whether they are the remains of some imposing adobe structure built after the manner of the ruined pueblos of the Rio Chaco.

Two well-defined circular enclosures or estufas are situated in the midst of the southern wing of the ruin. The upper one is on the opposite side of the spring from the great house, is 60 feet in diameter, and is surrounded by a low stone wall. West of the house is a small open court, which seems to have had a gate-way opening out to the west, through the surrounding walls.

The lower house is 200 feet in length by 180 in width, and its walls vary fifteen degrees from the cardinal points. The northern wall, is double, and contains a row of eight apartments about 7 feet in width by 24 in length. The walls of the other sides are low, and seem to have served simply to enclose the great court, near the centre of which is a large walled depression.

Dr. Clark Wissler, who is in charge of this, the fifth year of excavation of this site by the Museum of Natural History, has just announced the discovery of a remarkable shrine room connected with the big prehistoric com-

munity house, which resembles the New Fire House in the Mesa Verde, described by Dr. Fewkes in the next few pages. Dr. Wissler writes as follows:

"The room is in perfect condition, the interior is plastered and painted in a brilliant white, with dull red side borders and a running series of triangular designs. No room approaching this in beauty and perfection has ever been discovered in America. What we have is obviously the holiest sanctum or shrine of these prehistoric people. There is not much in it, all the sacred objects having been removed from the altar. But a sacred serpent is carved in wood over the ceiling. It is $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long and of the finest workmanship. Nothing like this has ever before been found to my knowledge. Several strands of beautifully made rope hang from the ceiling, presumably for the support of hanging objects. On the floor were a large number of nicely cut stone slabs, one of which was $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick.

"There is a painted room in one of the cliff houses in Mesa Verde Park that has some resemblance to this. This room is one more suggestion that the people who lived in the cliff houses were the founders of the culture at Aztec and Bonito."

NEW FIRE HOUSE, A RUIN LATELY EXCAVATED IN THE MESA VERDE

By J. WALTER FEWKES

ONE of the most interesting ceremonies among the Hopi Indians in northeastern Arizona is a survival of an ancient rite connected with fire worship, occurring every November. This rite, sometimes called the New Fire Ceremony, has been fully described and is one of the most elaborate in the ritual of these people. Among the Natchez the preservation of the eternal fire which was kindled in the summer played an important role in their worship.

Fire ceremonies survive to the present day among the Navahos and Pueblos and symbolic survivals of the fire cult occur in many other tribes of American Indians. Its existence among the Cliff Dwellers, although suspected, has never been definitely demonstrated. The author believes that a cliff building lately excavated by him on the Mesa Verde National Park was erected for the performance of ancient rites of the fire cult of the Cliff Dwellers.

His observations also open an interesting line of investigation on the preservation of the eternal fire among the ancient inhabitants of the Mesa Verde, and suggest the inquiry, Was this building a kind of Prytaneum where fire was kept continually burning under the custodianship of the neighboring Cliff Dwellers?

Vague legends are current that the Pueblos, like the Natchez, formerly kept an eternal fire burning in their ceremonial rooms from one year to another and the statement is sometimes made that when the remnants of the Pecos Indians moved to Jemez they carried their fire with them. Are these legends founded on fact? The con-

servation of the perpetual fire ceased long ago in the modern pueblos but it is still rekindled annually at the Hopi villages. The question is naturally asked: Can it be that the Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde had the custom of conserving their fire from one New Fire Ceremony to another, and that the building where the new fire was created and preserved has now been discovered?

The majority of cliff houses in the Southwest show undoubted evidence of having been once inhabited, but New Fire House exhibits no indication that it was built for a domicile; it was constructed for other uses. This mysterious building, formerly known as Painted House, was partly buried in fallen debris, but has now been completely uncovered, showing features that stamp it as unique in form and use not only on the Mesa Verde but also among prehistoric buildings in all other areas of the Southwest where cliff houses exist. The spade of the archaeologist has revealed a new type of cliff house erected for some special purpose of greatest interest to the student of the prehistoric people of the United States, for while it was undoubtedly not a habitation the evidence brought to light in its excavation supports the conclusion that it was a ceremonial building indicating the existence of a fire cult among cliff dwellers.

The ground plan of the mysterious building called New Fire House, is very simple, showing two massive walled buildings, constructed of fine masonry, separated by a court 50 feet long and 25 feet wide. Each of these buildings reaches from the cave floor to its roof,



New Fire House, Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado.

that on the east with two stories, one above the other, that on the west with three rooms on the ground floor. The perpendicular wall of the cliff forms the rear of the court its base being a bank of masonry with plastered walls. On this plaster are numerous triangular figures. Around the court are stone banks built just high enough for seats for spectators.

The feature which most strongly points to fire worship is a large circular fire-pit filled with ashes, situated in the middle of the court. This central circular pit is without duplication in any cliff house. It is too large for cooking, and some other important purpose led the Indians to construct it in this conspicuous position.

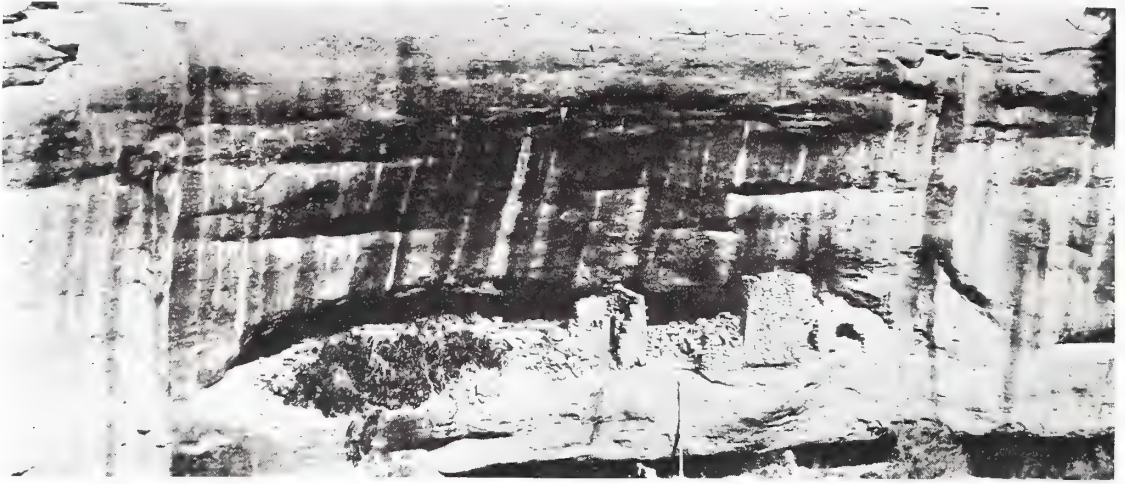
No pottery, no stones for grinding meal, no household utensils of any kind were found anywhere in the ruin, but a few feet below the surface of the court ashes and burnt wood occur in great quantities. Everywhere below the surface of the well-made floor indications of former fires exist, and the roof of the cave shows the same evidences. No wooden beams occur in floors or roofs.

The painted room at the west end of the court shows most significant

evidence of the fire cult, for here was found a painting, now much mutilated, representing a supernatural being which is still personated by the Hopi Indians in their worship of fire or life. In the corner of this room is a small fire hole which still contained ashes.

The occurrence on the walls of the room of a picture of a supernatural being associated by the Hopi Indians with phallic rites is also significant, and points to a belief that centuries ago, among a forgotten people of Colorado, the idea of procreation and ceremonial fire making were intimately connected.

More than this, if the cliff dwellers had a fire cult, it adds one more link to the chain which binds them to the Pueblos. The fire-making implements found in the ruined cliff dwellings are identical with the fire sticks used among the Hopi. The phallic being called Kokopelli who is figured in many pictographs along the San Juan from the Mesa Verde to Hopiland is still personated at Walpi. An undeniable figure of this being on the wall of a building at the Mesa Verde which bears other evidences of having been dedicated to the New Fire Cult is additional



Granary above New Fire House, Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado.

evidence that the Cliff Dwellers had the same belief that fire and life are identical which prevailed among many primitive races.

While the interpretation of these facts may be considered more or less speculative the evidence so far as it goes supports the theory that New Fire House was a specialized building devoted to the New Fire Cult. It is highly probable that fire dances akin to those of the Hopi were performed around the central fire pit situated in the middle of this court. In that explanation the new fire may be supposed to have been kindled by fire drills in the painted room west of the court, on the wall of which there was a painted figure of a supernatural being. Many fire drills found in the Mesa Verde ruins are the same as those used by the Hopi in their great winter ceremonial. After the new fire had been ignited in this room it was transferred to the small fireplace in the corner, and later by means of torches was carried to the large fire pit in the middle of the court where spectacular dances were performed around it in the presence of spectators.

So far as new facts revealed by the identification of New Fire House bear on the culture of the ancient cliff people

they open a new chapter in the life of the lost race of Colorado. These people, judged from the interpretation of New Fire House here pointed out, erected a special building of size and fine masonry for other purposes than dwellings, lookouts, or fortifications, which indicated that they had advanced to a condition higher than the other prehistoric house builders of our Southwest. Every cliff dwelling of size has one or more circular subterranean rooms in its midst which were devoted to ceremonies and there are ceremonial caves in which one of these rooms exist without dwelling rooms, but no archaeologist has yet reported a building of the same size as New Fire House, the last excavated mystery of the Mesa Verde National Park, apparently constructed for the specific purpose of fire worship. We have, however, on the Mesa Verde another specialized building of magnitude called Sun Temple devoted to the solar cult of the Cliff Dwellers, and research may bring to light still others. Meanwhile our knowledge of the complex nature of the culture of the Mesa Verde increases every year, and with it our appreciation of the extinct race of Colorado, and of the essential unity of the prehistoric life of the Southwest.



Section of wall, Bridge Canyon ruins, Colorado, showing the peculiar surface dressing and style of masonry.

PROSPECTIVE NATIONAL MONUMENTS

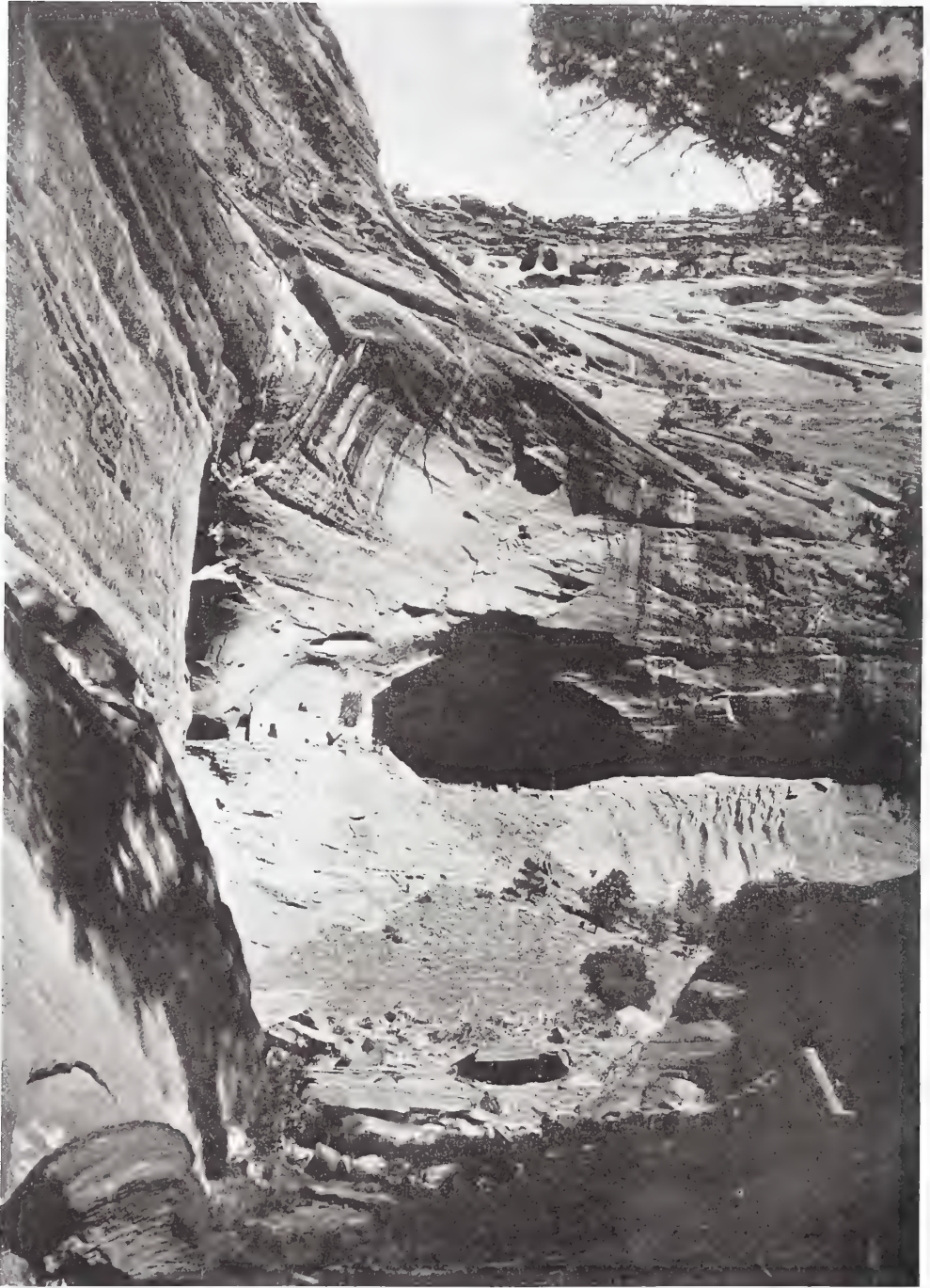
PROPOSED NATIONAL MONUMENTS DISTRICTS AND SYSTEM OF STATE MONUMENTS

By EDGAR L. HEWETT

TO MEET a condition that exists all over the Southwest, it is suggested that under National Monuments section of the Act for the Preservation of American Antiquities, it would be feasible to establish National Monuments Districts, in which all ruins of a certain degree of importance might be set out and be protected by the Government. For example, from Mesa Verde in Colorado and Aztec in New Mexico to the Colorado River in Utah, the San Juan Valley, including a large number of tributaries is a region of archaeological monuments comparable to those described in the various papers of this number. It seems timely to suggest to the National Parks Association and to the departments of government having custodianship of the antiquities on the public domain, that without withdrawing a large area from settlement, the most important ruins might be designated as units in a National Monuments District, to be administered by the National Parks Service. Parcels of a few acres will suffice in almost every instance.

In support of this suggestion, there is herewith presented a number of photographs illustrating specimen ruins from the principal tributaries of the San Juan in southwestern Colorado and southeastern Utah. Nothing like a complete series is shown; the vast region below Bluff, Utah, between the San Juan and the Colorado, including the unrivalled Grand Gulch and White Canyon districts, is unrepresented. The examples given, mainly from the upper tributaries, McElmo, Hovenweep, Ruin, Sand, Ridge, Rincon, and Yellow Jacket Canyons are sufficient to show the reasons for some such action.

The greater part of these ruins are on the public domain, and most of those that are not might in some way be brought under protection. The authorities of the American Museum of Natural History authorize the statement that on finishing the work at the great ruin at Aztec, New Mexico, purchased by them for excavation, it is their intention to transfer it to the Government. Following this wise precedent, it is probable that many private owners would, if the matter were



Mummy Cave, Canyon del Muerto, Arizona.



Pictured Rock, Yellowjacket Canyon, Colorado.



Square Tower Canyon, Utah.



Stronghold House, Square Tower Canyon, Utah.



Cavern houses, Sand Canyon, Colorado.

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brought to their attention, donate important sites to the Nation.

The plan proposed above for the protection of the many ruins of the San Juan Valley would apply equally well to the Rio Grande, Gila, and other sections. The Pajarito Plateau, and the entire Jemez region to the west are equally rich in ancient ruins. The region is of such great extent and so valuable for economic purposes that proposals for making here another large National Park, which have been renewed from time to time during the past twenty years, have met with such acute opposition as to indicate that some different plan must be proposed. This would seem to be an ideal region for the application of the National Monuments District plan. By the withdrawal of a few acres, including each of the important ancient settlements, and by connecting these by means of an extensive system of forest trails, which could to a great extent restore the network of ancient trails of the region, every desired purpose would be accomplished.

Canyon de Chelly in Arizona, with the adjacent Canyon del Muerto and Monument Canyon, affords another example for treatment under such a plan. This unique place is again reported to be suffering rapid deterioration. However, there is no reason why a tract a few miles square, including the canyons named, should not be set out in a solid block and declared a National Monument in the usual way. Its being on the Navajo Indian Reservation does not preclude such an action, since the Indians need not be deprived of any right of residence or use of the land for farming and grazing. As a monument it could be held under the



Square Tower, Rincon Canyon, Colorado.

administration of the Indian Service. Of all the districts of the Southwest remaining to be brought under the operation of the National Monuments Act, no other is quite so important as Canyon de Chelly. (See cover picture.)

In cases where ruins are on state-owned lands, as are old Pecos Mission and (in part) Gran Quivira in New Mexico, and numerous ruins on school sections in Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado, a system of State Monuments might be established analogous to the National Monuments plan, and administered in some cooperative way. If this suggestion meets with favor, concurrent legislation may be proposed in these four states at the legislative session of the coming winter.



Rainbow Bridge National Monument, Utah.

NATURAL AND HISTORIC NATIONAL MONUMENTS

By ROBERT STERLING YARD
Executive Secretary, National Parks Association

BESIDES the national monuments which conserve archaeological remains, there are many which were created because of other significance. Fourteen of these were set apart as geologic exhibits, five as historical memorials, two as typical areas of remarkable vegetation, and one as a wild-animal reservation.

All of them possess natural beauty of a high order; not a few of them are scenically remarkable; and at least four stand among the scenic wonders of the world.

Let us consider them under this general classification, beginning with the geologic exhibits.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

Less than a hundred persons have seen the Rainbow Bridge of the Navaho country of northern Arizona, but it is world celebrated; its published photographs would suffice to accomplish that. Imagine an arc of mottled red and yellow sandstone rising three hundred and nine feet, with a span of three hundred and seventy-eight feet! That means nothing. But those who know New York City may picture it rising from Broadway three stories higher than the Flatiron Building and enclosing under its arch nearly a block and a half. Imagine it spanning Madison Square.

But that is not all the task required of the imagination if one will visualize this spectacle. Its setting is a grayish desert dotted with purplish sage. Huge mesas, deep red, squared against the gray-blue atmosphere of the horizon,

contrast with pinnacles, spires, shapes like monstrous bloody fangs, which spring from the sands. Imagine a floor as rough as stormy seas, heaped with tumbled rocks, red, yellow, blue, green, grayish-white, between which rise strange, yellowish-green, thorny growths. It is a pathless and largely an impassable waste, strewn with obsidian fragments. It is trail-less; probably less than half a dozen white men can pick their way among its monstrous crooked mazes. Shapeless masses of colored sandstone bar the way. Acres of polished mottled rock are tilted at angles which defy crossing. There are unexpected canyons which one cannot cross except by making detours, sometimes of many miles.

Everywhere is color. It pervades the glowing floor, the uprising edifices. It saturates the very atmosphere and it changes from hour to hour.

In a deep canyon through this desert, which carries one of the cold streams rising in the forests of distant Navaho Mountain, stands the Rainbow Bridge. It springs abruptly from the red sandstone walls of one side of this canyon, arches loftily against the sky, and descends nearly to the stream-side in the canyon floor. Its proportions are singularly graceful. It is well named.

Like all natural bridges, it was created wholly by erosion. Once it was an outstanding spur of sandstone lying across the canyon, the free end of which was encircled by the stream; the descending current struck full against its side. The result, then, was inevitable. Gradually, but surely, the



Stalactite formations, Oregon Caves National Monument

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sand-laden waters, where they struck head on, wore an ever-deepening hollow in the barrier; also, swinging around its fore end in a turbulent half circle, the current attacked the rock of its lower side, slowly wearing that. Finally a hole was worn completely through the barrier and the span became a low bridge.

But meantime other agencies were at work. The rocky wall above, alternately heated by the desert sun and cooled by the nights of this high plateau, detached curved, flattened plates. One can see this process going on in all sandstone canyons; a score of bridges in various stages of making are visible in Little Lion Canyon, for instance.

Worn continually below by the stream, thinned continually above by the wind and the changing temperature, the window enlarged. It needed many thousands of years to reach its present state of glowing shapely beauty.

THE NATURAL BRIDGES

In a not dissimilar desert region not many miles north of the Rainbow Bridge, in southern Utah, is a group of natural bridges of enormous size, carved also from the sandstone. Here the desert is neither so rough nor so colorful. It is the country of long mesas and abrupt precipices. The three bridges which have been set apart as one of our most distinguished national monuments are about fifty miles by trail from the town of Monticello. The day of the automobile has not dawned here yet, but it is approaching.

The largest of these bridges is named Sinapu, meaning Gate of Heaven. It is one of the very largest in the world, measuring two hundred and twenty-two feet in height, with a span of two hundred and sixty-one feet. If the Rainbow Bridge did not exist, it easily would be counted the most

beautiful and majestic natural bridge in the world.

Unlike the Rainbow Bridge, it can not be photographed from its most effective point of view; from some angles it is almost impossible to believe it the unplanned work of natural forces. It can easily be crossed on a level platform twenty-eight feet wide.

The other two bridges, which are not quite as large, are found within four miles. One is called Kachina or Guardian Spirit; the other Owachomo or Rock Mound.

Locally they are called the Augusta, Caroline, and Edwin bridges, for persons who visited them soon after they were discovered in 1895. Unfortunately these titles got into print, and we face a too familiar problem.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST

In many places in the Southwest erosion has bared strata in which are disclosed trunks of prehistoric trees. There are innumerable small petrified forests. But the great forests, those remarkable for the vast collection of trunks and the gorgeous coloring of the crystal which has replaced the original woody fibre, are in northern Arizona south of the town of Adamana on the Santa Fe Railroad. It was principally because these logs were being removed to be sawn into table tops and carved into ornaments that the Petrified Forest National Monument was created to conserve them.

For a hundred and twenty-five or thirty miles southwest of the Grand Canyon, the valley of the Little Colorado is known as the Painted Desert because it is a palette of brilliant colors. It will be difficult to name a tint or shade which is not vividly represented in the marls, shales, sandstones, and conglomerates of its sandy floor and of the cliffs which define its



Sections of big log of the Petrified Forest near Holtwood, Arizona.

northern and eastern limits. It is a treeless and waterless finger pointed straight at the Petrified Forests just beyond its touch.

The petrified trees lie in three groups, or forests, upon a desert of maroon and tawny marl and red and brown sandstone. They are not really forests, for most of the trunks were washed to their present positions by prehistoric floods from forested lands far away. Sometimes they are heaped together like log jams.

The First Forest, six miles south of Adamana, contains many thousands of logs usually broken into lengths by succeeding heat and cold. One log a hundred and eleven feet long bridges a canyon forty-five feet wide. In the Second Forest, thirteen miles south of Adamana, many of the logs appear to lie where they fell. An interesting smaller forest, not in the reservation, lies nine miles north of Adamana.

THE DINOSAUR

Thousands of centuries, perhaps, before the Rocky Mountains began to slowly heave up from the shallow sea which then connected the Caribbean Sea with the Arctic Ocean, creatures of

strange shape and gigantic size inhabited the lowlands and the semi-tropical forests of what now is Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana. The dinosaurs and their kindred reptiles were of many kinds. Some sat on their haunches to feed from the tops of trees. Others crawled snake-like on the ground. Some swam the seas. Some, forerunners of the birds, which then were uncreated, flew from pool to pool under mighty stretches of unfeathered wings. Some were armored like battle-ships to protect themselves from others, usually smaller, which were carnivorous.

Storm and flood engulfed thousands of these creatures and sands which streams swept down from distant highlands buried them. The Rockies arose, and their erosion again laid bare, how many million years thereafter no man knows, the sands that once these creatures trod. Geologists call this the Morrison stratum because the town of Morrison, near Denver, is built upon it. In its neighborhood, and in many places upon both sides of the Rockies nearly to the Canadian line, occasional bones of these prehistoric monsters have been disclosed wherever the Morrison touches the surface.

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But there is one spot, in the Uintah Basin of northwestern Utah, where the Morrison stratum has been bent upward exposing its entire depth, and here have been found so many skeletons of many kinds, so perfectly preserved, that it has been set apart as a national reservation and named the Dinosaur National Monument. It is in the bad lands, eighteen miles east of the town of Vernal. Since 1908 the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh has been gathering here specimens of the greatest interest and importance.

COLORADO, WHEELER, CAPULIN MOUNTAIN AND PINNACLES

Colorado possesses two national monuments conserved to exhibit remarkable geologic forms. One of these, the Colorado National Monument, near Grand Junction, is a region of red sandstone which the erosion of the ages has carved into innumerable grotesque shapes. Imagine the Garden of the Gods multiplied many times in size, area, and complexity. The rock monuments of this group are remarkably highly colored. There are also caves and many deer.

The Wheeler National Monument lies high under the Continental Divide, its deep canyons bordered by lofty pinnacles grotesquely carved in tufa, rhyolite, and other volcanic rocks. It is here that General John C. Fremont met disaster in 1848 on one of his famous exploring expeditions.

Another volcanic exhibit is the Capulin Mountain National Monument in northeastern New Mexico. Capulin is a perfect volcanic cone rising in a desert so dry that it has retained, free from erosional change, the beauty of its original form and detail.

Forty miles due east of Monterey, California, in a spur of the low Coast Range, is a region which erosion has

carved into so many fantastic shapes that it has been set apart as a national show place under the title of the Pinnacles National Monument. Two deep gorges and a broad semi-circular amphitheatre, carpeted with wild flowers, constitute the central feature, into which open deep and narrow tributary gorges. Rock masses have fallen upon the side walls of several of these gorges, converting them into tunnels.

It is a region of great scenic beauty and a museum of a wide range of erosional form.

THE DEVIL'S POSTPILE AND THE DEVIL'S TOWER

The washing away, through centuries of centuries, of thousands of feet of surface sands has left exposed two groups of prismatic basaltic columns which are among the most astonishing of the remainders of a period of great volcanic activity.

The great groups of crystalized basalt on the west slope of the Sierra in east central California known as the Devil's Postpile is aptly named. It is elevated, as seen from the trail, its posts standing on end, side by side, in close formation. Below this imposing structure and covering the front of the high ridge which it crowns is an enormous mass of broken talus. The appropriateness of the name is apparent at the first glance. This talus seems to be really a postpile, every post carefully hewn to pattern, all of nearly equal length.

But the Devil's Tower, which rises from the plains of Wyoming west of the Black Hills, is vastly greater than the Devil's Postpile in size and sensational quality. It is an enormous core of closely joined basaltic columns rising six hundred feet in air. It was the Indians' landmark, the guide post of the early explorers.



Basaltic columns, Devil's Post Pile National Monument, California.

A hundred miles away it suggests a stubby finger pointing to the Zenith. Close at hand, where its remarkable parallel flutings may be studied, it suggests nothing on earth but its quite extraordinary self.

FOUR CAVERNS

Four limestone caverns in as many States have been set apart as National Monuments. On the way to the Yellowstone National Park, west of Cody, Wyoming, and three miles east of the celebrated Shoshone Dam, a precipitous trail leads the visitor into the Shoshone Cavern. Descent by rope is necessary to enter the most beautiful chambers, and beyond these are miles of galleries of great splendor of decoration.

The Jewel Cave of South Dakota, thirteen miles west and south of Custer, is specially remarkable because its limestone crystal decorations are tinted in various colors, sometimes very brilliantly.

Montana's monument canyon, perched thirteen hundred feet above the Jefferson Valley fifty miles east of Butte, was created in honor of Lewis and Clark, whose course it overlooks for more than fifty miles. It is called the Lewis and Clark National Monument.

The most famous of this group is the Oregon Caves National Monument, about thirty miles south of Grant Pass. Locally they are better known as the Marble Halls of Oregon. The vaults and passages have extraordi-



Basaltic columns extraordinary, called the Devil's Tower
National Monument, Wyoming.

nary size. There is one chamber whose ceiling is two hundred feet in height.

ALASKAN NATIONAL MONUMENTS

Besides the Lewis and Clark National Monument, there are now only five which have special historic significance.

Two of these are in Alaska, preserving relics of primitive life. Sitka National Monument on Baronoff Island is the site of the ancient village of the Kik-Siti Indians who, in 1802, attacked the settlement of Sitka and massacred the Russians who had established it. Two years later the Russians under Baranoff recovered it and established the title which they afterwards transferred to the United States.

Old Kasaan National Monument, on the east shore of Prince of Wales

Island, preserves several fine community houses of split timber occupied for many years by the Hydah tribe. There are many totem poles richly carved and colored. Also Katmai, Alaska, including "The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," a wonderland of volcanic phenomena, was recently made a National Monument.

VERENDRYE AND CABRILLO

The Verendrye National Monument conserves Crowhigh Butte near the Old Crossing of the Missouri River in North Dakota. It is on the Fort Berthold Indian Reservation. Verendrye, the celebrated French explorer, started from the north shore of Lake Superior about 1740 and passed westward and southward into the region of the Great Plains. He or his sons, for

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



Totem poles, Sitka National Monument.

the record is confusing, passed westward into what is now Montana along a course which Lewis and Clark paral-

leled in 1806, swung southward in the neighborhood of Fort Benton, and skirted the Rockies nearly to the middle of Wyoming.

The Cabrillo National Monument on Point Loma, north of San Diego Bay, was created in 1913 to commemorate the discovery of California by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who first sighted land at this point, Sept. 28, 1542.

SCOTT'S BLUFF

The highlands of Nebraska reach their climax in an elevation of 4,662 feet known as Scott's Bluff, near the city of the same name. In the frontier days it was called the Gibraltar of Nebraska; then, like Crowhigh Butte and the Devil's Tower, it was a guiding landmark for caravans; before that, for the Indians. It is on the old Oregon Trail.

In 1822 a party of a hundred men left St. Louis under General Ashley for a hunting and exploring expedition into the far west. The going was hard and desertions reduced the party to forty before many miles had been covered. Among these was Hiram Scott, an independent fur trader, who organized, on this trip, the second Northwest Fur Company in competition with the Hudson Bay Company. Returning to St. Louis in 1828, Scott was stricken with fever and was deserted on the Platt River by all but two of his companions, and later, after their boat had been upset, near the present site of Fort Laramie, by these also.

Alone he made his way to the Bluff which now bears his name, hoping there to find his party. He died at its foot.

REDWOODS AND DESERT GROWTHS

We are indebted to William Kent, of California, for the only national exhibit we possess of the rapidly passing giant

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

redwoods of California. It was he who purchased the celebrated Muir Woods, eluding the outstretched hands of the lumbermen, and presented them to the people of the United States. The Muir Woods National Monument, on the slope of Mount Tamalpais, opposite San Francisco, is justly one of the most popular reservations in the land.

Some of the noble trees in this tangled and picturesque forest exceed three hundred feet in height with a diameter greater than eighteen feet. They stand in clusters, or family groups, their stems erect as pillars, their crowns joined in a lofty roof. We enter a vast cathedral. Its floor is brown and sweet smelling, its aisles outlined by the tread of generations of worshippers. Its naves, transepts, alcoves, and sanctuaries are still and dim, yet filled mysteriously with light.

There are many other noble trees here besides the redwoods. The Douglas fir reaches stately proportions. Many of the western oaks display their manifold picturesqueness; one of the most striking exhibits is the tangle of California laurel, or bay as it is commonly called. These reach great size, sprawl in all directions, bend at sharp angles, make great loops to enter the soil and root again. Sometimes they cross each other and join their trunks. In one instance a large crownless trunk has bent and entered head first the stem of still a larger tree.

In sharp contrast to this noble forest is the Papago Saguaro National Monument in Arizona, a few miles east of Phoenix. Its two thousand and fifty acres include many fine examples of innumerable desert growths in fullest development. It presents a landscape which can not be pictured

in fancy by those unfamiliar with desert vegetation.

Among the most numerous cacti the cholla is the most fascinating and the most exasperating. It is a stocky bush two or three feet high covered with balls of flattened, powerful, sharp-pointed needles which will penetrate even heavy shoes. There are many varieties, all highly decorative. The pipe-organ cactus, growing in straight columns, closely bunched, sometimes as high as twenty feet, offers a sharp contrast; and a contrast to both of these is the short, squat, barrel cactus which often saves life by yielding a quart or two of sweetish water to the panting traveler.

But the desert's chief exhibit is the giant saguaro, from which the reservations got its name. This stately cactus rises in a splendid green column, accordion-pleated and decorated with star-like clusters of spines upon the edges of the plaits. The larger specimens grow as high as sixty or seventy feet, throwing out thick powerful branches which bend sharply upward.

MOUNT OLYMPUS

Established to protect the Olympic elk from extinction, this noble reservation also conserves a splendidly scenic region. It occupies the climax of the Olympian Mountains in the Olympian Peninsula, which is the northwestern corner of the State of Washington, and of the United States; also Puget Sound bounds it on the east, the Pacific Ocean on the west.

It is a rugged, pathless wilderness of tumbled ranges grown with magnificent forests, above which rise snowy and glaciated summits.

Washington, D. C.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

THE NATIONAL MONUMENTS AT A GLANCE.

<i>P'g</i>	<i>Name and Location.</i>	<i>Special Characteristics.</i>
61	Alaska (3) Katmai	Wonderland of great scientific interest. Includes "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes."
61	Old Kasaan	Historic landmark. Numerous totem poles.
61	Sitka	Natural beauty and historic interest. 16 totem poles.
	Arizona (8)	
27	Casa Grande	Prehistoric cliff dwellings.
34	Montezuma Castle	Prehistoric cliff dwellings. Of scenic and ethnological interest.
30	Navaho	Prehistoric cliff dwellings.
63	Papago Saguaro	Desert flora and numerous pictographs.
57	Petrified Forest	Petrified coniferous trees.
35	Tonto	Prehistoric cliff dwellings.
33	Tumacacori	Ruin of Franciscan Mission (17th cent.).
35	Walnut Canyon	Prehistoric cliff dwellings.
	California (4)	
61	Cabrillo	Historic landmark. Discovery by Cabrillo, Sept. 28, 1542.
59	Devil's Postpile	Hexagonal basaltic columns.
63	Muir Woods	Noted redwood groves.
59	Pinnacles	Spirelike rock formations. Numerous caves.
	Colorado (3)	
59	Colorado	Many lofty monoliths. Fine example of erosion. Great scenic beauty.
59	Wheeler	Of geological interest as example of extinct volcanic action. Great scenic beauty.
43	Yucca House	Prehistoric communal dwellings.
	Montana	
60	Big Hole Battle Field	Historic landmark. Battle with Indians Aug. 9, 1877.
	Lewis and Clark Cavern	Immense limestone cavern with stalactite formations.
62	Nebraska: Scotts Bluff	Historic landmark. Exploring expedition, 1822.
	New Mexico (6)	
7	Bandelier	Prehistoric cliff dwellings. Communal houses. Great natural scenery.
60	Capulin Mountain	Cinder cone of geologically recent formation.
13	Chaco Canyon	Prehistoric cliff dwellings and communal houses.
19	El Morro	Sandstone rock. Inscriptions by early Spanish explorers.
26	Gila Cliff Dwellings	Prehistoric cliff dwellings.
24	Gran Quivira	Ruin of Franciscan Mission (17th cent.). Pueblo ruins.
61	North Dakota: Verendrye	Historic landmark. Verendrye's explorations about 1740.
60	Oregon: Oregon Caves	Extensive caves of much beauty.
60	South Dakota: Jewel Cave	Limestone cavern of considerable extent.
	Utah (3)	
58	Dinosaur	Fossil remains of prehistoric animal life.
57	Natural Bridges	3 natural bridges. Largest examples of their kind.
55	Rainbow Bridge	Unique natural bridge. Height, 309 feet. Span, 278 feet.
63	Washington: Mount Olympus	Many glaciers. Breeding ground of Olympic Elk.
	Wyoming (2)	
60	Devil's Tower	Rock tower of volcanic origin. Height 1200 feet.
60	Shoshone Cavern	Cavern of considerable extent, near Cody.

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

Expedition of the School of American Research.

The School of American Research under the direction of Dr. Hewett established a field station in the Chaco Canyon in June and began the excavation of Chetro Kettle, probably the most important site of the National Monument (p. 17). The work has been assigned to the various members of his staff as follows: 1. The Place of Chaco Canyon in the Pueblo Area, Dr. Hewett; 2. History of Chaco Canyon, Lansing Bloom; 3. Photographic record from Jackson's time to the present, Wesley Bradfield; 4. The Art of Chaco Canyon, Kenneth M. Chapman; 5. The Architecture, Carlos Vierra; 6. Ethnological Relations, Dr. Hewett and assistant in Linguistics; 7. Reclamation Work, restoration of reservoir and irrigating ditches, in cooperation with the National Parks Association.

Centers of Intensive Archaeological Investigation.

In addition to the above there are five important centers of intensive archaeological investigation in the Southwest this summer. Dr. J. Walter Fewkes is again at work in the Mesa Verde for the Bureau of American Ethnology (p. 44); Dr. Clark Wissler is continuing for the fifth year the excavations of the Museum of Natural History at Aztec, N. M. (p. 42); Mr. F. W. Hodge of the Museum of the American Indian is conducting his third season's work at Hawikuh, N. M. (See A. and A., VII, pp. 367 ff.); Mr. Ralph Kidder is in charge of the Andover Expedition at Pecos, N. M., for the fourth season; and the National Geographic Society has begun its reconnaissance of the Chaco Canyon under the direction of Mr. Neil M. Judd.

Exhibit of the Mallery Southwest Expedition.

An interesting exhibit of some of the finds made in the excavations at Turquoise Village, New Mexico, during the summer of 1920, by the Mallery Southwest Expedition conducted by the Washington Society of the Archaeological Institute of America has been prepared by Mr. J. A. Jeançon, Director of the expedition, and is now installed in the U. S. National Museum.

Pennell's War Drawings Acquired by the Library of Congress.

Joseph Pennell's drawings and prints of war work, made by permission and authority of the various Government Departments of the United States, have been acquired by the Library of Congress at Washington, and will be preserved there as important records. They are already historic, as most of the war industries are now turned to peaceful uses. Mr. Pennell was Associate Chairman of the Pictorial Division of the Committee on Public Information, and was authorized to make these drawings by the President, the Secretaries of War and the Navy, Dr. Garfield, Mr. Hoover, and the Railroad Administration. He also did two of the Liberty Loan posters, and worked for the Shipping Board, Red Cross, and other allied bodies. He received the thanks of the Government for his services. The drawings he made in Great Britain, by permission of the British Government, are now in the British Museum and the National War Museum in London; and a set of his prints was secured by the French High Commission for the French Collection in the Luxembourg, Paris. His drawings also were widely shown on the Continent of Europe, and were published there and in the Orient.

Old-Time New England.

The Bulletin of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, which has appeared from time to time in a beautifully illustrated form for distribution among the members of the society, has been developed into a quarterly magazine to be published under the more comprehensive title "Old-Time New England." This magazine will be devoted to the ancient buildings, household furnishings, domestic arts and crafts, manners and customs and minor antiquities of the people of New England. Interesting buildings will be described and illustrated, early portraits and engravings will be reproduced with critical descriptions and space will be devoted to the artists and craftsmen of early days.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Summer Exhibition of the Arts Club of Washington.

The members' summer exhibition of the Arts Club of Washington marks a new era in the development of this vigorous young institution in that it has at last established a bond between the resident and non-resident members. The large number of works sent in this year by out of town members justifies the hope that in future the summer exhibition will be made up of their work exclusively. Probably never before in the history of local art has there been assembled a group of paintings of such uniform excellence, varied technique and subject matter and representing so wide an area as does the present exhibition. Notable for its absence is the so-called New Art, Futurism, exaggerated Impressionism, Vorticism, Dadaism and the like. The visitors' attention is first attracted to a striking portrait by Washington's well known woman painter, Catharine C. Critcher. Rich in color and masterfully handled, it has that rare quality of interest. There are half a dozen excellent pictures by the dean of Washington's water color painters, W. H. Holmes. From a still life entitled "Crockery" to the elaborate "Unloading a Charcoal Boat at Capri" he is an unquestioned master of his difficult medium. A portrait of her husband by Mrs. H. K. Bush-Brown, is full of interest, not alone for its technical excellence but the strong personal interest that naturally attaches itself to the former president of the club. Marion Howard, C. F. Throckmorton, Bertha E. Perrie, Mathilde Leisenring and several others are represented by canvasses of more than passing mention but for the fact that space must be reserved for the surprises that greeted one in the work of out-of-town members. A conspicuously large canvass is "The Nor'easter" by Olaf Browner. There is a careless dexterity that is remarkable in the handling of both rocks and surf. And A. F. Throckmorton produces a dramatic effect in "Summer Seas" with but a sheet of blue water for a subject. There is in the work of Harold Holmes Wrenn a firmness of execution which betrays the architect. "Water and Lights," a striking night scene, is an example of the idealization of a commonplace and ugly subject. Yarnall Abbott undoubtedly conveys the sinister feeling of a storm in his "Southeaster." And the "Road to the Village" by Mary Nicholena MacCord is the work of an artist who knows her metier. It is full of charming color harmony. Marion Boyd Allen has painted a virile figure in the "Garibaldian" and Jacques R. Chesno has a number of small canvasses suggestive of the old painters, while M. May Baker in several charming pictures proves herself a painter of sunshine and out-of-doors. In the sculpture exhibit it is gratifying to note the high quality and number of works exhibited by a group of young sculptors. Minerva Kendall has several portrait busts which are not only well executed but prophetic of a brilliant future. "The Art Student" and a "Portrait Statuette" by Ellen Miller are graceful examples of what for want of a better term we might call drawing-room art. Olive Plant shows a strongly individualistic portrait and Clara Hill has a number of charming small pieces of some captivating subjects. George Julian Zolnay, President of the Club, exhibits an impressive war memorial, and H. K. Bush-Brown a speaking medallion portrait of that most picturesque of public personages, Samuel Gompers. In all it is an exhibition worthy of a club which, in four years, has attained a membership of eight hundred members and is now growing so rapidly that the administration is contemplating a larger club house where they may realize their dream of making the Washington Arts Club a mecca for out-of-town pilgrims as well as supplying a long felt cultural need in the National Capital.

—ABBY G. ZOLNAY.

Camera Man Snaps the Life of Ancient Carthage.

Views of the ancient Carthaginian city, which once rivalled the proud empire of Rome, will soon be shown in New York, London, and Paris. The motion picture photographer, who is stationed in Northern Africa, making the American Red Cross film, "The Children of the Sahara," has obtained excellent views of the excavations now being made in the ruins of ancient Carthage.

One of the most important results of these recent excavations was the finding of a large and beautiful mosaic, dating from about 100 A.D. This mosaic is composed of squares of red, white, brown and blue marble, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, and its colors are remarkably preserved. It was found at the foot of a hill, about twenty feet under the ground, and it will take several weeks to remove it from its bed. When excavated, it will form a valuable addition to the collection of archaeological treasures in the Carthaginian Museum at Bardo.

American artists, spending the winter in the artist's colony on the hill, have been much interested in watching the progress of the excavation of old Carthage. Cameron Burnside, who is painting a picture showing the work of the American Red Cross in the war, has been especially active in his expressions of interest.

BOOK CRITIQUES

New Mexico, the Land of the Delight Makers.
By George Wharton James. Boston: The Page
Company, 1920. Pp. XXVII—469. \$5.00.

The growing interest in our Southwest gives a special timeliness to this latest contribution to the See America First Series, which, it is promised by the Page Company, publishers, will eventually include the whole of the North American Continent. Mr. James has already written two fascinating volumes in this series, the first being "California, Romantic and Beautiful" and the second "Arizona, the Wonderland." One might think that the author had exhausted his enthusiasm on California and Arizona but neither his zest nor his adjectives fail him when he deals with New Mexico. In his foreword he tells us: "Were I a poet-rhapsodist, it would be no effort, nay, it would be a joy to compose a rhapsody of thanksgiving to this so-called arid land. No lover has sung the praises of his mistress with more exuberant enthusiasm than I could put, honestly and sincerely, into my song of New Mexico."

The public should be grateful to Mr. James for giving out in such a readable way the results of his travels for more than thirty years over the length and breadth of this land of "sunshine, silence and adobe."

It is evident that no effort has been spared in the making of this volume. Not only is the letter press all that can be desired but the attention given to the illustrations is particularly noteworthy. A map and 56 plates of which 8 are in color add materially to the attractiveness of the book. Special interest attaches to the reproductions of paintings by such artists as Carlos Viera Joullin and Lucille made expressly for the author, also paintings and etchings reproduced from the masterly hand of W. L. De Wolf.

The sub-title is most comprehensive: The History of its Ancient Cliff Dwellings and Pueblos, Conquest by the Spaniards, Franciscan Missions, Personal Accounts of the Ceremonies, Games, Social Life, and Industries of its Indians; A Description of its Climate, Geology, Flora and Birds, its Rivers and Forests; A Review of its Rapid Development, Land Reclamation Projects and Educational System; with full and accurate accounts of its Progressive Counties, Cities and Towns.

The book is appropriately dedicated to Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

The author dwells at considerable length upon the history of New Mexico which he considers in three chapters; on Zuni with its unique Pueblo lore; on Acoma unlike anything else anywhere; on the religion and music of the Indians; the strange and almost unbelievable practices of the Penitentes; the influence of New Mexico upon literature, in which chapter he discusses a selected list of books inspired by New Mexico; on the influence of New Mexico upon art, in which chapter he exclusively considers the Taos School of Artists. The author's comment that an equally interesting and comprehensive chapter might well be written upon the work of the Santa Fe artists does not console us for this serious omission.

On turning with keen anticipation to the chapter entitled The Antiquities of New Mexico, Its Ancient Dwellings—Its Mission Churches, there is a distinct disappointment when the author dismisses the subject in three pages recommending us to go for information to the Director of the School of American Research and referring the reader who may desire to know something of the missions to consult Prince's book on that subject. The sense of limitation confessed by the author probably also influenced his omission of a chapter on Old Santa Fe with its Governor's Palace and School of American Research.

To those who are deeply interested in the ancient Pueblo sites, many of which are discussed as National Monuments in this number, it will be a matter of sincere regret that the author of *The Land of the Delight Makers* did not incorporate in this volume the results of his own personal studies of these antiquities (which he states he will treat in another book), and also the story of Santa Fe, the capital city where three civilizations have held sway, and left the monuments of their achievement.

—CAROLYN CARROLL.

Arizona the Wonderland, by George Wharton James. Boston: The Page Company. Pp. XXIV—477. \$5.00.

This earlier volume of the "See America First" Series calls for mention in this number

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as well as "New Mexico, the Land of the Delight Makers," since Arizona has already to her credit more National Monuments than any other state. Fortunately more space is given to antiquities in this volume than in the one on New Mexico, and the Chapters on the "Cliff and Cave Dwellers," "How Fray Marcos Discovered Arizona," "The Jesuits and Franciscans," and the "Indians of Arizona," are full of information and personal experience racily narrated. The author is a great admirer of the Red Man and his sympathetic interpretation of Indian character should prove of service to government officials who have to deal with Indian affairs.

Arizona is pre-eminently "the Wonderland of the Southwest" in its natural features—its fathomless canyons, its snow-mantled Sierras, its vast deserts, its blooming cases—and the author is as gifted in telling the Story of Nature as he is the Story of Man. Hence the Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forests, Sunset Crater, the mountains and forests, the birds, the flora, and the minerals of Arizona receive their share of attention. In the chapter on "the Literature and Art of Arizona," we are informed that this Wonderland has inspired over seven thousand volumes of prose and poetry, and the influence of its charm applies as well to the artist. Thomas Moran's pictures of the Grand Canyon—one of them in the National Gallery—and Henry Cassie Best's colorful canvases deserve especial mention. The map and the sixty full-page plates, 12 of which are in color, contribute greatly to the value of the book. But we must refer the reader to the volume itself for any adequate conception of its richness and variety.

—M. C.

Commission of Fine Arts. Eighth Report Jan. 1, 1818–July 1, 1919. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1920.

Reports of Committees, Bureaus and Commissions are usually rather dull reading except to the compilers thereof, but an exception must be made to the very interesting and illuminating report of the Fine Arts Commission, the Eighth Annual Report lately issued.

It is not only readable and deeply interesting, but positively exciting for those who live in Washington, and should be so for those who live in the United States, for it belongs to them as well and to all who have pride and interest in the development of the National Capital.

The book in itself is a "fine art" in the heavy, plain white paper binding, clear title lettering and beautiful illustrations, from the frontispiece, a halftone of the Lincoln Memorial, to

the smallest insignia designed for the sailors and soldiers.

There are sixty-nine illustrations and they show views of the Mall, plans for its continued improvement, public buildings and monuments, not only in the District, but those that have been submitted to the Commission for their approval and advice; the planting to be done about the Lincoln Memorial; the Memorial Bridge and Rock Creek Parking; the Grant Statue which is the central feature of the great monument in the Botanic Gardens; the St. Gaudens statue of Lincoln which is to be erected in London and the plan which gives its placement in the Canning Enclosure, opposite the north entrance to Westminster Abbey; the Women's Memorial to those who lost their lives on the "Titanic"; the American cemeteries for the soldiers in France and the improvements to be made at Arlington—in fact all the things we wish to know about.

A discussion is given of all the problems that are submitted to the Commission from the various Departments in Washington, as well as from individuals and cities throughout the country and they include memorials, monuments, statues, public buildings, War medals, parks, bridges and cemeteries.

The report gives a resumé of the history of the Washington plan from the original by L'Enfant, what has been done, what will be done, an inspiring record. It also states that the fine central location of the lovely Lincoln Memorial is greater in extent than the Paris composition from the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe, greater even than the London composition from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral.

The names of the members of the Commission who have served from its establishment by Act of Congress in 1910, include painters, sculptors, architects and landscape architects of distinction. The members during the past year are:—Charles Moore, Chairman; Herbert Adams, sculptor; Charles A. Platt, architect; William Mitchell Kendall, architect; John Russell Pope, architect and James L. Greenleaf, landscape architect. Col. C. S. Ridley, U. S. A., the officer in charge of Public Buildings and Grounds in Washington is secretary *ex officio*.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of the services rendered by this very able body of *unpaid* men, their wise and earnest efforts along these important lines of work, their patriotism, altruism and their tremendous accomplishment.

—HELEN WRIGHT.



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SEPTEMBER

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THE OCTAGON WASHINGTON, D. C.

VOL. X, No. 3

10
SEPTEMBER, 1920

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



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EDITORIAL NOTE

THIS, the September number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, is devoted exclusively to the Ralph Cross Johnson Collection of paintings recently presented to the National Gallery of Art. Mr. Johnson is a native of Maine and a resident of Washington. He is a graduate of Harvard College and of the Harvard Law School, and has been admitted to the bar in the State of Maine and also in the District of Columbia. He has made numerous visits to Europe and has spent much time in the Art Museums of England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, and Spain. His collection has been acquired gradually and all his later acquisitions have been of the Old Masters. Some were purchased in London and Paris; others in New York where in many cases he was fortunate enough to have first choice of works arriving from Europe. His is not therefore what is called a "dealer's collection." He thoroughly agrees with the opinion of the late John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, who once remarked that "he was very careful to buy only what he considered a great work of art." In making purchases he has depended very largely on his own judgment as to the authenticity and art quality of the work offered. He has never been a buyer of more or less celebrated names. Few if any of his accessions have been on public exhibition until installed in the National Gallery, where a choice room is devoted exclusively to their display.

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SEPTEMBER, 1920

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By GEORGE B. ROSE,

A lifelong student of Renaissance art, author of *Renaissance Masters—Art of Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Correggio, Botticelli, Rubens and Claude Lorraine, 1898-1908; The World's Leading Painters, 1911*; also numerous minor writings within the fields both of literature and art. Lawyer by profession, resident of Little Rock, Arkansas.

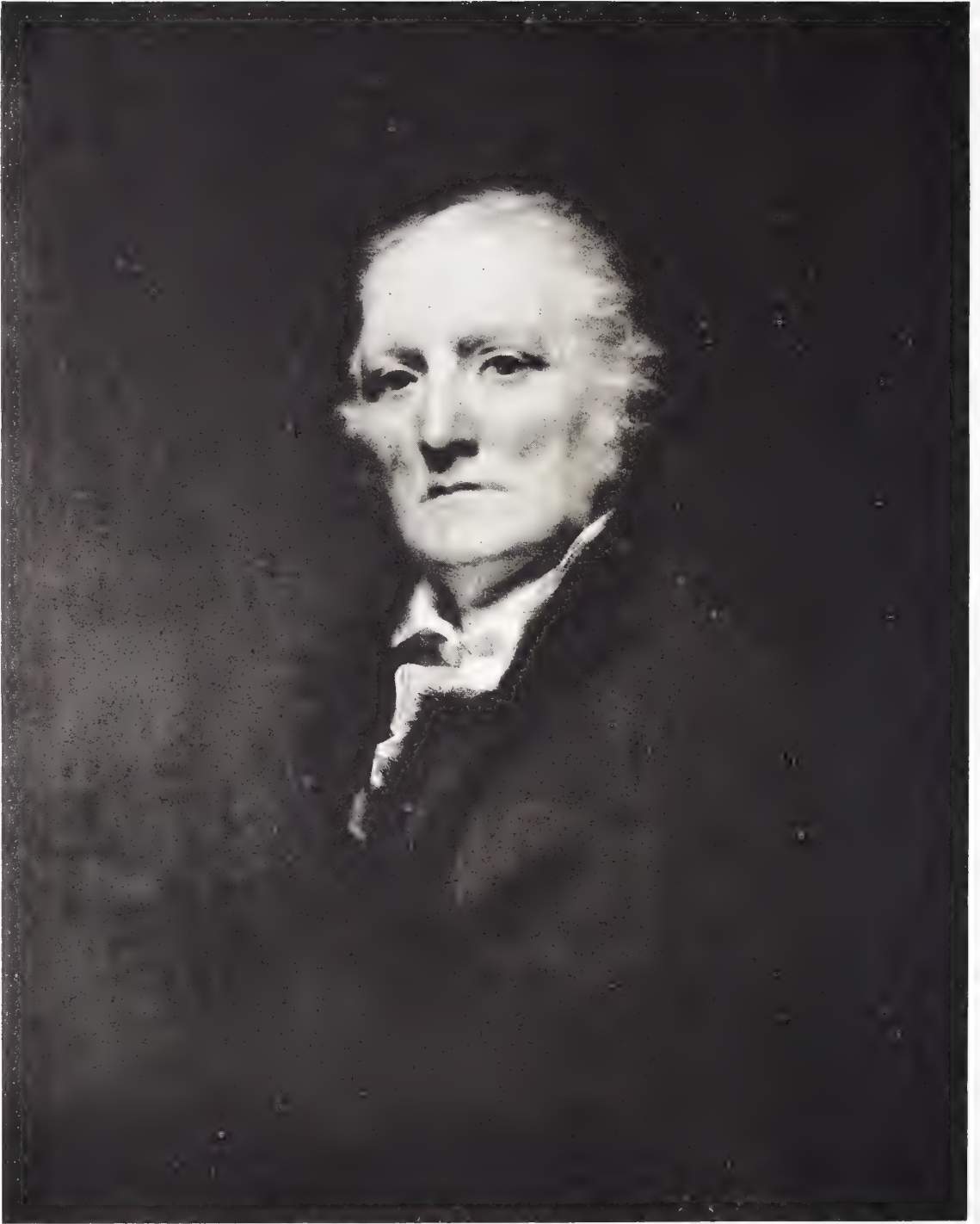
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PORTRAIT OF ARCHIBALD SKIRVING, ESQ.

By SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R. A., 1756-1833

BRITISH SCHOOL.

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME X

SEPTEMBER, 1920

NUMBER 3

THE RALPH CROSS JOHNSON COLLECTION

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

By GEORGE B. ROSE

IT IS easy for a man to leave his pictures to a public gallery after his death. He knows that he is thus erecting to his memory one of the noblest and most enduring of monuments, and that he is insuring the beloved objects against destruction. But for the living art lover to part with his treasures is hard indeed. A thing of beauty is a joy forever, and the longer we own it the closer it twines itself about our hearts. We all remember the story of Cardinal Mazarin taking leave of his pictures. He was a passionate and discriminating lover of art, and his great collection is still the chief glory of the Louvre. When told that he must die, he had himself borne to his gallery, and there he took a last, long, fond, lingering view of each cherished possession, parting from them all with an agonizing regret. He could surrender earthly power and splendor with no great repining; but to part with the pictures that he loved so much tore his heart.

And so it is with every true lover of art. He is willing to lend his pictures to the public, that others may share his joy for a time. Occasionally, out of a large number he will give one to some public gallery. But rarely indeed does he do more until forced by the hand of death to yield them up. The gift by Mr. Ralph Cross Johnson of twenty-four choice old masters, to our National Gallery, has been but seldom paralleled.

These pictures have been hung together in one room, and they must be forever kept together as a memorial of such unexampled generosity. It is a collection rare for its even excellence. Each picture is a good and, indeed, a notable specimen of the master's style. Too often in our public galleries we see works of the great masters that are unworthy of their brush, and which tend rather to prejudice the public against these great men, than to incite admiration.



MADONNA AND CHILD, WITH ST. JOHN AND AN ANGEL

By SEBASTIANO MAINARDI, DIED 1513

FLORENTINE SCHOOL.



THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA

By GIACOMO FRANCIA, 1486-1557

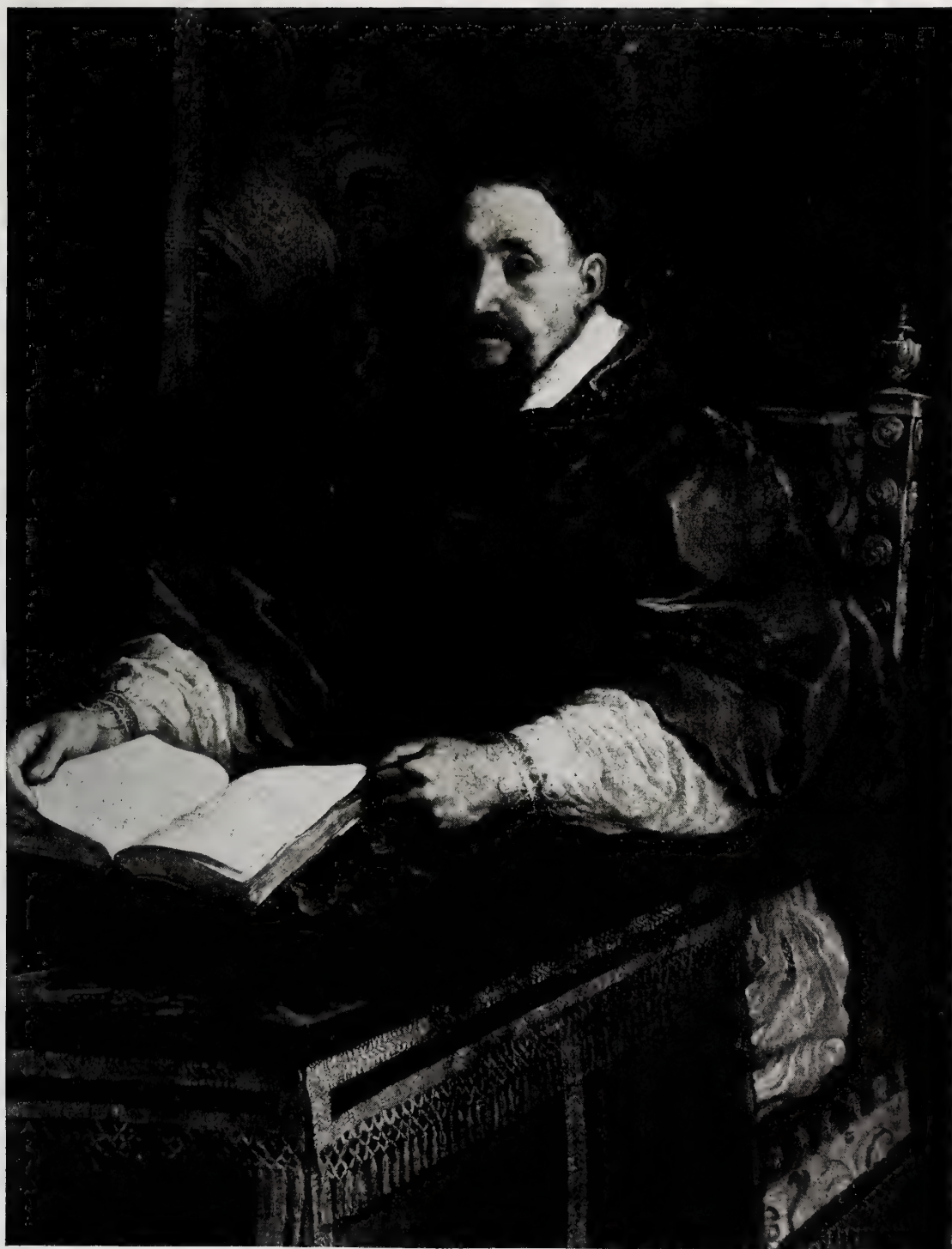
BOLOGNESE SCHOOL.



A VENETIAN SENATOR

By LORENZO LOTTO, 1480-1554

VENETIAN SCHOOL.



PORTRAIT OF A CARDINAL

By TITIAN, 1477-1576

VENETIAN SCHOOL.



LORD MULGRAVE, IN NAVAL UNIFORM By THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R. A., 1747-1788
BRITISH SCHOOL.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

In speaking of these pictures I do not write as an expert on attributions. Mr. Johnson's collection has long been one of the most notable in the country, and has been sufficiently expertized. To be an expert in attributions, one must have a knowledge of the weaving of canvas in different ages and countries, of the growth and structure of woods in various lands, of the idiosyncrasies of artists in the painting of ears and fingers and other non-essentials, in short, of a thousand details, which I do not possess. It is a science demanding the study of a life-time, and not a very exact one if we may judge by the incessant controversies among its greatest exponents; and too often the experts seem to lose all feeling for the beauty of the pictures, and to consider them as coldly as if they were insects to be classified. I shall accept the attributions given; and, after all, they are not so important, for the work of art is the thing, regardless of its origin.

First in time, and to my heart, always first in importance, is the Italian school.

A few years ago our people had scant appreciation of the Italian primitives. When Jarvis brought over his extensive collection, he found no purchaser, and what would today make his fortune, proved his ruin. The larger part is now the pride of Yale University, while the remainder draws visitors from distant lands to the Cleveland Museum; but Jarvis had to let them go for debt. Now, thanks chiefly to the influence and example of the late John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, Italian primitives are eagerly sought, and single pictures in the Jarvis collection would probably bring as much as he received for the whole.

One of the most delicious of the Italian primitives is Bastiano Mainardi, best known by his beautiful and gracious fresco of the *Madonna della Cin-*

tola in the Baroncelli Chapel in Santa Croce at Florence, depicting the Madonna dropping her girdle to the adoring disciples as she is borne to heaven by choiring angels.

Mainardi continued to paint until 1513, and witnessed the revolution in art wrought by the genius of Leonardo, Michelangelo and Raphael; but the achievements of those supreme masters affected him not at all, and to the last he continued to paint in the old sweet primitive way of the early Florentines.

Mr. Johnson has given us one of his most delightful and characteristic pictures. It is a charming work in a marvelous state of preservation, fresh as when it came from the master's easel. The beautiful Mother, clothed in a robe of brilliant red with dark blue embroidered mantle, holds the infant Christ on her lap while with the other hand she caresses the infant John the Baptist, whose hands are clasped in adoration as he gazes upon the divine child. Jesus lifts his little hands in blessing, while an angel bearing annunciation lilies is looking on. To the left there is a Florentine landscape.

This picture is probably the original from which the larger and more pretentious work in the Louvre was evolved. In repeating a composition, artists usually add to it other figures. Seldom do they proceed by way of subtraction. Therefore the simpler composition is usually the first. Certainly this is the finer of the two, better preserved, richer in color, more united in composition.

The school of the Marches produced no painter of the very first rank, though some of the works of Francesco Francia, such as the *Pietà* in London, the *Deposition from the Cross* at Parma, the *Annunciation* in the Brera, and the *Madonna of the Rose Garden* at Munich, are among the most precious things in



VIEW IN ROME, WITH THE CHURCH OF ARA COELI By FRANCESCO GUARDI, 1712-1793
VENETIAN SCHOOL.



RUINS AND FIGURES By FRANCESCO GUARDI, 1712-1793
VENETIAN SCHOOL.



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD

By BERNARD VAN ORLEY, 1493-1542

FLEMISH SCHOOL.



MADONNA AND CHILD

By *GOVAERT FLINCK*, 1615-1660

DUTCH SCHOOL.



THE HOLY FAMILY, WITH ST. ELIZABETH

By PETER PAUL RUBENS, 1577-1640

FLEMISH SCHOOL.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

all the range of art. The dry-as-dust critic who cannot appreciate their ineffable charm is surely to be pitied.

Francesco had several sons who devoted themselves to painting, chief of whom was Giacomo Francia. The *Marriage of St. Catherine* in the Johnson collection is one of his most delightful works. Both the Madonna and the St. Catherine are beautiful, especially the latter, a highborn maiden with features of Grecian regularity and wearing a royal diadem upon her queenly head. She lifts up her exquisite hand to the Christ Child, who is stretching forth the betrothal ring, while behind the group is St. Joseph and a landscape background.

The Venetian is the most glorious of all the schools of painting. In that branch of art it maintains the incontestable supremacy that Athens holds in sculpture; and among its masters there is none possessed of a more compelling charm than Lorenzo Lotto. There is scarcely anything on earth more beautiful than his *Holy Family* at Vienna, certainly nothing more exquisite and refined. And hundreds of years before Gainsborough painted his *Blue Boy*, Lotto in this picture refuted still more triumphantly the dictum of Sir Joshua Reynolds that blue was a cold color that should be relegated to the less important parts of the canvas, and used only to enhance the effect of the warmer hues. If it is ever admissible in speaking of one art to use the language of another, this must be called the incomparable symphony in blue.

But, while Lotto painted many lovely religious pictures, he was perhaps even more distinguished in the art of portraiture. When men have achieved success and have become rich and prosperous a pardonable pride leads to a desire to transmit their lineaments to poster-

ity; and the Venetian nobles had every reason to be proud. They had raised upon the mud banks of the Adriatic a dream of imperishable beauty; they had attained the hegemony in the world's commerce, so that the wealth of the Orient was poured into their city's lap; and in a thousand desperate struggles on land and sea, they had built up a splendid empire. Their favorite painter was Titian, who depicted them as they loved to appear, calm, serene, far-seeing, their brows crowned with the aureole of success, masters of themselves and of their fate.

With this grand official style the portraits of Lorenzo Lotto have little in common. As Van Dyck gave to all his sitters an aristocratic elegance, so Lotto gives to his a romantic sadness. One of the most haunting of all portraits is the *Man with the Claw* at Vienna. There is perhaps in no other male face so much refinement and delicacy combined with so wistful a melancholy. It is not surprising that in the rearrangement of the Brera a whole room is given up to portraits by Lotto; and there are few rooms that are so haunting.

The Lotto in the Ralph Cross Johnson collection represents a Venetian senator, a man in middle life, clothed in the black garments which Spanish fanaticism had forced upon the color-loving Italians, and with a black hat. You can see that he was born to great position, that he is calm, self-possessed, yet a little weary of it all; that the lesson of Solomon that all is vanity has not been lost upon his soul. Lotto has tried to paint one of the official portraits in the style of Titian, and has made a splendid masterpiece; but despite himself, something of his own romantic sadness has crept in.

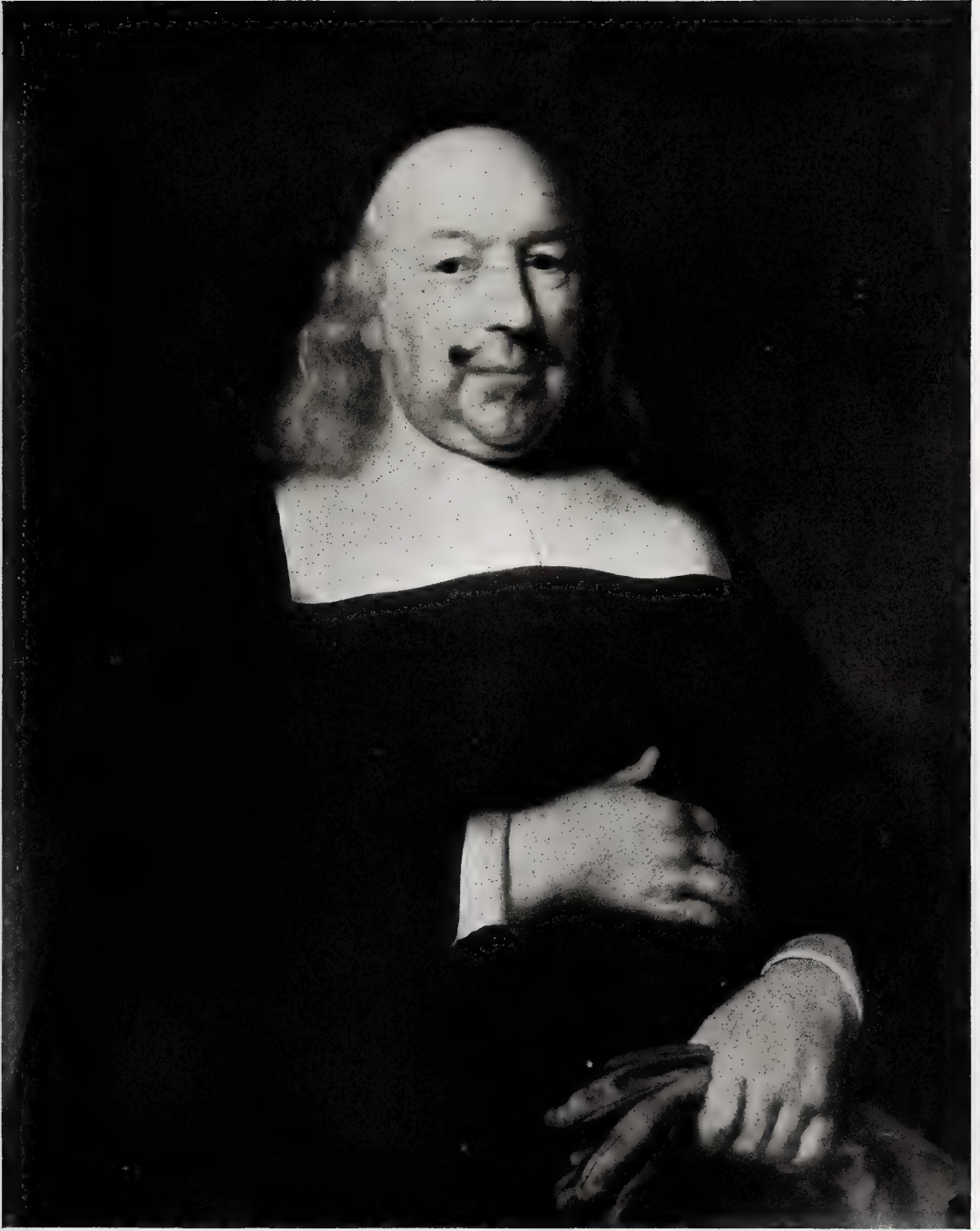
The most striking of the Italian pictures is the large portrait of a cardinal



PORTRAIT OF A MAN WEARING A LARGE HAT

By REMBRANDT VAN RIJN, 1606-1669

DUTCH SCHOOL.



A BURGOMASTER

By NICHOLAAS MAES, 1632-1693

DUTCH SCHOOL.



PORTRAIT OF SIR SAMPSON WRIGHT

By GEORGE ROMNEY, 1734-1802

BRITISH SCHOOL.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

by Titian. Here we have a man somewhat past middle life, seated at a table on which is a cover of rich damask. Before him lies an open book, from which he has just looked up. His face, with its hollow cheeks and deeply sunken eyes, is that of a man accustomed to rule, a man of affairs and yet a scholar; and it is apparent that greatness has brought no joy. The dark crimson robe which he wears and the cap of that color, are so deep in their rich tones, that only on a bright day can we realize their full splendor. This is one of the grandest portraits in America, equally remarkable for the force of characterization and the consummate technique.

It is a far cry from the great age of Titian and Lotto to the days of Francesco Guardi. Venetian art had flowered and died, and was enjoying a brief revival at the hands of Tiepolo and Canaletto. Two masters could not be further removed than these; Tiepolo with his sketchy, impressionistic treatment, his vague outlines, his brilliant colors and his exuberant imagination; Canaletto with his photographic accuracy, his clear-cut lines, his grey tones and his unflinching realism. Guardi was the pupil of the latter, and in most of his works closely adhered to his master's style, though with somewhat more of freedom and with somewhat richer tints.

In this collection there are two large and notable pictures by Guardi. One represents the church of Ara Coeli and the Capitol at Rome. This is very like a Canaletto, and is a characteristic example of Guardi's usual style at its best. In the other, a landscape showing ruins with figures, he surpasses himself, and borrows from his contemporary Tiepolo something of his sketchy treatment and brilliant color. It is the most delightful work by this master that I have

ever seen. Evidently he was proud of it himself and conscious that from its unusual style it might be attributed to another; for upon one of the stones he has inscribed his full name, Francesco Guardi, in large letters in the form of a high relief.

Passing now to the Northern schools, we find that Mr. Johnson has had the good taste to love those Dutchmen who went to Italy, and got there the preference for beautiful forms and faces while preserving their admirable Dutch technique. I have never been able to understand the prejudice that exists against these men. When the painters of other countries go to Italy and learn there the secret of eternal beauty, as did Poussin and Claude Lorraine, everybody commends them. But let a Dutchman or a Fleming before Rubens go to Italy and learn the same secret, he is treated as a renegade and a traitor, and no language is strong enough to voice the critics' condemnation. To me these Italianate Dutchmen and Flemings, with their marvelous skill and care in painting and their beautiful Italian types, are among the most delightful of painters.

Foremost among these were Bernard van Orley and Govaert Flinck.

In Mr. Johnson's collection is a Madonna and Child by van Orley. Both are beautiful. The child holds an apple in his hand. The background is a lovely and highly varied landscape with mountains in the distance. On the left we see soldiers sacking a large mansion, murdering the men and pursuing the fleeing women, who have no chance of escape. It is war. On the right is peace. Peasants are at work in the fields, while soldiers march by in the splendor of their accoutrements.

It seems to me that in these days when it is the fashion to sacrifice all details to the general effect, we lose



THE DUCHESS OF ANCASTER

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P. R. A., 1723-1792

BRITISH SCHOOL.



PORTRAIT OF VISCOUNT HILL

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P. R. A., 1723-1792

BRITISH SCHOOL.



A FAMILY AT THE COTTAGE DOOR

By *THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R. A., 1727-1788*

BRITISH SCHOOL.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

more than we gain. One sees at a glance all that there is in a picture, and unless it has a compelling charm, it soon wearies us. But these early masters with their wealth of detail, are inexhaustible. No matter how often we return to them, we find something new, and so our interest never flags.

Govaert Flinck's picture is simpler. It presents only a beautiful Madonna holding the divine infant, who stops nursing for a moment to look at the spectator. The types are Italian, the admirable execution is Dutch.

It seems to me that as a technician Rembrandt is the supreme master. He can paint in more styles than any other, and he is equally proficient in all, from the most photographic precision of infinite detail to the broadest effects. He is equally skilled in the manipulation of glowing color and of richest monochrome that yet gives the impression of splendid color. And his pigments have suffered no apparent deterioration. We have seen Whistler in his nocturnes and other painters reproduce for a time the luminous shadows of Rembrandt; but we have also seen these works grow opaque and muddy, mocked by the changeless perfection of the incomparable master. Had Rembrandt possessed the sense of beautiful form that characterized the Greeks and Raphael and Titian, he would have been the greatest of painters. Even with this limitation, he remains without a superior.

In smart circles these days it is the fashion to exalt Velasquez above Rembrandt. The Spaniard is undoubtedly a mighty master of the brush; but his cold and apparently contemptuous aloofness, presenting the outward lineaments of his sitters with unsurpassable veracity while almost ignoring their souls, ranks him far below the sympathetic and deep-seeing Rembrandt, who

comprehends and depicts every emotion from the gentlest and sweetest to the fiercest and most turbulent.

The element in a portrait that most interests the ordinary beholder is the character portrayed. Ordinarily the young have little character in their faces; but with advancing years the result of all the good and evil that men have done and thought becomes etched upon their lineaments in lines which the discerning eye can read as in an open book. Therefore, Rembrandt, the supreme master in the depicting of character, loved particularly the faces of the aged, and he makes them tell us all their secrets. Raphael and Titian and Velasquez were wonderful painters of portraits; but to my mind Rembrandt was the greatest of them all.

In Mr. Johnson's collection there is the splendid portrait of a rather young and handsome man, clothed in black with a broad-brimmed black felt hat and a broad white collar fringed with lace. He is evidently a gentleman of wealth and refinement, and he is painted with the admirable precision of Rembrandt's earlier style before he became absorbed in the study of light, and when his figures emerge mysteriously from luminous shadows. A truer or more vital portrait it would be hard to find.

While Rembrandt is *facile princeps* among the painters of Holland, the school had so many splendid masters of portraiture that it is hard to choose among them. But it seems to me that after Rembrandt none surpasses Nicolaas Maes. He never indulges in any of the dizzy flights of genius that so mystified Rembrandt's contemporaries. His feet are always planted firmly upon the solid earth; but his absolute fidelity to nature and his impeccable technique rank him among the great painters of portraits.



LANDSCAPE; OUTSKIRTS OF A WOOD By *DAVID COX, 1783-1859*
BRITISH SCHOOL.



SUMMER AFTERNOON ABOUT 4 P. M. By RICHARD WILSON, R. A., 1714-1782
BRITISH SCHOOL.



PORTRAIT OF LORD ABERCORN

By SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P. R. A., 1769-1830

BRITISH SCHOOL.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

One of the finest collections of pictures in private ownership is that of Mr. Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati. His dining-room is adorned with a number of portraits of the English school of the Eighteenth Century, marvels of style, dignity, and aristocratic bearing. But he has made the mistake of placing in their midst a magnificent Dutch portrait—by Nicolaas Maes, if I remember rightly—and when we turn from that living presentation of the actual man to the English portraits, they seem to lose all vitality, and to be not men, but pictures of men.

By Nicolaas Maes there is in the Johnson collection a wonderful portrait called *The Burgomaster*. Whether he is a burgomaster or one of the dominating clergy of the time, I cannot say. Certainly he is a man used to command and quite satisfied with himself. Large, stout, florid, with the top of his head bald, but with long, grey hair growing out at the side and falling to his shoulders, with slight mustache and imperial, he is the ideal of the successful elderly gentleman, who looks with entire satisfaction on his past and with serene confidence to the future. But how unstable is human fortune! At London in the National Gallery, there is another portrait of the same man, signed and dated just one year later, haggard, with flabby cheeks, broken in body and soul. Sometime in that brief year the heavy hand of Fate was laid upon him with crushing force.

It is strange how indifferent our American collectors have been to Rubens. It is impossible to make any list of the world's half dozen greatest painters that would not include his name. He is as great as Rembrandt. Yet, while we have upon our shores more than a fourth of the masterpieces of the mighty Dutchman, the worthy examples of Rubens in our country

could probably be counted upon the fingers of a single hand.

Yet one would think that Rubens would particularly appeal to our generation. In the old days genius was defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. Leonardo worked four years on the *Mona Lisa*, and still deemed it unfinished. Titian kept his pictures in his studio for an average of five years. These days, however, the supreme desideratum of the artist is economy of labor. The man who can paint a picture with the fewest strokes of the brush is hailed by artists as their chief, and proclaimed by critics as the worthy disciple of Velasquez.

In point of fact, these slap-dash masters of our day find no justification in the practice of the great Spainard. He was a slow and careful workman, who produced comparatively few pictures, less than one fourth as many as Rembrandt, not one tenth as many as Rubens. He painted usually with such perfection of finish that no brush-mark remains, and we have no idea how the marvel was wrought. His pictures are equally satisfying whether we look at them from a distance or close at hand. We do not have to cross the room to see them, as with our modern artists who exalt themselves in his name.

When it comes to true economy of labor, no other painter can approach Rubens. The Primitives and many moderns put into a picture numerous details which can be seen only on close inspection, and which are lost when we stand far enough away to grasp the picture as a whole. Many of our contemporaries, perhaps a majority, including all of those who are most praised by the smart critics, omit countless details which would be clearly apparent to one standing at the point of sight. Rubens alone never falls into either of these errors. He wastes no time in de-



PORTRAIT OF MRS. TOWRY

By SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P. R. A., 1769-1830

BRITISH SCHOOL.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. PRICE

By WILLIAM HOGARTH, 1697-1764

BRITISH SCHOOL.



GRAND ITALIAN LANDSCAPE; SUNSET GLOW By RICHARD WILSON, R. A., 1714-1782
BRITISH SCHOOL.

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picting things which we should not see when far enough away to view the picture in its entirety, and he omits nothing that could be seen at that distance.

He is the Lord of Life. His pictures are sometimes gross and sensual, but they possess an exuberant vitality unequalled in the realm of art; or, for that matter, in nature; for his men and women seem more alive than the living beings who stand before them. In depicting the satiny sheen of palpitating flesh he knows no rival. He is the most brilliant of all colorists, and time seems to have no power to dim the immortal lustre of his hues.

That so supreme a master should be so inadequately represented in America is greatly to be regretted. We are therefore peculiarly fortunate in possessing Mr. Johnson's splendid Rubens. It is a beautiful Madonna nursing the infant Christ, whom St. Elizabeth watches with rapt devotion, while behind, St. Joseph lifts his hand with a protecting gesture. The St. Elizabeth is a portrait of Rubens' splendid mother, one of the grandest of women. The Madonna is full, but not gross, and her neck and bosom are painted with the glowing flesh tints that Rubens alone knew how to render. Apparently it was painted about the same time as the *Descent from the Cross* at Antwerp.

But it is the English School that is most fully represented in this remarkable collection, particularly the great portrait painters of the Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries.

This is one of the noblest of all the schools of portraiture, and it was fortunate in the subjects which it had to depict. No one can doubt that the aristocracy of England is the finest aristocracy in the world. Their vigorous life in the open air has made them strong and tall and graceful. The active participation in public affairs

and the grave responsibilities which the traditions of their caste compel them to assume prevent their degenerating into the effete parlor-knights so common on the Continent. The respect and loyalty with which the common people have generally treated them lends to their countenances a serene nobility of expression. Of course there are exceptions; but taken as a whole they are a splendid body of men and women. No wonder that Sir Joshua and his contemporaries loved to paint them.

And with what dignity and elegance they were portrayed by those great masters! No doubt the style of Van Dyck had much to do with this. Sir Anthony had painted all the greatest lords and ladies of the England of his day. His masterpieces were to be seen in many an English mansion. The painter who came after him knew that his works would be hung beside Van Dyck's portraits, so aristocratic, so elegant, so full of style; and he felt that he must not derogate from their high standard.

By general consent Sir Joshua Reynolds is placed at the head of the English school. Probably he deserved it; but his colors have so often faded and dulled that as matters really stand to-day, his pre-eminence is no longer incontestable.

When he pronounced the eulogy on Gainsborough, after the latter's death, he said that Gainsborough was the greatest of all English landscape painters; and Richard Wilson, piqued, perhaps, that he himself should have been assigned to an inferior rank in his chosen field, exclaimed, "And the greatest portrait painter, too."

I confess that I am inclined to Wilson's opinion. Certainly when we compare Reynolds' theatrical *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse* with the wonderful



EDINBURGH; A PAINTING OF SUNLIGHT AND AIR By J. M. W. TURNER, R. A., 1775-1851
BRITISH SCHOOL.

portrait of that marvelous woman by Gainsborough, so refined, so keenly intelligent, so vitally alive, that hangs in the London National Gallery, Sir Joshua appears indeed a poor second. But Reynolds is not often so insincere, and Gainsborough perhaps never again reached to such a height; so that the question of pre-eminence is not easy to decide.

In the Johnson collection Sir Joshua is represented by two fine examples, the *Duchess of Ancaster* and *Viscount Hill*, both handsome young aristocrats, painted with admirable skill and showing none of that deterioration too common in his pictures.

Gainsborough is still better represented.

The portrait of Lord Mulgrave dressed as a naval officer, is one of his most important works. A large, distinguished-looking man in blue coat and white waistcoat, he stands out with intense vitality against a red curtain, while to the left we see a far-reaching and delightful English landscape.

Though he made his living painting portraits, Gainsborough was, at heart, a painter of landscapes; and whenever he could escape from the drudgery of portraiture, he sallied forth into the woods and fields, to depict the beauties of nature. Here he is a supreme master, as he is in portraiture. Unhappily he was compelled to paint these truant masterpieces rapidly, putting on one coat before its predecessor was entirely dry, so that they have cracked more than his portraits; but they are very beautiful and supremely attractive. In this one we have fine trees, between which is a splendid view of an extensive prospect bathed in the glow of sunset, the whole redolent with the charm of the English country-side. At the door of an humble thatched cottage stands a most beautiful and aristocratic woman

evidently one of Gainsborough's most distinguished sitters. She is supposed to be the mother of the four children about her, who, however, are evidently drawn from peasant models. Gainsborough painted no more notable landscape, few larger, certainly none finer, none superior in composition or richer in color.

One of the best of the English landscape painters was the elder David Cox. He loved the gracious landscapes of his native land with all his heart, and reproduced them with the greatest care, usually in water-color. He is here represented by a very characteristic work, *The Outskirts of a Wood in Autumn*. The trees are studied with admirable fidelity to nature, and with such attention to detail that each leaf can be counted.

It is the fashion these days rather to depreciate Sir Thomas Lawrence; but I am unable to share that view. He was the spoiled child of fortune, courted alike by men and women. Sometimes, overwhelmed by commissions and distracted by social pleasures, his work is superficial and insincere; but at his best he is worthy to stand beside the great masters of portraiture, and he is so often at his best that his failures may be ignored.

It is doubtful whether anyone save Lord Byron ever had a more intense appreciation of the beauty of women. They loved Sir Thomas, and he loved them perhaps overmuch; but to this intense feeling for woman's charms we owe some of the most delightful portraits ever painted.

Of Sir Thomas we have two splendid examples. Lord Abercorn, a high-born gentleman of refined and commanding presence, somewhat past middle life, stands out alive against a red curtain; while Mrs. Towry is the ideal of English beauty, with perfect and high-

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bred features that would be faultless in a cameo, but whose loveliness is enhanced by brilliant color, large blue eyes and rich chestnut hair. She represents the English aristocracy in its supreme perfection.

Romney was one of the most elegant and refined of English painters, though his infatuation for Lady Hamilton, of whom he painted innumerable portraits, was perhaps as injurious to his art as to his morals. He is shown in a faultless portrait of Sir Sampson Wright, a stout squire in a red coat.

But the gem of the British portraits is the work of the Scotchman Raeburn. He has given us the living presentment of his friend Archibald Skirving, who was a painter and a poet. In neither capacity did he attain distinction; but the pursuit of high ideals gave to his face a rare refinement and intelligence. He is growing old, and the gray locks are thin; but age has brought only a sweeter and a saner outlook on life. A more delightful portrait of an elderly and scholarly gentleman was never made; and we can see that affection guided the brush to this admirable result.

We should have begun our notice of the British painters of this group with Hogarth, the first and one of the greatest of them all. He was among the notable revolutionists. At a time when art had become over-refined and sugar-sweet, when Watteau and Boucher ruled the hour, he turned from their exquisite but unreal creations to a strong, sane realism. He wrought in England a revolution as great as that which David wrought in France, but on a more enduring basis. David sought to turn back the hands of time, and to make Romans of us all; and by the force of his powerful genius he succeeded for a while. But a conception so fundamentally false could not long endure,

and though David can never be forgotten, his influence is now negligible.

Hogarth, on the other hand, is the strong rock on which modern art has been built. In painting he is like Bach in music, the somewhat austere master at whose feet all have sat. In his own days it was his satires on the vices of society to which he owed his greatest fame. Now it is his admirable portraits, so realistic, so vitally alive, that interest us most.

One of his finest portraits is here; Mrs. Price, an alert, intelligent, high-bred woman, with head proudly erect, sure of herself and of her position, dressed in blue, and painted with a marvelous realism.

Among the greatest of the painters of classic landscape is Richard Wilson. To the sense of distance and the ineffable peace of Claude Lorraine, he adds the mellow afternoon light of Albert Cuyp or the splendid sunset glow of Jan Both. His pictures are poems in color. There are two of them here. The smaller and less important is in his more usual style. It depicts a landscape through which flows a river spanned by a bridge of five graceful arches, the whole bathed in the sunlight of a serene afternoon. The other is an unusual picture, and one of the most notable that Wilson ever painted. It is one of his largest landscapes. It presents a far-reaching prospect suffused by a splendid sunset glow. It is truly a symphony in gold and golden brown.

Fortunately Mr. Johnson has in his house three other wonderful pictures by Wilson, one of which I believe to be the finest of all his works, the fullest of beauty, poetry and romance; and perhaps in that day, which we hope is very distant, when he is forced to part with them, they too will become the property of the nation. Then the man who would

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understand the genius of Richard Wilson will be forced to make the pilgrimage to our National Gallery.

To my mind the greatest of all painters of landscape is Turner. Others may equal him in various aspects of his art; but none can compare with him in his variety. He comes nearer the universality of Shakespeare than any other landscape painter. He began with a painstaking realism equal to Constable's. Then he dared to rival Claude Lorraine, and in his *Crossing the Brook*, *Child Harold's Pilgrimage*, and the works inspired by the glories and decline of Carthage, he became a worthy competitor of that supreme master of classic landscape where over scenes of ideal beauty and illimitable spaciousness there broods a celestial peace. Then light and air fascinated Turner, and he presented their glories and their mystery with a splendor that makes the

best of the Impressionists seem cheap; and, as was fitting, he passed into another world when in this he had ceased to see anything save the blinding glory of light. In each aspect of his art he is without a superior, and in the breadth of his achievement he is without a rival. Compared with him, how pitifully narrow seem the great landscapists of France! When we have seen one Rousseau, one Daubigny, one Diaz, one Corot, we recognize the others at a glance; but Turner is limited only by Nature's infinite variety.

The last painting in date in this remarkable collection is a view of Edinboro by Turner, one of his latest works, when his pictures had become dreams of light and air. The Castle is there and the Palace; but what we see is a *dream* of golden light.

Little Rock, Arkansas.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

MAINARDI, SEBASTIANO.

Florentine School. Born at San Gimignano, date unknown. Pupil and brother-in-law of Domenico Ghirlandajo. Died 1513.

FRANCIA, GIACOMO.

1486-1557. Bolognese School. Most talented of the sons of Francesco Francia. Works mostly at Bologna.

TITIAN, or TIZIANO, VERCELLI.

1477-1576. Venetian School. Born Pieve di Cadore among Dolomites. Pupil of Giovanni Bellini, but more influenced by his fellow pupil Giorgione. Passed life at Venice save when visiting the Emperor, the Pope or his native town. Lived like a prince and treated by princes with rare respect.

LOTTO, LORENZO

1480-1554. Venetian School. Born at Bergamo, but painted mostly in Venice. Successively influenced by Palma Vecchio, Giorgione and Titian.

GUARDI, FRANCESCO.

1712-1793. Venetian School. Born and died in Venice. Pupil of Canaletto, and devoted himself chiefly to painting views of Venice.

ORLEY, BERNAERT VAN.

1493-1542. Flemish School. Born and died at Brussels. Spent several years in Rome prior to 1515 studying Raphael, perhaps his pupil.

RUBENS, PETER PAUL.

1577-1640. Flemish School. Studied at Antwerp under various masters till 1600, when he went to Italy and became court painter to Duke of Mantua, who sent him to Spain on a diplomatic mission. Returned to Antwerp in 1608, where he continued to reside until his death, save for diplomatic missions to Spain and England. Knighted by Charles I. Surrounded by an army of devoted pupils who assisted him in his works; he lived like a great lord. His two wives, Isabella Brandt and Helena Fourmont, particularly the latter, often served him as models.

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REMBRANDT, VAN RYN.

1607-1669. Dutch School. Born at Leyden, but spent most of his life at Antwerp. While he painted with the detailed realism loved by the Dutch he was very prosperous; but when he became enamored of chiaroscuro, and painted figures emerging mysteriously from luminous shadows, his popularity declined and he died at Amsterdam in extreme poverty while painting his greatest picture. His first wife, Saskia van Ulenburgh, an aristocratic young lady, was the companion of his happy days, and often served him as a model.

GOVAERT, FLINCK.

1615-1660. Dutch School. Born at Cleves, died at Amsterdam. Pupil of Rembrandt, but later studied the Italian masters, and modeled his style on them.

MAES, NICHOLAAS.

1632-1693. Dutch School. Born at Dordrecht, died at Amsterdam. Portrait and genre painter, pupil of Rembrandt, but later influenced by Jordaens and the Antwerp masters.

HOGARTH, WILLIAM.

1697-1764. British School. Born and died in London. Best known by his series of pictures satirizing the vices of the times and by his portraits.

REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA

1723-1792. British School. Born at Plumpton in Devonshire, died in London, where most of his life was passed. Spent more than two years in Italy (1749-1752) studying the great Italian masters, who greatly influenced his style. On the establishment of the Royal Academy in 1768 he was chosen its first president and was knighted, and in 1784 became principal painter to the King. A man of great cultivation and dignity, of courtly manners, who did much to raise his profession in the eyes of Englishmen.

GAINESBOROUGH, THOMAS.

1727-1788. British School. Born at Sudbury, Suffolk, died in London. Practiced his art mostly in Bath and London, where his portraits rivaled in popularity those of Reynolds. The real founder of English landscape.

WILSON, RICHARD.

1713-1782. British School. After Claude Lorraine the most successful master of classic landscape. Born at Pinegas, Montgomeryshire, died at Llanberris, Carnarvonshire. He spent the years from 1749 to 1755 in Italy, where his style was formed. In his own day he met with scantiest recognition, and he suffered great poverty. Now he is esteemed one of England's greatest masters. That he should have painted such visions of celestial peace while suffering from disappointment and neglect is wonderful.

ROMNEY, GEORGE.

1734-1802. British School. Born in Lancashire and died in Kendal, Westmoreland. In 1773 he visited Italy, where he remained for two years. On his return to England he settled in London, where he became the rival of Reynolds and Gainsborough as a portrait painter. Fell under the spell of Lady Hamilton, and painted her many times in varied characters.

COX, DAVID.

1783-1859. British School. Born and died near Birmingham. Spent his life wandering over England and Wales, painting landscapes of realistic fidelity and great beauty.

RAEBURN, SIR HENRY.

1756-1823. British School. Born near Edinburgh, where he died. His youth was spent in great poverty, but a fortunate marriage brought him an ample fortune, and enabled him to study in Italy for two years. Returning to Edinburgh in 1787 he speedily became the foremost portrait painter of Scotland. In 1812 he became president of the Scotch Society of Artists and in 1822 he was knighted.

LAWRENCE, SIR THOMAS.

1769-1830. British School. The last of the great English portrait painters of the 18th Century. Born at Bristol, died in London. He was the spoilt child of fortune. Though reared in poverty, he attained distinction even as a boy. He became the favorite of George III and George IV, who loaded him with commissions; and he received for his works prices until then without example in England. He was admitted to the Royal Academy before the age required by its rules, and became its president in 1820. He was knighted in 1815. He died in London at the height of his prosperity.

TURNER, J. M. W.

1775-1851. British School. England's greatest landscape painter. Born and died in London. Beginning with realistic landscapes, he passed on to classic landscapes in the style of Claude Lorraine, and ended in painting pictures which are essentially visions of light and air.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

Announcement

The National Gallery of Art, which is the legal depository of all objects of art belonging to the nation not lawfully assigned to other custodianship, has heretofore existed as a dependency of the National Museum, one of the six coördinate units appropriated for by Congress under the Smithsonian Institution. On July 1, 1920 the Gallery was separated from the Museum and became the seventh coordinate administrative unit under the Institution. This resulted from the passage by the 66th Congress of an amendment to the Sundry Civil Bill providing "for the administration of the National Gallery of Art by the Smithsonian Institution, including compensation of necessary employees and necessary incidental expenses." The Gallery has now an organization of its own and a modest staff with Dr. W. H. Holmes, as director, the collections of art works having been brought together in large measure under his charge as Curator while also Head Curator of the Department of Anthropology, U. S. National Museum.

The recognition of the Gallery as a distinct administrative unit is regarded as a most important step in the development of our national art interests since it opens the way to the building up in Washington of collections comparable in rank with those of other important centers of culture. The Gallery is already recognized as occupying a worthy position among the galleries of the country, although without a home aside from the limited space allotted to it in the greatly overcrowded halls of the Natural History Museum. It is confidently expected, however, that in the near future Congress will authorize the erection of a suitable building for its accommodation. The building contemplated by the Smithsonian authorities embodies in its plan the housing, for a period at least, of both the art gallery and the division of history, the former occupying at present, upwards of 20,000 square feet of the floor space in the Natural History museum building and the latter upwards of 75,000 square feet in the three buildings. Other collections expected in the near future will still further encroach upon the scientific departments.

The Smithsonian Institution was founded in 1846 and art was recognized in its fundamental act as one of its four departments, but in the early years little was done to further this feature, available funds being very limited, and progress was further hindered by a disastrous fire which in 1865 burned out the upper story of the Smithsonian building destroying in large part the art collections. The Gallery developed slowly until 1906 when a collection of art works was bequeathed to the Corcoran Gallery of Art by Harriet Lane Johnston, mistress of the White House during President Buchanan's administration, subject however, to the condition that should a national gallery be established in Washington they should become the absolute property of that gallery. This led to an inquiry regarding the status of the Institution as a national gallery and the question was referred to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia which rendered the decision that the Institution is the duly constituted National Gallery of Art. The collection was, therefore, assigned to its care. Since that time the national collections have been increasing rapidly, chiefly through gifts and bequests of art works. Among the

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gifts may be mentioned the William T. Evans Collection, regarded as one of the choicest collections of contemporary American paintings existing, and the Ralph Cross Johnson gift, which comprises 24 paintings by leading European masters, fully illustrated in the present number of this journal. Numerous minor collections are worthy of mention among which are "The A. R. and M. H. Eddy Donation" of oil paintings, miniatures and ivories; a large collection of art objects, the gift of the Reverend Alfred Duane Pell of New York; and 82 paintings and drawings by French artists, the gift of the French people in recognition of the part taken by America in the war with Germany.

Although no provision is made for the purchase of works of art by the Gallery a considerable fund is made available by the will of Henry Ward Ranger which will insure important additions each year, and other like resources are expected to materialize in the near future. An anticipated addition of particular moment is a collection of portraits of personages prominently connected with recent international affairs which is in preparation by a committee of patriotic citizens recently organized in New York. The foremost American portrait painters are engaged upon the work and nearly a score of portraits are already finished.

The value of the National Gallery collections already in hand is estimated in millions, their acquirement being due entirely to the generous attitude of American citizens toward the Smithsonian Institution, no single work now in its possession having been acquired by purchase. It can hardly be doubted that when a building is provided in which contributions can be cared for, and presented to the public in the manner they deserve, many collectors seeking a permanent home for their treasures will welcome the opportunity of placing them in the custody of the national institution. The authorization by Congress of a suitable building for the Gallery is all that is necessary to make Washington in the years to come an art center fully worthy of the nation.

The maintenance of a reasonable standard of excellence in works of art accepted by the Gallery has been provided for by the appointment of an advisory committee the members of which are W. H. Holmes, Chairman, Edwin H. Blashfield, Douglas Volk, Herbert Adams and Edmund C. Tarbell.

The Freer Gallery which is, by the terms of the gift, a distinct administrative unit under the Smithsonian Institution, to stand forever as such, will occupy the superb gallery provided for it by the donor, Charles L. Freer of Detroit and designed by Charles A. Platt, architect. The Gallery will be administered, as stipulated by the terms of the Freer bequest, by a staff separate from the National Gallery proper and fully provided for by the Freer Estate. It is a matter of deep regret that Mr. Freer should have died on the very eve of the realization of the great undertaking to which his life was chiefly consecrated.



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APPRECIATIONS

"Do let me congratulate you on the appearance of the last two numbers of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY. The first of these—that relating to Greek antiquities—was borrowed from me so promptly by a friend that I have not had a chance to read it. The illustrations looked very attractive, however. The last of these two numbers—that relating to cliff dwellers and other American antiquities—I have read from cover to cover and find it extremely interesting."—WILLIAM SUMNER APPLETON, *Boston, Mass.*

"Our heartiest congratulations on the recent issues of your beautiful magazine. The subjects are of such wide and timely interest and the illustrations supplement and endorse the articles so generously and so exquisitely. It is indeed rare to find so telling a combination of authority in matter and charm in presentment."—JOHN SEALY, *St. John, N. B., Canada.*

"I thank you for the copies of your journal which you have sent me; but it was unnecessary, as I am a regular subscriber and diligent reader of your admirable publication, which seems to me the best art journal in the country."—G. B. ROSE, *Little Rock, Arkansas.*

"I congratulate you on the recent numbers of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY. They are thoroughly well done."—OTTO T. MALLERY, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

"I heartily congratulate you upon the success of your magazine. The numbers are increasing in interest with each issue."—W. W. POSTLETHWAITE, *Colorado Springs, Colo.*

"Many thanks for your beautiful publication ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY for which I predict high destinies. I am proud to be among your contributors."—LE BARON COOKE, *Boston, Mass.*

"I have long been tremendously impressed with the beauty and science of the magazine, ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, and since the number with the subject Santa Fe appeared, I have had a very ardent dream, that of visiting that corner of the country."—LILLIAN WHITE SPENCER, *Denver, Colorado.*

"Your printed letter would hardly need reply as we are happily on your list of subscribers and have been so to our pleasure for some years, but it gives me an opportunity to congratulate you on issuing an art periodical that is clean enough to present to a general public that must include young people of high-school age and even under. We are glad that we can keep so good a magazine as yours still on our tables. Let me hope that you can keep up the work of giving young America the instruction it so greatly needs in art, without giving it the nasty stuff that no nation needs."—BASIL B. WOOD, Librarian, *Westerly Public Library, Westerly, R. I.*

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME X

OCTOBER, 1920

NUMBER 4

ARTISTS' SELF-PORTRAITS

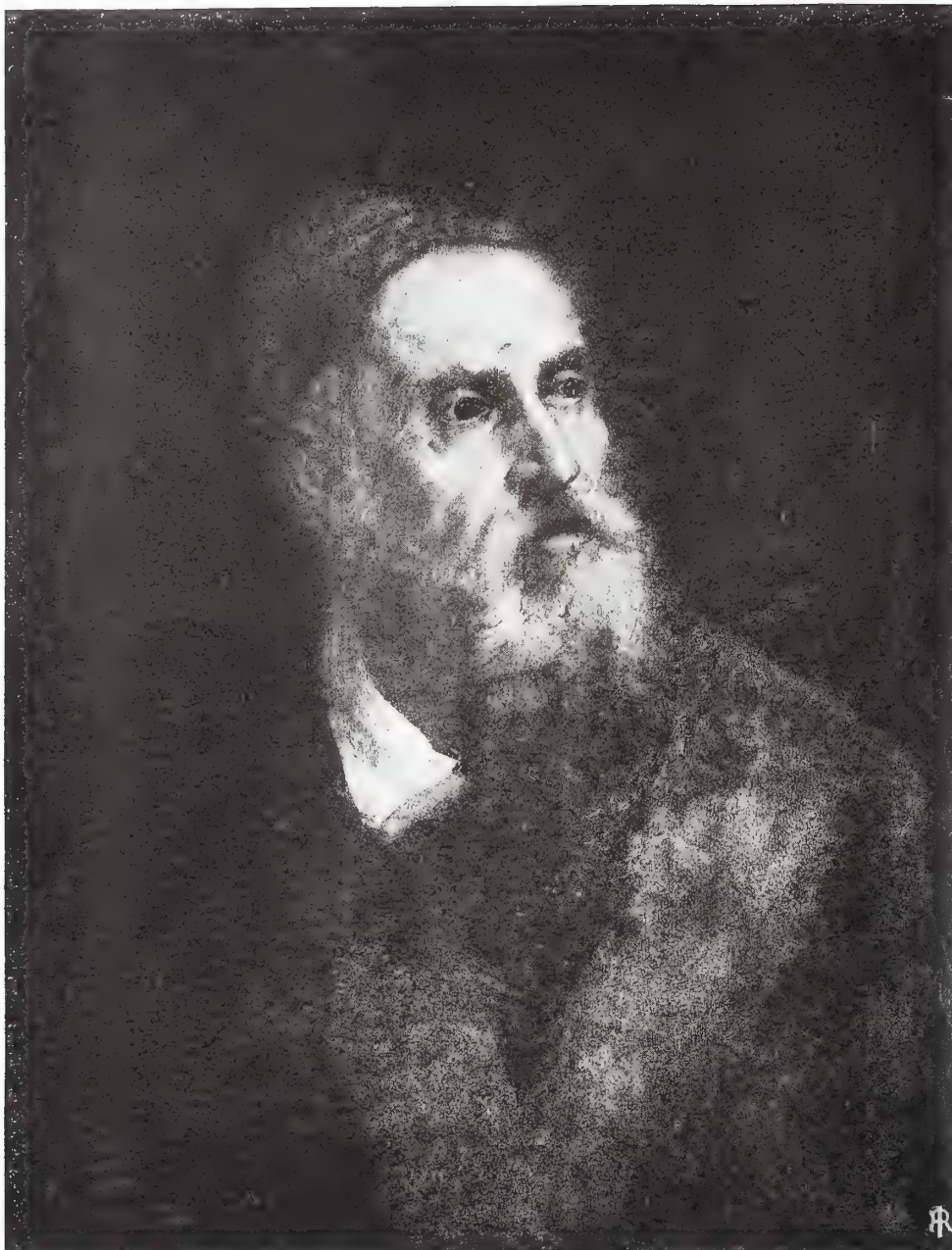
By RICHARDSON WRIGHT

IN ONE of his note-books Samuel Butler makes this observation: "A great portrait is always more a portrait of the painter than of the painted. When we look at a portrait by Holbein or Rembrandt, it is of Holbein or Rembrandt that we think more than of the subject of their picture. Even a portrait of Shakespeare by Holbein or Rembrandt could tell us very little about Shakespeare. It would, however, tell us a great deal about Holbein or Rembrandt."

Thus all portraits are, to a degree, self-portraits, just as all novels are, to a degree, autobiographical. When Raphael said that he painted "man as he ought to be," he meant, as Raphael thought man ought to be. It is well nigh impossible for an artist to paint the temperament, peculiarities and character of a sitter without exchanging some of them for his own. Kipling was right—he paints the thing as he sees it. This prerogative of selection, of showing a man ever at his best, has descended from ancient times to the present, save

in those modern radicals who scorn all the traditions of Art and paint the thing as nobody ever sees it. To the saner men it is still a canon. There is very much of William Chase in his portraits and much of Sargent's fastidiousness in his. In this lies the individuality of their work—the genius behind their technique.

The same characteristics can be observed, too, in men who were not distinctively portrait painters, but have left us portraits of themselves; there is something of their landscapes or their frescoes or their easel pictures in their self-portraits. It is a solemn fact, the man who paints cherubs instinctively puts something of the cherub in his own portrait; which is reasonable enough, since he maintains the cherub outlook on life and naturally considers himself in much the same cherubic light. In Overbeck's portrait of himself you can read the spell of Tuscany that gripped him in youth and won him the soubriquet of the Nazarene. Henner, who reveled deliciously in female



SELF-PORTRAIT OF TITIAN (1477-1576)

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE



SELF-PORTRAIT OF GIULIO ROMANO (1492-1546)

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

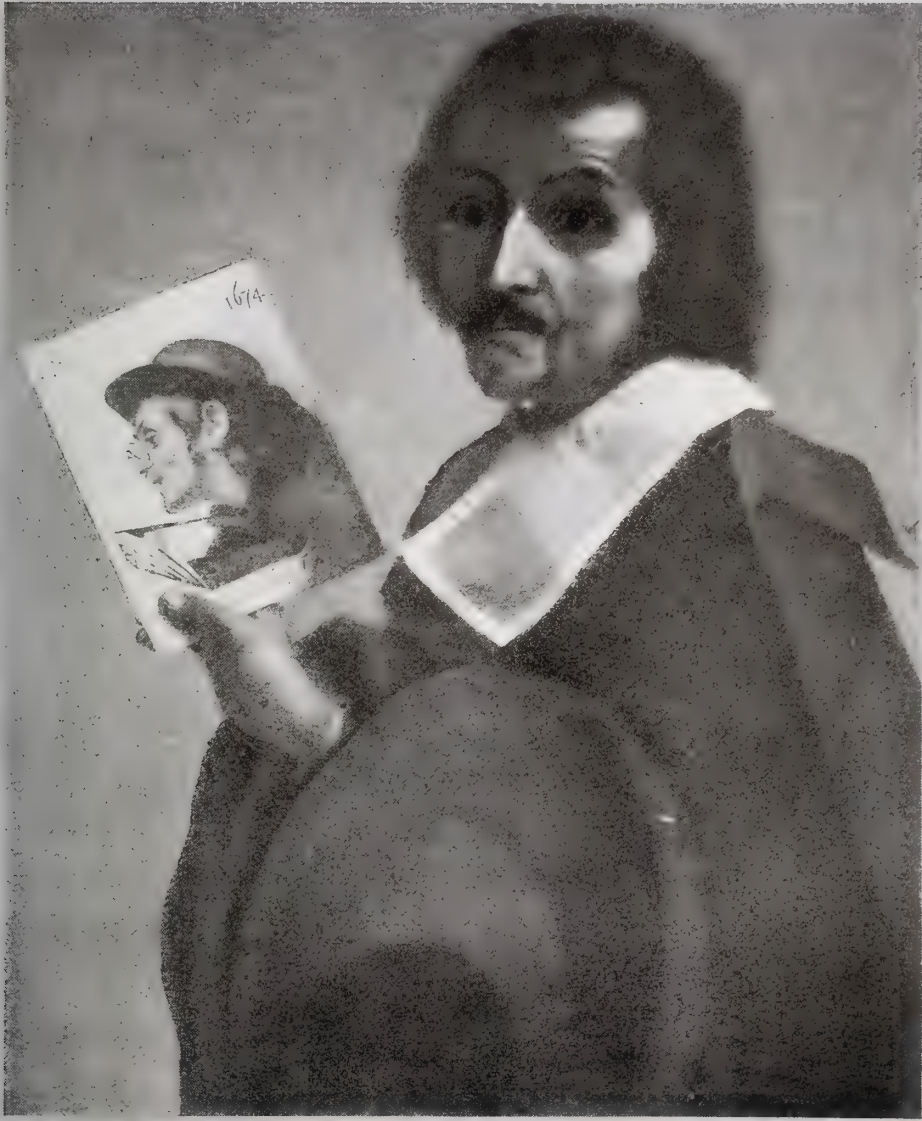


SELF-PORTRAIT OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792)

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

flesh painting, cannot entirely hide it in his rather buttery portrait of himself. Bouguereau's correct, conventional style of super-porcelain painting characterizes his own portrait. The

element of personality seems insoluble, unforgettable, irrepressible. His personality is the real master of the artist's technique, the demons that holds the brush and selects the colors.



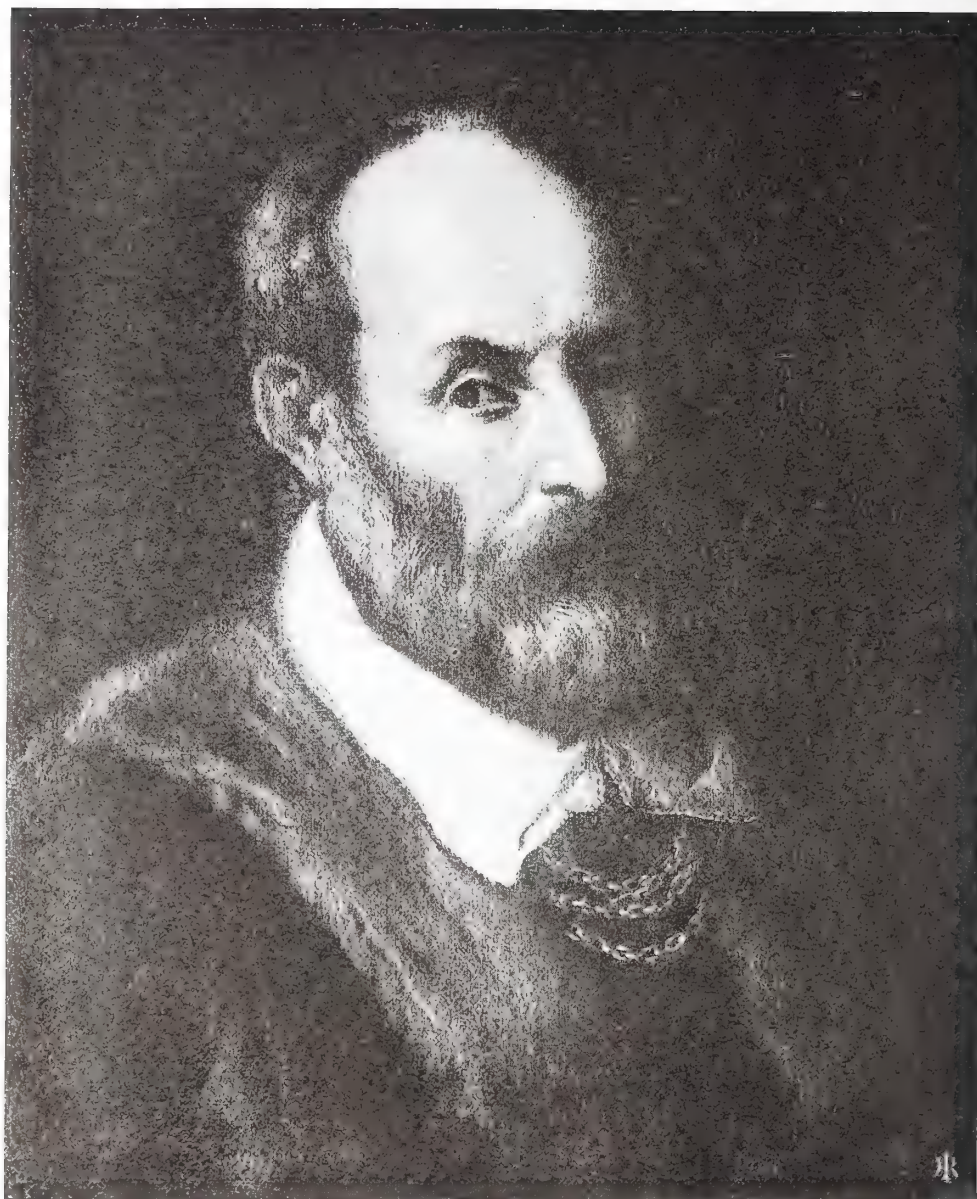
SELF-PORTRAIT OF CARLO DOLCI (1616-1686)

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

One may wonder why artists paint themselves. Explanations are innumerable and each has its own amusing examples.

Even the least vain of us nurses the legitimate ambition of not being forgotten. We want the world to remem-

ber us and we want posterity to know both what we looked like and what we actually were like. Tennyson has put this theory into verse. He is said to have gotten the idea from George Frederick Watts while the latter was painting the laureate.



SELF-PORTRAIT OF VERONESE (PAVLO CAGLIARI, 1528-1588)

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE



Self-portrait of Raphael Sanzio (1483-1520),
Uffizi Gallery, Florence

“As when a painter, poring on a face
Divinely, through all hinderance, finds
the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his
face,
The shape and color of a mind and life
Lives for his children, ever at its best.”

The old Italian masters, schooled in monastic humility, made so bold as to put themselves in their frescoes. Perugino is in his *Cambio* fresco; he also left a portrait of himself, showing a rather tight-lipped, dour old fellow. Tintoretto slipped into his *Miracle of St. Mark*, and Veronese into his *Marriage at Cana*.

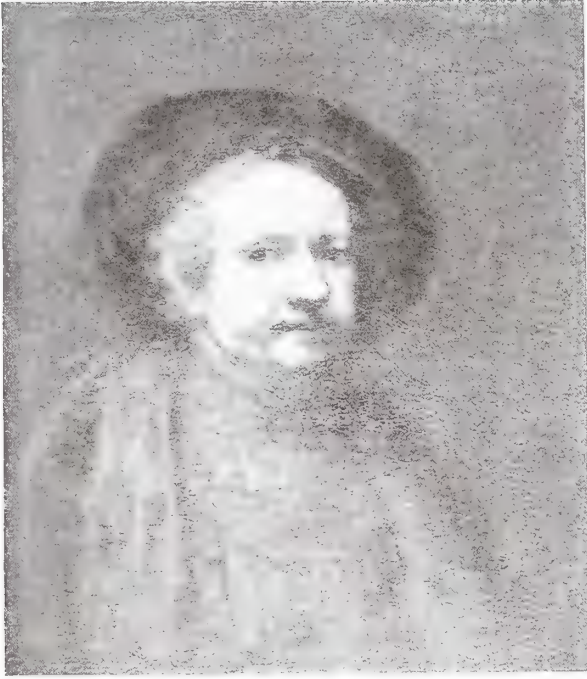
Such examples are legion. These old masters saw to it that their enemies were abased among the goats and it was natural that, having a wholesome respect of themselves, they should choose to be among the sheep—up with the adoring devout, close to the throne.

Another explanation of why an artist paints himself is that he is always seeking after the perfect expression, the clearest crystalization of personality, which is not possible where the personality of another sitter intrudes itself upon the vision. The physician knows that he cannot heal himself, but the artist considers himself his best portraitist.

There was Rembrandt, for example, a man of many moods. No other artist could get them all in one portrait, so he painted and sketched innumerable



Self-portrait of Hans Holbein (1497-1543)
Uffizi Gallery, Florence



Self-Portrait of Rembrandt, Uffizi Gallery, Florence
(1607-1669)



Self-Portrait of Overbeck, Uffizi Gallery, Florence
(1789-1869)



Self-Portrait of Leighton, Uffizi Gallery, Florence
(1830-1896)



Self-Portrait of Bouguereau, Uffizi Gallery, Florence
(1825-1905)



Self-portrait of William Chase
(1849-1918)

pictures of himself, and we see Rembrandt as a Young Man, Rembrandt With Open Mouth, Rembrandt With A Fur Cap, Rembrandt With A Fur Cap and Coat, Rembrandt With Dishevelled Hair, Rembrandt Laughing, Rembrandt As A Polish Cavalier, Rembrandt in 1648, Rembrandt and Saskia.

George Frederick Watts seems to have preferred himself in costume. We have the portrait as a youth of seventeen, the one of him in armor painted in Florence, the one as *The Venetian Senator*, quite grave and thoughtful, the 1864 portrait that hangs in the Tate Gallery showing him in the conventional artist's hat and cloak, and finally the unfinished portrait of 1904, the vision that death stopped—or began—of one who awaits calmly the echo of the trumpets blowing on the other side.

A third example would be Sir Joshua Reynolds who, either for the enlightenment of posterity or the lack of the perfect model, found time, during a life crowded with portraits, to paint himself no less than forty-five times.

To posterity and perfection, might be added a third reason for an artist painting himself. It would seem that every so often a man must stop and take stock of himself. Men in commerce today use efficiency tests. The physician takes his own blood pressure. The writer writes something that he actually likes to write. The editor



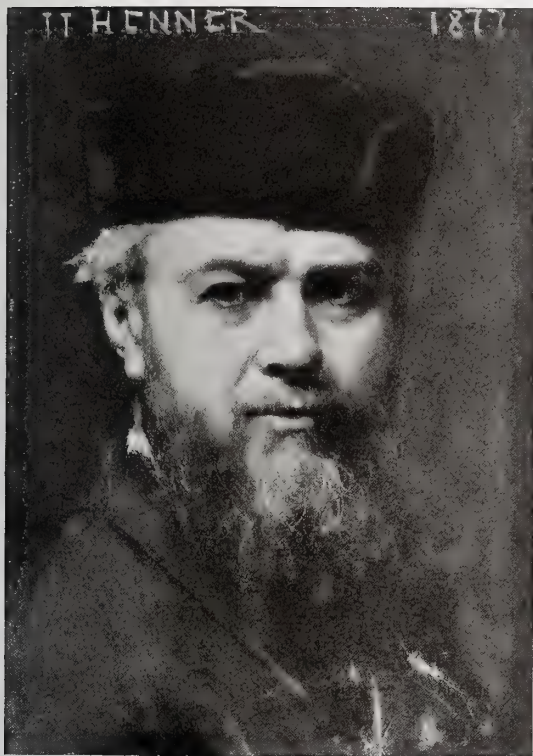
Self-portrait of Filippino Lippi, Uffizi Gallery, Florence
(1460-1505)



SELF-PORTRAIT OF PERUGINO (PIETRO VANUCCI, 1446-1524)

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



Self-portrait of Jean Jacques Henner (1829-1905),
Uffizi Gallery, Florence

publishes something that pleases himself alone, without regard to what the dear reader thinks. And in like manner, the artist tests the measure of his own personality. He has a dread of being like the man in the Bible who, looking at himself in a glass, goeth away, forgetting what manner of man he is. Let the artist look at himself in a glass—and his brushes are in his hand!

Now this, too, has some interesting results. Manet's self-portrait of 1878, *The Portrait With The Palette*, shows him younger than the portrait painted eighteen years previously. Durer was satisfied with thrice taking stock of himself and signing the results. Of the moderns one would expect to be constantly in front of a mirror, Whistler painted or drew himself only four times,

Chase three times, and Sir Frederick Leighton only twice—the first in 1846, a half-length that was his initial canvas, the other in 1881, which is illustrated here, for the Uffizi.

To the Uffizi we look as the greatest gallery of self-portraiture extant. The collection was begun by Cardinal Leopoldo de Medici, who purchased the collection already started by the Accademia di S. Luca at Rome. To this the Grand Duke Pietro Leopoldo added in 1768 the collection of the Abate Pazzi.

By no means can the claim of authenticity be sustained in the case of every portrait shown in the Uffizi. Some of them do not even represent the persons they are said to portray. Out of fifty-nine portraits of old masters listed, seventeen are not from their brush or are mere copies of existing self-portraits. The Dosso Dossi, for example, does not even belong to the master's epoch. The Giorgione is incredibly insignificant and poor. The Hans Holbein, despite the signature, is not genuine. Others are unquestionably self-portraits. The original of the Filippino Lippi illustrated here is an astonishingly sympathetic painting executed in monochrome on a tile. The Raphael was painted in 1506, in the master's twenty-third year, for his uncle Sinione Ciorla of Urbino. From Urbino the picture went first to the Academy of St. Luke and thence to the Uffizi. Authorities disagree on the Titian portrait; one will say that it is a varied copy of the original in the Berlin Gallery and bought in Antwerp in 1677; others tell this fantastic story—of how Titian painted the portrait for his family and presented it to his cousin Tiziano Vecelli. After his death the picture was declared common prop-

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erty, in 1728 it was sold to Marco Ricci by an Oswaldo Zuliano, a treacherous guardian of Alessandro Vecelli. Zuliano took it to Venice on the pretense of having it valued and then sent it to Ricci at Florence. From Ricci the Uffizi acquired it. The Vecelli family could not account for its disappearance until one of their members saw it in the Uffizi. Quite amusing this, but how like the average modern family's quarrel over an ancestor's portrait.

Among the important artists who hang in the Uffizi are Lippi, Raphael, del Sarto, Perugino, Vasari, Holbein, Matsys, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Titian and Rubens. The later painters include Angelica Kaufmann, Ingres, Jules Breton, Watts, Millais, Leighton, Cabanel, our own William Chase and, of course, the coquettish Mme. Le Brun, a striking portrait that sparkles with all her characteristic vivacity. Of all the portraits in this gallery none is so often absent from its place being copied.

Another Le Brun self-portrait hangs in the National Gallery, and of its painting she tells, in her fascinating memoirs, quite the most interesting confession

about self-portraiture we have encountered. It has a delightful feminine flavor. In an Antwerp collection she was intrigued by Rubens' *Chapeau de Paille*, now in the National Gallery. "This wonderful painting represents one of Rubens' wives," she writes. "Its principal effects consists in the different lights given by the sun, daylight and the sun's rays. Perhaps only a painter can judge of its merits and wonderful execution. I was enchanted with this picture, and when I returned to Brussels I made a portrait of myself and endeavored to obtain the same effect. I wore on my head a straw hat, a feather, and a garland of field flowers, and held in my hands a palette." Then she concludes naively, "When the portrait was exhibited in the Salon, I may say that it added a good deal to my previous reputation."

Truly the artist is gifted above other men. He can add to his reputation by painting himself. He strikes a veritable mine of kudos in the

"power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

New York, N. Y.

COAST OF MAINE

Pine crowned rocks edging the voluptuous sea,
Thy beauty lies in thy stoned majesty:
Graven, storm-swept ledges of Eternity.

LEBARON COOKE.



"The Knight's Vision," by Raphael

RAPHAEL'S WAY OF WORKING

By MARRION WILCOX

WHY WAS it Raphael's practice in all his works to employ every available means for the idealization of his subjects, and what was the fountain-head of his idealism? What method did he follow in his preparatory studies? What mediums did he use? The *Knight's Vision* with its full cartoon—a pen drawing pricked for pouncing on the panel—suggests these questions.

Toward the close of the fifteenth century and in the first quarter of the sixteenth century the tempera painters in Italy continued to use egg as a medium. During the same period progressives were availing themselves of the new method of painting in oil, choosing as their mediums such drying-oils as those extracted from linseed, nuts, or the opium poppy, either plain or mixed with varnish. But, since there were advantages in each of the meth-

ods, we naturally find some of the wisest painters intent upon combining both mediums and thus trying to secure the best results of each. This was Raphael's practice, as the enamel-like surface and remarkably good state of preservation of his pictures make it incredible that they were painted in oil colors alone. He had egg as well as oil; he was quite familiar with the properties of drying-oil, and in addition he had oil varnishes consisting of large quantities of soluble resins dissolved in a comparatively small quantity of linseed oil. It is not possible for us to say definitely whether he also had such volatile mediums as spirits of turpentine. The first clear literary evidence that these volatile mediums were being used by painters is found in the sixteenth century manuscripts, where recipes are given for preparing varnishes by dissolving resins in spirits of turpentine,

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oil of spike, and petroleum. We must assume that Raphael experimented with all known mediums and methods in his desire to attain perfection of finish. Microphotographic tests reveal a very high finish of surface in his paintings, and the actual brushwork is concealed, as it is in works of the Van Eycks and their followers. We know, however, that Perugino painted in oils, and that fact makes it certain that his pupil tested the oil-painters' methods very thoroughly indeed. Now, as for his method of execution, this was about as follows: The color scheme was applied in an even impasto on a monochrome under-painting or brush-drawing, shaded and modelled in brown tones over white. Solid layers were put over transparent ones, the object being not only to get transparent undertones but to obtain a radiant base. The *Knight's Vision* was painted on a wooden panel, and we find that the woods most in favor for this use are the poplar, tulip wood, oak, and cedar, though plane wood and chestnut had their advocates. Panels were preferred to canvas before Raphael's day, but canvas was used very generally from that time. Many large pictures, originally painted on panels, have been in following centuries transferred to canvas. In the selection and blending of pigments Raphael as a rule displayed intimate acquaintance with their durability, though Moreau-Vautier calls attention to a single exception. He says that madder mixed with white is absorbed; and so it is that in Raphael's *Madonna of Francis I*, in the Louvre, a part of the Virgin's drapery is now a yellowish white in the lights and a purplish red in the shades. Originally the drapery in question was uniformly red. But this red was mixed with white in the high lights. The white absorbed the

madder and in time took on a yellowish tone, due to the oil and to a coat of varnish. In the shadows, on the other hand, where the madder was pure and thick, it has survived.

Now, after observing that the study for the charming figure at the right in the *Knight's Vision* is a drawing from life in his Venice sketch-book, let us summarize the method Raphael followed in later years as part of his general plan to place his own skill and talents under the formative influence of masterpieces of ancient art, though ever correcting traditional forms by original observations of nature and by anatomical studies. Thus obviously he both studied the antique and appealed to nature in order to attain the perfection of the *Canigiani Madonna*. Then, too, he recalled the works of Donatello, of Signorelli, of Botticelli and Filippino, and refreshed his early reminiscences of Mantegna. "One step further he went even than this," according to Crowe and Cavalcaselle. "He fell to admiring the methods which Michaelangelo had displayed, as to form, in the *Pietà* at St. Peter's, as to attitude and drapery in the *Madonna of the Uffizi*. He made Michaelangelo's system of painting his own, adapting to his compositions the clear contour and modeling of Buonarrotti, his translucent blending of tints and marbled smoothness of surface." He also adopted Michaelangelo's habitual contrasts of light and shade. "But with what labor and exercise of patience he compassed all this it would be hard to understand if the numberless drawings had not been preserved which preceded the actual undertaking of the altar-pieces of Domenico Canigiani and Atalanta Baglioni." In both of these pictures he drew the models of the nudes, which he afterwards draped, he copied skeletons, repeated the figures in

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various movements, and even changed their distribution in all kinds of ways.

And now let us see what light is thrown on Raphael's practice of idealizing his subjects, and on the source of his idealism, by closer observation of this little panel picture, in regard to which a writer has offered the following suggestion: "The subject breathes the very essence of that courtly and romantic atmosphere which haunted the palace of Urbino and may well have been inspired by the Duchess Elizabeth herself. This accomplished lady was the first to honor the son of her old friend Giovanni Santi with her patronage, and Raphael may have painted this little allegory for the decoration of her chamber." Quite certainly Raphael did receive at the most impressionable age his strong idealizing predilection. The teaching at Urbino which formed his character when his very first essays in the field of art were undertaken was the teaching of high courtesy, the quest

of the beautiful, the noble, in thought and action—precisely that choice of which the boyish knight is dreaming in the picture. When the Duchess of Urbino held her court in the time-honored fashion, and young people (Raphael and others) who studied to become soldiers, poets, artists, and statesmen met in her rooms, "many a courtly conversation took place" and, we are told, instruction was given for the conduct of true lovers, polished courtiers, and accomplished soldiers. Only ideal careers were portrayed then. The Knight asleep upon his shield at the foot of a laurel tree may choose between one lovely ideal, the girl who stands near his head with a sword in her right hand and a hook in her left, and another equally lovely who offers a spray of myrtle. Raphael never lost the inspiration derived from the Urbino ideals.

Yale Club, New York City.

THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT PAESTUM.

Eternal loveliness, that knows not death,
Eternal strength and boundless purity.
Oh, living symbol that the hands of men
Have crowned with such transcending dignity,
Such god-like aspiration, ageless stone,
Washed by the golden sun and liquid air,
Begirt with flowers whose spring-time joyousness
Is frail beside your own virility,
The passionate truth that marks your silent days,
Youth of the spirit; columned citadel,
Of all the bravest hopes of human life;
Gigantic majesty, enshrined and lone
In the great mystery that beauty is,
Our souls grow great in but beholding you,
Our hearts expand beyond their little span
And we partake of your divinity.

LESLYN LOUISE EVERETT.



Plan of Athens, called that of the Capuchins (about 1670), who settled in Athens about the middle of the 17th century, and occupied a house adjoining the Choregic monument of Lysicrates. The original has been lost, but this reproduction is a copy made by La Guilletiere engraved in 1675. From *Omont, Athenes au xviii^e Siecle*, Paris, 1898. Plate xl. See Mr. Appleton's previous article, *The Vicissitudes of Athens*, illustrated by reproductions of plates from Stuart and Revett, *Antiquities of Athens*, viii, no. 3, 1920

Vue du Château d'Attique



View of the Acropolis in 1674, reproduced from the design made for Nointel and d'Ortieres and preserved in the National Library at Paris. Observe the Frankish tower, the Parthenon with its minaret, and the music hall of Herodes Atticus. From *Omont, Athènes au xviii^e Siècle*, Paris, 1896. Plate xxxi.

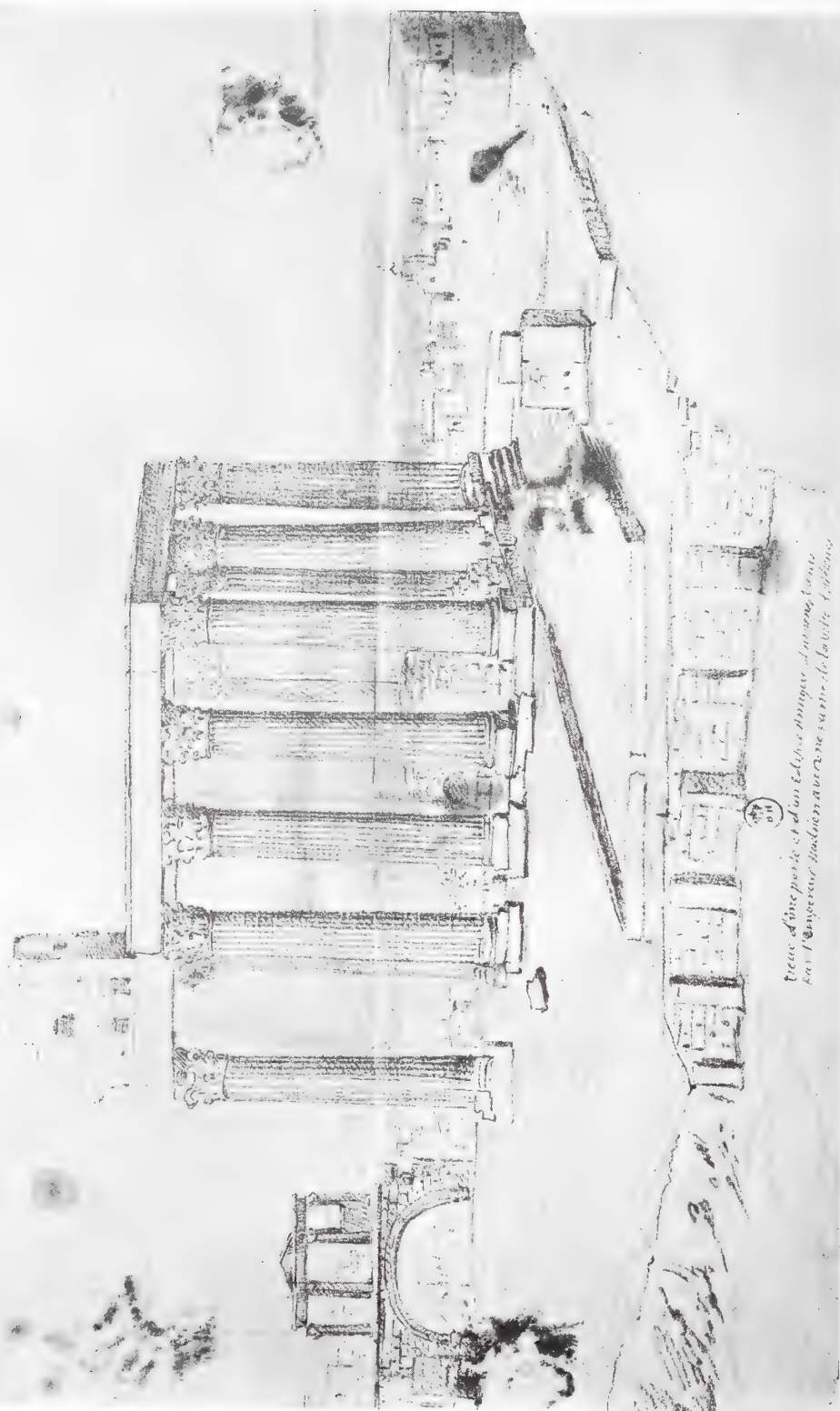
AN EARLY ENGLISH TRAVELER IN GREECE

By WILLIAM HYDE APPLETON

AS IS WELL KNOWN, the work of Pausanias, who made his famous journey through Greece in the second century A. D., is the only detailed account, which has come down to us from classic times, of that country's many objects of artistic interest. At the time of his journey Greece was still rich in works of art, and the great temples which he looked upon, were standing in all their original beauty. From scattered allusions in later authors Leake has concluded that, even as late as the fourth century, the chief monuments of ancient art were practically unharmed. But in the dark centuries that followed, devastation repeatedly swept over Greece, and in the general havoc, "temple and tower went down." We know but little of Greece during this long period and it came even to be doubted, in Western Europe, whether Athens any longer existed. Finally, with the great awakening of

the Italian Renaissance, there arose naturally, a curiosity as to the condition of Greece, but no exact information could be obtained; since, with the Turkish occupation of the country in the fifteenth century, Greece was practically closed, for two centuries after, to the rest of Europe. Not until near the close of the seventeenth century, when the Turkish terror had somewhat abated, did travelers venture to encounter the privations and perils of a "Journey into Greece," nor, have we, until that time, any satisfactory account of the condition of Greece under Turkish rule.

In 1675 George Wheler, an Englishman, made his so-called "Journey into Greece," in company with Dr. Spon, a Frenchman of Lyons. Soon after their return home, Spon published an account of the journey. Meanwhile Wheler had also been planning a book and when, in 1678, Spon's book appear-



*Temple d'Olympieion et d'un Edifice presqu'identique, l'un des
par l'Empereur Constantin avec une statue de la statue d'Apollon*

Ruins of the Olympieion, or Temple of Olympian Zeus, attributed to Carrey and executed in 1674, during the sojourn of the Marquis de Nointel, Ambassador of France to Constantinople. This is as seen by Wheeler, showing the hermit's cell on top of the columns. From *Omont, Athènes au xviii*
Siecle, Paris, 1896. Plate xxii.

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ed, the Englishman proceeded to finish his account, and published it in 1682. The story told by these men of what they saw in Greece, and particularly in Athens, is a narrative of the highest interest, for Spon and Wheler were the first travelers since the time of Pausanias, after the lapse of fifteen centuries, to give us any account, of real value, of the condition of the Greek antiquities that had survived to the modern period. A few notices, hardly more than notices, have indeed come down to us from the two or three preceding centuries, but they are characterized by the grossest ignorance—such as calling the Parthenon the Pantheon, or naming it as the temple of the “Unknown God” referred to by St. Paul. It is in 1674 that we first come upon something of real interest; for in that year the Marquis de Nointel, the French ambassador to the Porte, in passing through Athens, was greatly impressed by the Parthenon, and employed an artist, by name Carrey, to make those famous drawings of the pediment sculptures which have been of such value in later studies of the temple. In the very next year, 1675, Spon and Wheler visited Greece and were perhaps the last travelers from the west to look upon the Parthenon before the bombardment, ten years later, reduced it to its present ruinous condition. This circumstance alone would give to their journey and their narrative the highest interest for us, who can today look only upon the ruined structure. By a comparison of their description with the accounts of the classical authorities, Pausanias and others, we may form some idea of the losses suffered by Grecian art during the centuries previous to their visit. From these earliest modern travelers, and from those who soon followed them, we learn also, with dismay, of the de-

struction that was still going on, during the century and a half that remained before Greece was finally freed from the Turkish yoke.

Though Spon and Wheler traveled together, we shall now limit ourselves to Wheler’s account of the journey. The value of Wheler’s work is simply as an account of what he saw. As for his theories and conclusions, they concern us little, since many of them are now known to be erroneous. Still it is fair to say for him that some of his mistaken notions have only recently been corrected. We must bear in mind the enormous amount of attention that has been given to archaeological investigation in our day, and I think we shall conclude that he was probably as well informed upon classical antiquities as could be expected of him, in his day and generation. As to the main thing—the reporting of what he actually saw—he was probably painstaking, and, in general, trustworthy. But he was greatly hampered in many ways. For example, when he visited the Acropolis in Athens he was unable to take notes or make sketches while actually on the spot. Had he done so he ran the risk of arrest as a spy, making notes of the fortifications into which the entire Acropolis had been converted by the Turks. He was obliged, therefore, to write out his description later, from memory, which might, of course, fail him in some important details.

Wheler met Spon by appointment in Venice in June, 1675. There they took ship for Constantinople, stopping at various points on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, and among the Greek islands, arriving at Constantinople in September. From Constantinople they came down through Asia Minor, partly by sea and partly by land, to Smyrna, whence they sailed for Zante. From



Vue de la Ville d'Athènes

Avant le Siège de 1687

View of the Acropolis and vicinity as seen by Wheeler, 1676. Note the Turkish minaret above the Parthenon, also the fortification of the Propylaea, with the mediaeval watch-tower. This is a reproduction of the most ancient plan of the Acropolis now in the Art Museum of the University of Bonn. From *Omont, Athènes au xviii^e Siècle*, Paris, 1896, Plate xxix.

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Zante, partly by water and partly by land, they came into Attica, and over Mt. Parnes, by the Pass of Phyle, to Athens. Wheler tells us that they arrived at Athens in January 1676. He then proceeds to give a full account of the city, the condition of the people, the language, etc. Much of this is very curious and interesting but we pass at once to his account of the Acropolis, which he calls, generally, the "Castle." It was no easy matter to gain permission to visit it. It was the citadel of the town, strongly guarded and garrisoned by a Turkish force, and, although the travelers remained in Athens a month, they succeeded in gaining but a single admission. He says: "It was with great difficulty we obtained the favor of seeing the Castle of the Haga,* who being newly come hither and scarce well settled in his place, knew not whether he might safely gratify us; but an old soldier of the Castle, his friend and confidant, for three okas of coffee—two to the governor and one to himself—persuaded him at last to give way, assuring him it was never refused to such strangers as it appeared that we were. The Haga hath for his garrison about an hundred Turks of the country, who reside there with their families, and are always on their guard for fear of pirates, who often land there and do a great deal of mischief. Wherefore all night a part of them by turns, go the round of the walls, making a great hallooing and noise, to signify their watchfulness, and that if pirates or other enemies come, they are ready to receive them."

Having secured their permission they ascended the hill by the same winding slope that we ascend today. Wheler tells us that they passed through three gates. The third brought them nearly to the top where they beheld, on their

right, the temple of the Unwinged Victory, at that time, he says, used by the Turks as a powder-magazine. The curious fate of this temple is now well known. It had been mentioned by Pausanias and it was seen and described by Wheler. In the next century it had disappeared. Stuart and Revett looked for it in vain in 1750. So late as 1835, however, when the Greeks, after the departure of the Turks, were clearing away the remains of Turkish fortifications, sculptured fragments were found—sufficient portions of the temple being recovered to reconstruct it, piecemeal, upon its original site with the aid of Spon and Wheler's accounts.

On the left of this temple, as they ascended, they saw what they thought might be, and what really was, the Propylaea. Wheler's account, however, is confused and it is difficult to make out the state of the structure at that time. Wheler seems to have been somewhat impressed and puzzled by two towers on the right and left of the entrance. Could one of them have been that famous medieval watch-tower, taken down some years ago, but which is so familiar an object in all engravings of the Acropolis made in the early part of the last century?

Wheler's difficulty probably arose from the fact that the Propylaea, a few years before, had been greatly injured by the explosion of a powder-magazine. Probably in Wheler's time the structure was still encumbered to such an extent with the ruins, that he failed to make out its true character. The first travelers to follow Wheler, in the next century, had no difficulty in identifying the building, though Chandler found it used as a fortification; the intercolumniations walled up, and on the top a battery of cannon. Today, as is well known, the columns are seen free and clear of all the Turkish obstructions. And here we may well excuse Wheler

* Haga, *i. e.*, the Turkish governor of the place.

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for the vagueness of his description of the Propylaea, in view of his eagerness to reach the Parthenon. With a delightful enthusiasm he says: "We could hardly stay here to make all the observations we might have done, we were so impatient to go to the Temple of Minerva, the chief goddess of the Athenians, which is not only still the chief ornament of the citadel, but absolutely both for matter and art the most beautiful piece of antiquity remaining in the world. I wish I could communicate the pleasure I took in viewing it, by a description that would in some proportion express the idea I then had of it, which I cannot hope to do."

The Parthenon which Wheler beheld was nearly a perfect structure. The only serious loss which it had suffered was in the sculptures of the eastern pediment, which we are told by Pausanias, represented the Birth of Athena in the presence of the assembled gods of Olympus. The whole central portion of these sculptures, which must have represented the most important personages in the scene, had disappeared, and in the wall of the pediment behind them an opening for a window had been made, as is generally supposed, the work of the Christians, at the time when they consecrated the Temple of the Virgin goddess Athena to be a church for the worship of the virgin Mary.* Overbeck fixes the time to be at the end of the fifth century. At that time, too, the eastern door was walled up, and as the Christian altar was placed at the eastern end of the temple, the window was inserted in the wall above it in order to light the interior.

* The slow and gradual conversion of the Greeks had the natural effect of blending the rites of the two religions, and of introducing many of the ancient ceremonies and customs of Paganism into the Church; and we are not surprised to find that the Christians chose, for the converted temple, the saint most resembling the Pagan deity to whom it had before been sacred. Thus the Parthenon, which had derived its name from the virginity of Minerva, became sacred to the virgin mother of Christ.—*Leake*.

The remaining sculptures of this pediment, which were left unhurt by the Christians, and which were seen in their place by Wheler, were a part of the rich spoil carried off by Lord Elgin, at the beginning of the last century, and are now in the British Museum in London.

The western pediment, with its sculptures representing the contest of Poseidon and Athena for the Attic country was seen entire by Wheler, and from his description and with the aid of Carrey's drawings, made shortly before this time, we can form some idea of how the subject was treated. Of these sculptures of the western pediment, as is well known, scarce anything is left to-day. Only two figures, much battered and difficult to identify, still remain in place on the pediment; and there is now in the Elgin collection, a mutilated, recumbent male figure identified as a River God (the Cephissus or the Ilissus) and supposed to belong to the western pediment.

Wheler made a curious mistake in explaining the subject of the west pediment and yet he thought he was following the ancient author, Pausanias. Pausanias, provokingly brief about the Parthenon, has only this to say of the pediments:—

"As you enter the temple called the Parthenon, all that is contained in what is termed the pediment relates to the Birth of Athena. But on the opposite, or back front, is the contest of Athena and Poseidon for the land."

It is now known that the ancient entrance to the Parthenon was at the eastern end, and hence the sculptures of that pediment must have told the story of the Birth of Athena, as Pausanias says. But Wheler, finding the only entrance to be at the west, and supposing it to be the entrance of Pausanias,



West Pediment of the Parthenon, reproducing the sculptures as drawn by Carrey and copied for d'Ortières, when on his mission to the Levant for Louis XIV, 1685-87. From *Omont, Athènes au xviii^e Siècle*, Paris, 1896, Plate xxv.

naturally tried to fit the birth scene to the sculptures which he saw on that pediment, whereas they really represented the Athena and Poseidon contest. Two figures of this pediment seem to have particularly interested him. In his description he speaks of these figures as "sitting in the corner" of the pediment at the west, and takes them to be emperor Hadrian, and his wife Sabina; "whom I easily knew to be so," he says, "by the many medals and statues I have seen of them." As it happens these are the two figures already referred to, as still in position—headless and battered—the solitary remnant which the Parthenon still possesses of its pediment sculptures.

Wheler's theory that these two figures represent Hadrian and Sabina may seem to us to-day very curious, but it persisted to hold ground, long after Wheler's time. It seems to have grown out of the well-known interest which Hadrian had in Athens, and his activity and benefactions there, and from careless reading or quotation of the statements of ancient authors concerning

him. The notion was even prevalent in Wheler's time that Hadrian had built the Parthenon, which notion, however, Wheler appears not to have accepted; for he triumphantly quotes Plutarch's statement, that Pericles built the temple; but even he thinks that this may refer to the *cella* to which, he says, "Attalus added the magnificent portico, which Hadrian most probably repaired, and adorned it with those figures at each front. For the whiteness of the marble and his own statue joined with them, apparently show them to have been of a later age than the first, and done by the Emperor's command."

Stuart, in the following century, in his "Antiquities of Athens," quotes Wheler and thinks there is at least a doubt whether the sculptures of both pediments were not put up by Hadrian. Chandler (1765) thought the sculptures all of the early age, but thought that possibly the heads of Hadrian and his wife might, out of compliment, have been substituted by the Athenians for the original heads of the statues in question. In the very interesting ex-

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amination, in 1816, of art-experts before the House of Commons Committee in England, in order to determine the value of the Elgin marbles, with a view to their purchase by the nation, it was considered of great importance by the Committee, to settle the question whether the marbles were really of the age of Phidias, as was claimed by Elgin. Among those examined, however, Payne Knight seems to have been the only one who had any serious doubt that they were the work of Phidias; and he based his view mainly upon the statement of Spon and Wheler. From the testimony of Lord Aberdeen, given before the Committee, we learn the interesting fact, that when Aberdeen visited Athens, the figure of the supposed Hadrian had still its head; that it was knocked off while he was still in the city, probably to sell to some traveler, and in its fall was broken to pieces.

When Wheler comes to speak of the east pediment he says of the sculptures, that "they are now all fallen down, only part of a sea-horse excepted." This seems a strange statement in view of the fact that Elgin brought away some eight or ten figures from the east pediment. Moreover, Carrey's drawings, made only the year before Wheler's visit, show all the figures in place except, of course, the great central group which was removed in the fifth century, by the Christians, when they made the opening for a window. We may perhaps account for Wheler's surprising statement by supposing that he naturally gave most of his attention to the western pediment, as the sculptures there were complete. The eastern pediment, then, with its great gap in the centre, impressed him, by comparison with the western, as in so ruinous a condition that when he came to write about it, his memory simply failed him, and he

thought of nothing of importance as remaining there.

Wheler's account of the interior of the Parthenon is of great interest, in view of the fact that there is absolutely nothing left today of its internal construction. "On entering the temple," he says, "my companion and I were not surprised at the obscurity, because the observations we had made on other heathen temples, did make it no new thing unto us. And that the heathens loved obscurity in their religious rites and customs, many reasons may be given—especially because, by that means, the pomps they exposed to the people had much advantage; and the defects of them, with all their juggling and cheating, were less exposed to view. When the Christians consecrated it to serve God in, they let in the light at the east end, which is all that it yet hath."

Our good traveler's theory that the obscurity of the temple was for a definite purpose—forsooth to assist the jugglery of the heathen worship, seems rather amusing when we remember that the Parthenon has been thought by many as one of the class of hypæthral temples, and therefore, partially at least, unroofed. If this view be correct, then the roof that Wheler saw may have been put on by the Christians themselves, who at the same time opened the window in the east pediment, to get their light from that source rather than through the opening in the roof by which the ancient temple was lighted. It is an interesting fact, however, that Wheler found the Parthenon roofed, and it were to be wished that he had given us some account of the kind of roof he saw. But the whole question about the roofing and lighting of ancient temples has been greatly discussed and is perhaps still *sub judice*. As the Greek temple had no windows in

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the side walls it might be supposed necessary to have some opening in the roof, for the purpose of lighting the interior, or at least to illumine the cella, where the statue of the divinity stood. In that case it was equally important to protect the statue from the rain in some way. Fergusson has a theory that the light may have come in through some kind of clerestory, instead of a skylight. But the theory now generally adopted is that of Dörpfeld, who gives up hypæthral and every other form of lighting for the Parthenon, save through the door. He takes the ground that the great door, when opened, would give abundance of light, in which case, as Miss Harrison suggests, "When the great doors were flung open, the light would be enough; reflected as it was from marble pavement and cella-wall, and a hundred glittering objects; enough for the shimmer of the white ivory, gold, and precious stones; but subdued enough to leave about the goddess, a veil of awe and mystery. It would seem indeed as though no sunlight or lamp were needed in the temple; for the radiant goddess herself was the light thereof."

Wheler entered the Parthenon at the western end, as we have said, and passed through the great western portal used by the Christians at the time when they walled up the original entrance at the east. They appear, at the same time, to have cut through the wall separating the cella from the opisthodomos better to adapt the temple to the new purpose for which it was now to be used. Of the interior which he saw, on entering, Wheler says: "On both sides and toward the door is a kind of gallery, made with two ranks of pillars, twenty-two below and twenty-three above. The odd pillar is over the arch of the entrance which was left for the passage."

Of this columniation nothing is left today save the traces, on the pavement, of the positions which the columns occupied. How much of the columniation which Wheler saw, belonged originally to the temple, or what changes had been made in it by the Christians, it is impossible to say. The words, "kind of gallery," are vague, and may, perhaps, merely refer to the architrave which supported the upper colonnade. We can form some idea of a possible interior of the Parthenon from the interior columns, still to be seen today, in the great temple of Poseidon at Paestum in Italy, where sixteen columns in the cella support an upper range of smaller columns.

Continuing his account of the interior, Wheler tells us that the Christian arrangements had not been greatly disturbed by the Turks. He saw at the extreme east, what he calls the "semicircle of the Holy Place," or what, in church language, is called the apse. On each side of this recess there were two jasper pillars. Within was a canopy, supported by four porphyry columns with beautiful Corinthian capitals of white marble. There were two or three semicircular steps, by which to ascend to the episcopal chair of marble—the chair being still in place under the window. Dodwell, who was in Athens, more than a century later, saw, among the ruins at the east end, some fragments of red porphyry which he thought might be the remains of the four columns mentioned by Wheler.

The excellent condition of the interior of the Parthenon at the time of Wheler's visit, was due to the fact, that at the downfall of Paganism the Christians had used it as a church; and that the Turks later, on their conquest of the country, had similarly converted it into a mosque. For their purpose but

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little change was necessary. According to the Mohammedan feeling the sacred niche known as the Mihrab, and corresponding to the Christian altar, or apse, must lie in the direction of Mecca. Wheler's account agrees with this. He says "the niche of the Turk's devotion is made in the corner, at the side of the altar on the right hand; by which is their place of prayer; and on the other side a pulpit to read their law in, as is usual in all mosques."

Those who have visited Constantinople will remember the same change there, made by the Turks in the great church of Justinian—Santa Sophia—and the curious effect produced by the long prayer-rugs on the floor, lying out of parallel with the line of the side-walls in such a position that the worshippers may exactly face the Mihrab.

Leaving the Parthenon our travelers inspected the Erechtheum—the outside only; as the interior was the seraglio of the Turkish governor. This beautiful building, now a sad ruin, was, in Wheler's time, in a good state of preservation. He has, however, little to say about it; and with this building ends his tour of the Acropolis.

The Erechtheum escaped, in 1687, the fate of the Parthenon, as may be seen by Stuart's drawing made in the middle of the 18th century. It was in the main complete until the Greek Revolution, when in the siege of 1827, it suffered great damage. Afterwards, in a storm in 1852, the western wall with its engaged columns was blown down.

Leaving the summit of the Acropolis Wheler descended to what he supposed to be the Dionysiac theatre. He says that the seats were ruined for the most part, and the best preserved portion of the building was the front. He saw three ranges of arches, one above the other. These he describes in some de-

tail. He then speaks of ruins to the east, which he thinks the remains of the Portico of Eumenes. Now all this seems to show, that he took the Odeum of Herodes Atticus to be the Dionysiac Theatre. The latter was in his day, probably entirely lost to view. Extensive remains of the Odeum, however, still exist today and his description of the theatre fits exactly the Odeum. Wheler thought this to be the theatre, though he ought to have been puzzled by its distinctly Roman construction. This Odeum was not described by Pausanias in his account of Athens, because it had not been built when he made his tour of that region. Elsewhere, however, he mentions it, and says he had written his Attica before the Odeum had been built. Wheler's error long persisted. In the next century Stuart made the same mistake. Chandler was the first to point out the actual site of the theatre, though there were probably visible at the time of his visit, only the scantiest vestiges of the structure. Leake (1820) following him, speaks with entire correctness, and feels sure "that the Dionysiac theatre is indicated by the hollow at the southeast end of the Acropolis." He adduces, too, in confirmation, the coin in the British Museum which shows the theatre, with the Parthenon rising above it—tallying exactly with the description of Dicaearchus, who visited Athens in the 4th century and speaks of these buildings in their relative positions—the Odeum, then the Theatre, and the Parthenon rising above the theatre. As we now know, the excavations, made since Leake's time, have revealed the theatre and settled the question.

From the Acropolis Wheler came to what we now know as the remains of the great temple of Zeus Olympius, but

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which he failed to identify. Seventeen columns were standing in his time, one having since fallen. He calls them "Hadrian's Pillars" and says, "they are commonly reported to be the remains of his palace," a view which he seems to accept. Then he naively says, "But my companion and I are not of their opinion that believe the palace was built on top of them; for that doubtless would prove too really a castle in the air, they being about fifty-two feet high." This facetious reference to a "palace built on top," was probably suggested to Wheler by a curious structure which he saw resting on the architrave above two of the columns, and which he could not account for. It was seen by Chandler in the next century, and identified by him as the ruined cell of a Stylite hermit, of course forming no part of the original temple. It was seen by Dodwell, Hobhouse, and other travelers, in the early part of the 19th century, and appears in pictures made at that time, and was finally removed after the liberation of the Greeks from the Turks, when all the ancient buildings were at once set free from the alien accretions that had gathered about them. But Wheler does not forget the great temple of Zeus, though failing to identify it. In a long argument, he locates it in the interior of the town, apparently mistaking for it the structure now known as the Stoa of Hadrian.

After remaining a month at Athens our travelers visited various outlying places of interest—Aegina, Sunium, Corinth. At Corinth they saw the eleven monolith columns of which, a century later, four had fallen, when Byron wrote of the "seven columns of Doric mold." They finally left Athens, in February, 1676, for their homeward journey, by way of northern Greece. When they reached Lebadea the two

friends reluctantly separated. Spon, being impatient to reach his home, took ship at the little port of Asprospiti for Zante, from which he hoped to depart for Italy and France. Wheler lingered on in Boeotia intending to return again to Athens. But a month later he changed his mind and followed on in the wake of Spon. In their northern journey Wheler tells of many privations and perils. He had a particular fear of pirates in the Gulf of Corinth, until the little ship had passed safely out into the open sea. "But Heaven," he says, "that had so many times so wonderfully preserved me, did then also deliver me out of the hands of those infidels, and brought me safely to Zante the next day by noon. Whence, by the first occasion, I departed for Italy and France; where having further satisfied my curiosity and congratulated with my friends my prosperous voyage, I hastened to render myself to my country and to the long-wished-for embraces of my parents, relations and friends and to give praise to God for the wonderful things he had done for my soul."

Then, after a most enthusiastic paean of praise for England, her institutions and her laws, he continues: "Therefore arriving at Canterbury, its Metropolitan Throne, November 15, 1676, transported with unspeakable joy at the singular bliss of my country, relations and friends, far exceeding any nation I had seen beyond our British seas, I offered to God the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, resolving forever to call upon His great name who is the only mighty preserver of mankind."

Then follow long quotations of passages of Scripture, in praise of the Almighty; and so ends Wheler's quaint and interesting "Journey into Greece."

Swarthmore College, Pa.

PRESIDENTIAL BOOKPLATES

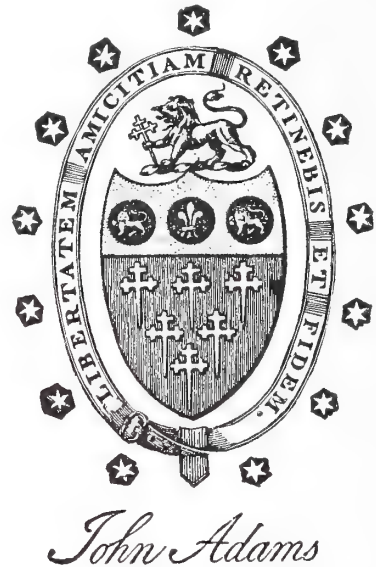
By ALFRED FOWLER

IN THIS YEAR of overshadowing interest in the Presidential election, a brief survey of the bookplates of the Presidents may afford a timely sidelight on the subject. That so many of our executives should have used bookplates may be a surprise to even some bookplate enthusiasts for, like a collection of autographs of the Presidents, a complete collection of bookplates of the Presidents is a rare item. But the bookplates possess an added interest as works of art.



George Washington established a good precedent by using a handsome Chippendale armorial bookplate. The arms of his family are displayed on the usual rococo shield surrounded by the conventional sprays and roses. The motto, *Exitus acta probat* (The end

shows the deed), is borne on a ribbon below the shield whilst the name George Washington is engraved in script on a rococo tablet at the base. The engraver of the plate is unknown but the fact that the arms are not heraldically correct, in that a wreath has been placed under the coronet and the eagle in the crest is incorrectly displayed, leads to the conclusion that the



engraver did not know as much about heraldry as any English engraver of that period would have known and that it must have been engraved in America. More evidence in favor of this theory results from a search of Washington's bills of goods received from London which do not show the purchase of a bookplate abroad, as was the custom with many Colonial gentlemen.

The Washington bookplate is very rare; so rare, in fact, that the plate has

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John Quincy Adams

been counterfeited. The spurious design is very poorly done, however, and may be easily recognized. The counterfeit was used to raise the value of some books to be sold at auction but it was immediately detected by the name being poorly engraved, the printing poorly done and by the use of palpably modern paper. Another difference readily perceived by the student of heraldry is a difference in the tinctures of the crest, *sable* in the original and *gules* in the forgery. A copy of the design has also been made by a modern engraver but it does not pose as the original, the impressions being printed on Japanese vellum. The original copper-plate is supposed to have been cut into pieces by a fanatical owner and thrown into the Schuylkill river.

Amongst the early Presidents John Adams, John Quincy Adams and John Tyler also used bookplates. The John Adams bookplate displays a shield of arms within a belt bearing the motto, *Libertatem amicitiam retinebis et fidem* (Keep liberty, friendship and good

faith), the whole surrounded by thirteen brilliant stars—those thirteen brilliant stars within which he did, indeed, keep liberty, friendship and good faith! The name John Adams is engraved in script below the design. The bookplate of John Quincy Adams is of the style known as Festoon Armorial, the spade shield and crest being enclosed by wreaths and the name engraved below the design, which bears no motto. John Tyler's bookplate is a plain printed label.

Fourteen presidents after John Tyler were bookplateless until we come to Theodore Roosevelt who followed the good precedent of having an armorial bookplate. The arms are displayed on an Elizabethan shield surmounted by an Esquire's helmet bearing the crest. The bookplate is of special interest as an example of *armes parlantes*: two rose plants, bearing three roses, growing out



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Theodore Roosevelt

of a mound or veldt. The motto, *Qui plantavit curabit*, is on a ribbon below the shield with the name engraved below that.

Mrs. Roosevelt has an artistic bookplate which is one of only eight designed by Howard Pyle. It was engraved by

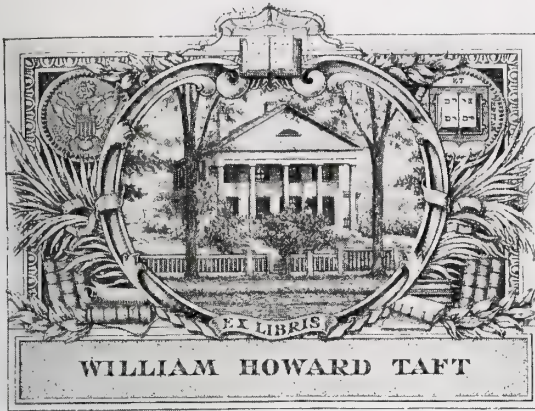
Sidney L. Smith, whose bookplates are so highly prized by collectors. The design is of classical motif, showing Terpsichore and Clio standing by an altar which bears the lettering "*Ex-libris* Edith Kermit Roosevelt." The design is quite rare in collections as Mrs. Roosevelt does not exchange with bookplate collectors.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland, now Mrs. Preston, has an imposing bookplate by the late Charles W. Sherborn, R. E., of London, which is also an unusual item even in collections of Presidential bookplates. The design was exhibited at the Royal Painter Etchers Exhibition in London, 1902. It portrays a woman standing beneath a tree, writing on a scroll, with a view of the Washington Capitol in the distance and the arms of the United States above. The lettering reads "*Ex-libris* Frances Folsom Cleveland" and the whole is surrounded with flowers and conventional foliage.

William Howard Taft has a handsomely engraved bookplate which de-



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picts the Torrey homestead in Millbury, Massachusetts, his home during his youth. The scales of Justice at the top symbolize his Associate Judgeship, the palms at the side recall his Insular Governorships, whilst the seal of Yale University is found in the upper sinister corner and the arms of the United States appear in the opposite corner. Mr. Taft does not exchange and has lost the original copper of his design.

President Wilson is using two bookplates, one depicting a shelf of books with his own signature on a scroll in front of it followed by a quotation of his own making:

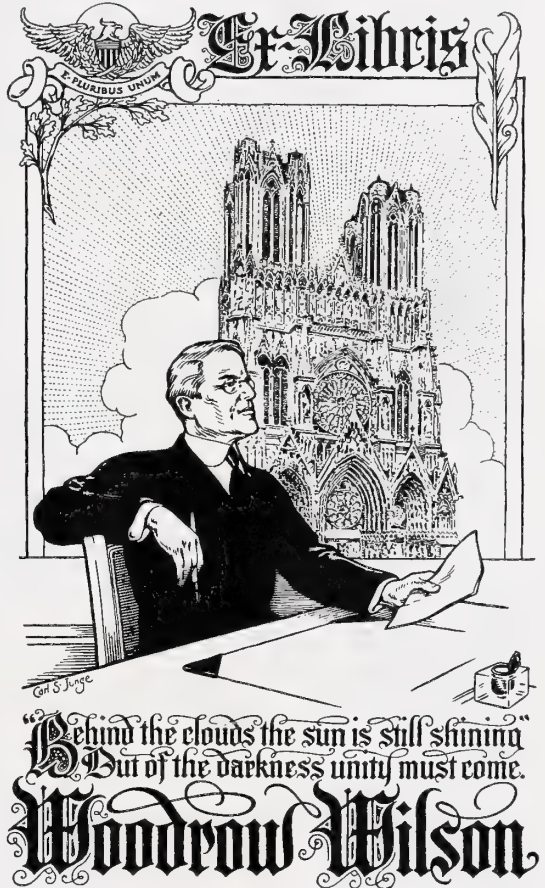
Council and Light,
Knowledge with Vision,
And Strength and Life and Pleasure withal.

The second design is a portrait of himself seated at a table, holding pen and paper, with Notre Dame in the background. The arms of the United States

are shown at the top with the following quotation below: " 'Behind the clouds the sun is still shining,' Out of the darkness unity must come.' "

Whether or not the present candidates have bookplates is not known but that hardly comes within our province before November second!

Kansas City, Mo.





Courtesy of Duveen Brothers

"Portraits of the Sisters, Margaret and Susanna Beckford"
By George Romney

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

Romney Portraits in America.

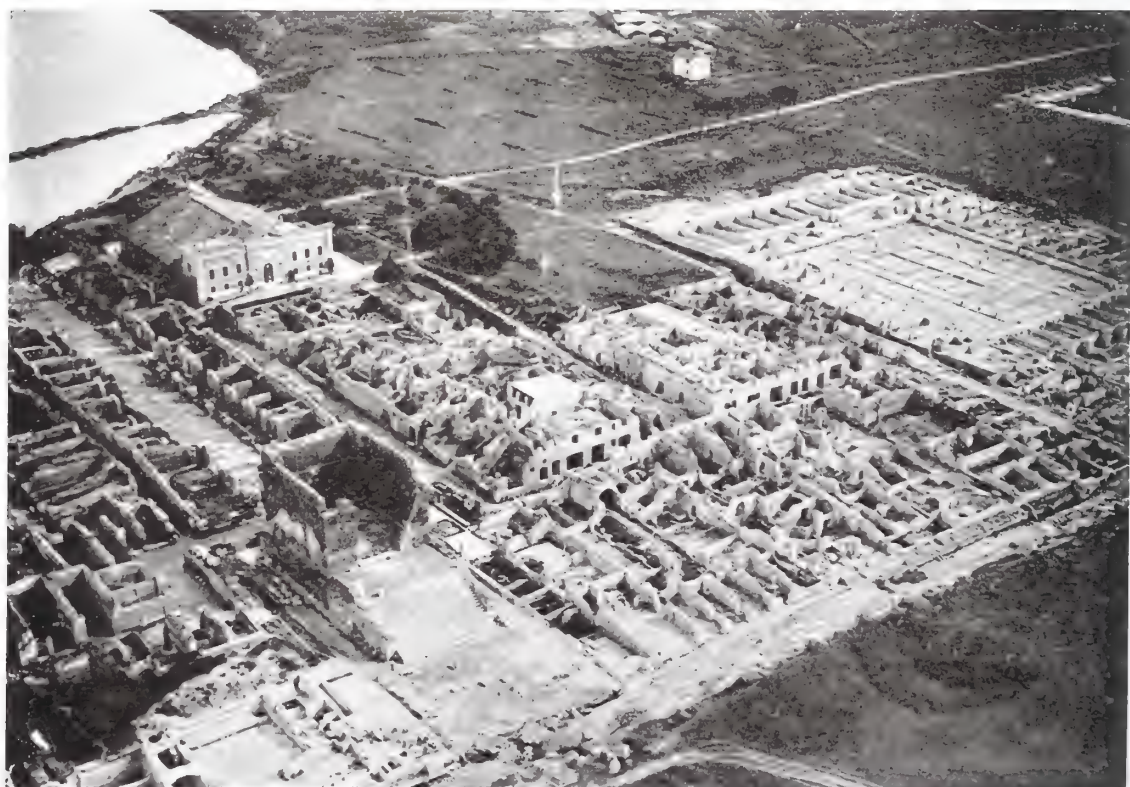
When in 1914 the firm of Duveen Brothers, New York City, purchased Romney's fine, full-length portrait of Anne, Lady de la Pole, beating every previous auction record, it was generally believed that Romney had reached the nadir of his sale-room fame. The following year the same firm paid an even larger sum to Lord de Saumarez for another full-length Romney, the portrait of Mrs. Penelope Lee Acton. These stupendous transactions remained still to be eclipsed by the same enterprising house, when recently, at the sale of the late Duke of Hamilton's fine historical portraits at Christie's, London, they paid \$275,000 for yet another Romney, this time the double portrait of the sisters Margaret and Susanna Beckford, the daughters of the celebrated William Beckford, traveler and author of "Vathek." At the same sale the Duveens also purchased for \$84,000 Romney's portrait of the father, when a boy.

The picture in question represents Margaret, the elder, at the age of six years, standing, and the younger, Susanna, at the age of three, sitting on the ground, looking up at her sister, both in white muslin dresses lined with pink, Susanna having a black band around the waist, a muslin cap with pink ribbons, white stockings and pink slippers; Margaret having a band around her head instead of a cap, and a knot on the arm. Margaret married Major-General James Orde and Susanna married her cousin, the Marquis of Douglas, who became the tenth Duke of Hamilton. The canvas measures 60 x 47½ inches. Until recently offered at auction it had been exhibited but on two occasions to the public,—at the Loan Exhibition of Scottish National Portraits, Edinburgh, 1884, and at the Hanover Exhibition, New Gallery, London, in 1890.

Romney's pictures of children and women have long been popular for the very reason that whether his sitters were really beautiful or not, he had the art of making them appear so. The formula is always pretty much the same,—there is little variety in the type and pattern, but yet every one of Romney's women is a woman and not a fashion plate. His painting was as simple and straightforward as his style. If there were a question of competition among the fairest faces and forms of his women there can be but little doubt that the golden apple would fall to the fine, full-length portrait of Mrs. Lee Acton, purchased as above stated, by the firm of Duveen in 1914, and which is now in America. Scarcely less charming is the same painter's "Lady Milnes" also brought to this country by the Duveens a few years ago. Mention may also be made of other famous Romney's, some of which were on view at the notable Loan Exhibition of English Portraits acquired by American Collectors held in the Duveen Galleries in 1914, when it was stated that—"Judging from the number and quality of the Old English Masters in this exhibition, it would seem few worthies had found an American home without passing through this cosmopolitan firm," among them being the magnificent portrait group known as "The Sisters," which was purchased at the Viscount Clifden's sale in 1896, and caused a sensation.

The portraits are those of Caroline, Viscountess Clifden, and Lady Elizabeth Spencer, daughter of the Fourth Duke of Marlborough, for which Romney received the sum of 80 guineas. There is also the extremely graceful "Lady Milnes" which first belonged to the Earl of Crews and aroused great admiration in Paris in 1909, when it was exhibited at the "Cent Portraits des Femmes" Exhibition. Besides these, most of which are well known, either from having been publicly exhibited or from engravings, which have found their way to this country through the auspices of the same firm, are the splendid whole-length portraits of "Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Milles" exhibited at the Old Masters Exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1875, the "Three Children of Captain Little" exhibited at the Guildhall, London, in 1892; "Lady Kinross," "Sir William and Lady Lemon of Carolew," "Master Day," "George Brinsley Sheridan," "Lady Elizabeth Forbes" and a full-length figure of a little girl with two sheep beside her representing "Little Bo-Peep."

It is scarcely more than forty years that the name and work of George Romney has been given that place which it will never cease to occupy, that is, beside the two other giants of English portraiture,—Reynolds and Gainsborough.



Views of Pompeii (above) and Ostia (below) from an aeroplane



Reconstruction of Civic Center of Ostia, by Raymond M. Kennedy, of the American Academy in Rome

Aviation and Archaeology.

The most recent and the most thrilling of human inventions—Aviation—has placed itself in the service of archaeology, and reproduces by means of photographs, taken at the height of a thousand or more feet, the cities and monuments of the past, which ages of neglect have buried, but which the love and scientific curiosity of later generations have restored to the light of day. These photographs, which unite in one the conquest of the air and the dominion of the earth, are most trustworthy documents and witnesses.

The reader sees the interesting and instructive ruins of Ostia—which I have already described in *ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY* (VIII No. 6, 1919)—and also those of the famous city of the dead, Pompeii, under a different aspect. He sees the ruins of Ostia as I have seen them flying at the height of a thousand feet in an Italian military dirigible, commanded by Colonel Carlo Berini, Chief of Italian Military Aviation, who has had the happy and intelligent idea of reproducing in photographs taken from the clouds, the monuments and glories of our past.

It will be possible, with these photographs, rapidly to execute the plan of an archaeological map of Italy, to which the General Director of Fine Arts, Commendatore Colasante, lends the approval of his authority. And such is the clearness of these views, and so great is the precision of detail in these photographs, that one feels sure all the austere, glorious ruins scattered throughout our ancient peninsula will be presented with archaeological sincerity and with their original characteristics. Besides the advantage of rapidly executing a work, which with the usual methods would require many years and much labor, we shall, for the first time enjoy the sensation of seeing the whole of an ancient city and all its monuments at one view.

Flying over the city at the Tiber's mouth—over Ostia Antica—I recognized each house, each public building, each street, that I have been slowly excavating beneath heaps of masonry and earth, the accumulation of the ages; yet I seemed to receive a strange, new impression of them. I saw the whole antique city at a glance for the first time; and I realized that the ensemble of an ancient city was most worthy of study. In fact, comparing the photograph of Ostia with that of Pompeii, one fundamentally realizes the fundamental difference that must have existed between the city of the Tiber and the city of Vesuvius. Archaeologists have until now studied the monuments and edifices of antiquity by themselves and for themselves without considering the surroundings in which they were placed. In fact, we have never had an idea of what an ancient city was as a whole with its public buildings and private houses. And tho in building a city, the chief concern of the ancients was for the strength of the defenses, and salubrity of location, the aesthetic principles which prevail today could not have been entirely lacking.

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The plan of the streets, the arrangement and height of the dwellings, the many arcades, the diverse character of the buildings, the various coloring of walls, roofs and terraces of the houses, the location of parks and gardens—all these elements doubtless gave individuality of character and aspect to each city. But what was this aspect? What was the difference between the city plan of Constantinople, and the city plan of Rome? What was the character of Ostia compared with Pompeii?

These photographs, taken from the clouds, will help us to reconstruct the ancient city as a whole, and invite us to consider the relation between building and building.

The architect, Raymond M. Kennedy, a student of the American Academy in Rome, was moved by the desire to reanimate the aesthetic principles of an ancient city in making his reconstruction of the theatre and piazza of Ostia. I have the pleasure of reproducing a photograph of this brilliant reconstruction in which are associated the culture of the archaeologist and the talent of the architect, and which gives new life to the imposing public buildings and makes us live in the inspiring atmosphere of the cosmopolitan city of Ostia.

Thus archaeology, architecture and aviation have united to throw new light upon, and give new life to, the glorious past of Rome.

GUIDO CALZA.

The Kansas City Fine Arts Institute.

Our readers will be pleased with certain news from the Middle West not only because of their general interest in art developments throughout the country but also because it concerns the most recently elected member of our editorial board. Mr. Virgil Barker, whose articles and book reviews have been a feature of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY during the past six months, has been called to fill the position of Director of the Fine Arts Institute of Kansas City, Missouri.

The Institute has moved from a down-town office building into a large and beautiful residence in the most charming and easily reached quarter of the city, thus gaining about five times its former space. Much greater financial support is in sight—and of course, no art institution can exist, much less develop, without the utmost generosity in this respect. A decided effort is being made by the Institute, heartily supported by the local newspapers and the Chamber of Commerce, to awaken a widespread popular interest in its work and aims. It is to be earnestly hoped that this effort will meet with the response which such an undertaking deserves and that later ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY will have the pleasure of recording results of the most encouraging nature.

All the more importance attaches to this movement in Kansas City because it may prove to be merely preliminary to a future development of national importance. The most commanding site in town has already been acquired and two million dollars already subscribed for the erection of a Liberty Memorial. The location, a hill of over thirty acres directly in front of the new Union Station and overlooking on the other side the lovely reaches of Penn Valley Park, is of such exceptional beauty that it might well form one of the largest and most artistic civic centers in this country. With the proposed Liberty Memorial as a nucleus, all the cultural institutions of the city could be fittingly housed immediately around. With the Mary Atkins bequest practically in hand and ultimately that from W. R. Nelson, Kansas City should immediately support its Fine Arts Institute in such generous fashion as to make unmistakably plain its worthiness of those most enviable gifts.

Exhibition at the Ehrich Galleries, New York.

At the Ehrich Galleries the first exhibition of the season is given to a group of painters mostly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Salient among them is the portrait of "Lord Salisbury, Sportsman" by Thomas Barker, or "Barker of Bath" who flourished at the end of the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth. Among the other paintings is a luscious portrait of a buxom lady by George Henry Harlow. We have lost the trick of such reds as the artist put into her cheeks and lips, her old rose scarf and the velvet band on her round young wrist. "A Brahmin," by Romney, is an unusual example of his work. Antoine Monnoyer is represented with a decorative panel of flowers—again magnificent reds; other pictures are by Giuseppe Pannini, Thomas Hand, Sir William Beechey, Antoine Vestier, Jean de Fontenay, and David Teniers the Younger. This exhibition will be followed by an important group of pictures by Sully.



Ettore Cadorin's War Memorial at Edgewater, N. J.

Edgewater, N. J., will soon boast a memorial to honor the boys who participated in the Great War. This photograph shows, as a part of it, a high relief in bronze which represents a soldier, a marine and a sailor setting out for "the great adventure." An important feature of it is that two of the figures are almost statues in relief, while the third one is almost bas-relief. There is a lot of idealism in the faces, each of which represents a true American type.

This splendid work is by Mr. Ettore Cadorin, the well known sculptor, noted especially for his statues in St. Mark's Square in Venice and for a memorial to Wagner also in Venice. Mr. Cadorin is now working on a bas-relief in bronze which will complete the memorial; the bronzes will be mounted on a block of Palisades granite and will be placed in the park of Edgewater overlooking the Hudson.

The memorial was ordered by the Borough of Edgewater, Mayor, Henry Wissel. On the Committee are Mr. R. B. Burgess, Mr. D. Davies and Mr. L. Kleiser. A celebration will take place at the unveiling next fall.

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Summer Exhibition of Gallery on the Moors, East Gloucester.

The exhibitions at the summer colonies along the Eastern New England shore, have become notable events and writers and critics have come to regard them as almost of the same importance as the big winter shows in the cities.

The charming "Gallery on the Moors" at East Gloucester, has the most picturesque setting and surroundings of all the exhibit places, beside being a little picture in itself, design by Ralph Adams Cram, the distinguished architect, as a studio for Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Atwood, but primarily that the painters of the East Gloucester Colony might have a place in which to hold exhibitions. The building is partly stone, partly of wood and timber, plastered and tinted grayish pink. It is approached by a stone path bordered by rocks and flowers and from the tiny porch one looks over the moors to the sea beyond.

The exhibition this year, during August, was selected by a jury chosen by ballot by the artists. A great collection, some seven or eight hundred pieces, was submitted and the work of the jury assumed the significance of a Corcoran, or Pennsylvania Academy show. Out of the number was chosen seventy-five paintings, fourteen pieces of sculpture and a group of etchings.

The hanging was very well done, not over crowded and well arranged as to color and subject. In the small vestibule hung with blue curtains, were the water-colors, a group of colorful pictures by Harry De Maine, and a charming "August Day" by E. Parker Nordell.

Mrs. Nordell and her husband, whose picture, "The Seamstress" occupied a post of honor in the gallery, have a charming studio in Gloucester overhanging the Bay.

Opposite his picture, dominating the room was Hugh H. Breckenridge's "Nude with Still Life," a brilliant painting of lamp light, or fire-light—a most remarkable effect of a "prismatically illumined girl" sitting by a gaily covered table which held a dish of gorgeously luscious fruit. Near it hung, in striking contrast, the exquisite portrait of Convere McAden, by Camilla Whitehurst, the clever Baltimore painter. The picture was seen in Washington at the exhibit this winter at the Corcoran—a lovely little girl in white, wearing a large white bonnet tied under her chin. The innocent, childish expression and pose and the fine execution made it one of the gems of the collection.

Nearly half of the exhibitors were women and they made a most creditable showing. Washington was represented by Bertha E. Perrie in a delightful "Quiet Moment," a characteristic Gloucester picture of the fishermen's boats at the docks, Marguerite C. Munn in "Manor Gates," F'elecie Waldo Howell, "Drying Nets," a charming mingling of tones of greys, browns and blues.

"The Garden by the Sea," by Irma Kohn was a lovely garden of hollyhocks, poppies and blue flowers, a bird fountain and view of deep blue sea, seen through tall trees.

Mrs. Florence Frances Snell's "The Farm," was a most artistic and clever rendering of a pasture, brown and grey rocks and the soft coloring in the moorland—a more interesting picture really than Henry Snell's "Afterglow."

Hobart Nichols' lovely and poetic "Twilight," a blue gate in a wall, just where a white road turns, tall poplars on either side, with the sea in the distance, was only a Gloucester lane on the way to the Gallery, but an artist's appreciation discerned its beauty, and its resemblance to some rare Italian view. It was the first picture to be sold.

Eban F. Comins' "Juliet in Orange," Alice Schille's "Young Girl," were both strikingly brilliant and effective pictures. The "Shaded Street" by Adele Williams, might be any one of the lovely streets throughout the North Shore villages, where tall elms throw deep shadows over street and old Colonial houses.

The list is a long one and among the painters were H. A. Vincent, Paul Cornoyer, William Baxter Closson, Martha Walter, George L. Noyes, J. Olaf Olson and Frederick G. Hall.

In Sculpture, Anna Vaughn Hyatt showed a small bronze figure of her beautiful "Jeanne d'Arc," Anna Colman Ladd "A Winged Youth." Albert Henry Atkins' "Naiad-Dryad," which was made for Mr. W. E. Brigham's garden was a pretty conception of a wood-nymph and sea-nymph.

P. Bryant Baker, in the "New Age," showed a youth with hands uplifted rushing forward to ambition and success, to the new and better world that promises. Louise Allen's "La Baigneuse," an exquisitely graceful and beautifully modeled figure occupied the center of the Gallery.

The group of etchers represented were: Lester G. Hornby, James E. Thompson, Frederick G. Hall and Arthur W. Heintzleman.

H. W.

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Recent Sales in London and Paris.

Prices paid for books, manuscripts, pictures and prints at the sales in London, make exciting reading, especially for collectors.

Although many collectors are obliged to part with their treasures, eager purchasers are invariably on hand to pick them up. First editions, presentation copies, and original manuscripts are generally the prizes sought.

At the sale of the manuscripts and books belonging to the late Moncure D. Conway, in June, \$4,000 was paid for the manuscript of the first copy in Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book." It is said to differ very much from "Mowgli Brothers," as published in the "Jungle Book" and was probably his first conception, which he afterwards changed. It is also a "presentation copy" as it contains the inscription on the first page, "Susan Bishop, from Rudyard Kipling, February 1893."

Another interesting item in the same sale was the original manuscript of Mark Twain's English edition of "Tom Sawyer," which appropriately enough was purchased by a Mr. Sawyer for \$825.

The first issue of the first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" with a letter of Whitman's to Moncure D. Conway, enclosing a letter from Ralph R. Emerson to Whitman commending the book, was well worth the \$600 given for it.

The sale of the great Henry Huth Library began in 1911 and was completed this year in June, realizing up to the final dispersal \$1,174,670. In addition, the autograph letters brought \$65,455, the engravings and woodcuts \$72,200.

The Library contained many rarities and wonderful Shakespeare Folios and Quartos that are now in the Elizabethan Club Library at Yale University, which are not included in the above prices.

In Paris, the famous Beurdeley collection of old and modern masters, sculpture and prints was a great success, notwithstanding the tax bill, which everyone feared would affect prices seriously.

There is no more tragic figure in the history of Art than Charles Méryon, the brilliant French etcher, who died insane, having suffered poverty, hunger and a broken heart. In the Beuderley Collection his "L'Abside de Notre Dame" brought 30,600 francs. In the early days of his poverty this same print he sold for one franc and a half, to pay for his supper! The "Pont au Change" brought 9,500 francs and "Le Stryge" 8,500 francs. It was not until he was locked away in a mad-house, when he could do nothing more, that appreciation of his work was given.

The "Isle of Artists."

The *American Art News* prints the following from the N. Y. *Times*—"The beautiful island in Lake Como, famous for its associations with Pliny and with Julius Caesar's colonies of Greeks who settled in Lombardy, will hereafter be known as the 'Isle of Artists.'"

In admiration for the Belgian people and the conduct of their monarch throughout the war, the former proprietor of Comacina Island, Signor Caprini, bequeathed the isle to King Albert, and in his will expressed the wish that it might serve some noble purpose in which Italy also could share. King Albert has now sent to Italy M. Destree, Minister of Arts and Sciences, to hand over the property to the Italian Government with the object of making this spot a restful retreat and a center of activity for those who have devoted their lives to art.

Under the auspices of the Academy at Milan, pretty villas are to be built for artist residents and the place will be transformed into a little capital for promoting industrial and fine arts in the Italian lakes district.

This will doubtless be much of the same character as our own "artists retreats," the Edward McDowell Memorial Association at Peterborough, New Hampshire, and the beautiful country estate of Laurelton Hall, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., which has recently been given by Mr. Louis C. Tiffany as an Art Institute, to be known as the "Louis C. Tiffany Art Foundation."

There is an endowment of about \$1,000,000. It is not intended for art students, so much as the artists who have finished their studies at the Academies, and are at work at their various professions.

Such peaceful environments as these colonies furnish, should produce the highest quality of work of which the men are capable, and the idea of these bequests is inspirational. H. W.

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The Parthenon at Nashville, Tenn.

(The following notes were obtained through the courtesy of Mr. George Julian Zolnay, the sculptor who has been entrusted by the city of Nashville with the reconstruction of the sculptures of this great Temple. An illustrated article on this work will appear in an early issue.)

Nashville is acquiring the distinction of being the only city in the world to possess an exact replica—exact to the inch—in permanent form, of the Athenian Parthenon.

The temporary replica of this great structure of the past was originally erected to house the Art Exhibit of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition of 1897, with no intention of permanence. But it seems that the mysterious power inherent in all great masterpieces had cast its spell over the people who demanded its preservation. By patching it year after year, it stood the ravages of time until finally it could be patched no longer and had either to be torn down or made permanent.

The task of studying the problem of reconstruction was entrusted to Mr. Russell E. Hart, a local architect of great ability and a scholar of classic architecture, who, having come to the conclusion that marble would be too susceptible to the action of the inevitable city smoke as well as too costly, it was decided to take advantage of our improved methods of concrete construction.

There remained, however, the problem of color which was solved by the use of crushed yellow Italian marble which, combined with a special sand and white Portland cement, produces a beautiful stone-like cream-colored texture to be used on the columns and plain surfaces.

The great problem, however, was the application of the various colors to the ornamentation and back grounds of the sculptures (works) which, in turn, was solved by the use of Zolnay's synthetic stone, Petrinite, in which the colors, instead of being applied to the surface, are made part of the stone itself so that no erosion is possible.

An accurate reconstruction of the figures, of which there are over two hundred, is made possible by a recent publication of photographic reproductions of every remaining fragment preserved in the great art museums of the world. These reconstructed models will be reproduced in Petrinite which, according to all calculations will last indefinitely. Thus, what is considered man's greatest masterpiece of ancient times will stand as a monument to the vision of the men who compose the Board of Park Commissioners of Nashville and add to that city's claim of being the Athens of the South.

Activities of the Arts Club of Washington.

The Carillon Committee of the Arts Club entertained at a dinner at the Club House September 15, 1920, the Directors of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, who were then in session in Washington, and requested their cooperation in the nation-wide project for the erection of a bell tower and carillon as a national peace memorial to the American soldiers, sailors, and marines of the world-war. The project contemplates the use of the building not only as a school for master carillon players, but also as a museum for relics from the battle-fields of France and Belgium, and a place of assembly for patriotic purposes. Letters have been received from the governors of forty states endorsing the movement, and it has been commended by various organizations. The Council of the General Federation has appointed a committee to report at its next meeting, when action will be taken.

General Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America.

The twenty-second General Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America will be held at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 28-30, 1920, in conjunction with the American Philological Association. The forty-first annual meeting of the Council of the Archaeological Institute will be held during this period. Members having papers to present will kindly communicate with Professor George M. Whicher, General Secretary, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

A Correction.

We wish to correct an error in the National Monuments Number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY (August 1920) pp. 42, 43, due to a confusion in the use of the word "Aztec." The Yucca House National Monument is at Aztec Springs, Colorado; the excavations conducted by the American Museum of Natural History are at Aztec, New Mexico. Mr. Morris excavated the Aztec Ruin and not Yucca House; and the publication of the American Museum referred to deals with the Aztec (N. M.) Ruin. Hence the caption of the illustration on page 43 should read merely, "East Wing, Aztec Ruin from the South."

BOOK CRITIQUES

Archaic England, by Harold Bayley, Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co. 1920, pp. 894.

Mr. Bayley tells us that his work "is an application of the jigsaw system to certain archaeological problems" and indeed it does remind one of the tale of the kind friend who, desiring to alleviate the weariness of his convalescence, sent to a sick man a jigsaw puzzle of the Field of the Cloth of Gold in which he had mixed a few pieces of the map of Palestine "just to make it interesting." No one who casts his net so wide and far as the writer has done can fail to capture some interesting fish, but it must be admitted that with them have emerged from the deep some strange monsters and many and various objects of more than dubious value. The author commences with the satisfying thesis that all philologists and most archaeologists know little of what they have sat down to write about. Max Muller "uses words in a loose sense;" the etymologies of Skeat and Murray are very often plainly wrong;" "one has only to refer to their pages to realize the ignorance which prevails as to the origin and the meaning of the most simple and everyday words." After this painful exposure of those whom we have supposed to be masters of their subject, Mr. Bayley proceeds to develop his own ideas of etymology, being careful, however, to warn us that "in a study of this character there must of necessity be a disquieting percentage of 'probablys' and 'possiblys'." "This," he adds, "is deplorable." Just so. Amongst these probabilities and possibilities let us consider his views as to the name John. Mr. Bayley is greatly impressed with the importance of this name. "The Irish Church," he tells us "attributes its origin to disciples of St. John" a new fact for ecclesiological students. "The Gaelic for John is *Jain*, the Gaelic for Jean or Jane is *Sine*, with which I equate *Shine*, *shone* and *sheen*, all of which have respect to the sun, as also had the arabic *Jinn*, *genii*, and '*Gian Ben Gian*' a fabulous world-ruler of the Golden Age." It is painful to have to differ but as a mere matter of fact the Gaels of today and indeed of all days, who were christened John, write themselves down as either *Sean* or *Eoin*, neither of which words is pronounced in the least like *Jain*. "Sinjohn" too, a corruption which surely does not need explanation, also has an esoteric meaning for "it was always sunshine." Again Sintan and Sinclair have

their meanings quite apart from what we now learn to be the common error that they are vulgar abbreviations of St. Anne and St. Clare, both, of course, historical personages. What really happened was that the Christian Church transformed "*San Tan*, the *Holy Fire*, into St. Anne, *Sin Clair*, the *Holy Light*, into St. Clare." We have searched but nowhere found an explanation of the fact, claimant of Mr. Bayley's attention, that *Sellenger* is a not uncommon vulgarisation of St. Leger. There cannot but be some deep significance underlying this fact. Even St. Anne's husband does not escape for "Joachim is the Joy King."

Place names are also illuminated by the rays of Mr. Bayley's system of etymology. Clerkewell is not, as generations have supposed, derived from the clerks or clerics of that part of London but from one of the varieties of Irish Fairy, the *cluricaune*. One further gem must suffice to show the treasures contained in this mine. "Near the Shannon in Ireland, and in close proximity to the church and village of Shanagolden, is 'castle' *Shenet* or *Shanid*, attached to which is a rath or earthwork. * * * * * As it is a matter of common knowledge that the worldwide wheel cross (there is a cross path in the rath in question) "was an emblem of the sun, I should therefore have no scruples in connoting Castle Shenet with the Primaeval *jeyant* or the Golden *Shine*; and suggesting that it was a sanctuary originally constructed by the Ganganoi, a people mentioned by Ptolemy as dwelling in the neighbourhood of the Shannon. The eponymous hero of the Ganganoi was a certain Sengann, who is probably the original St. Jean or Sinjohn to whom the fires of St. Jean and St. John have been diverted." And so, as we began, we close on the note of John. But surely since the spacious days of Stukely and Vallancey, when personal imagination was the standard of archaeological theory there has never appeared such a collection of singular possibilities and probabilities.

SIR BERTRAM WINDLE.

The Life of Paul, by Benjamin Willard Robinson, Ph.D. Chicago, The University Press, 1918. xiii+250 pages, \$1.25.

The Bible writers were men of their time. They wrote for the people of their own age. To interpret them aright, we must understand

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the period when they lived. This requires a knowledge of the customs, manners, antiquities, history, geography, civilization and religions. This is especially true of the apostle Paul who was the scholar among the authors of the New Testament books. Paul was influenced by his native city, Tarsus, the heathen religions, the contemporary philosophy and by the Greek-speaking synagogues. For the first time we are now becoming acquainted with Paul's world. Ramsay in such books, as "The Cities of St. Paul" and "St. Paul, the Traveler," has done much. Deissmann's volumes in "Light from Ancient East," and "St. Paul," throw a flood of light on the letters of Paul. Wendland's "Die Hellenistisch-Römische Kultur" is a masterly survey of the influence of Greek and Roman civilization on Judaism and Christianity. Heretofore we have lacked a volume that could briefly combine all the best recent contributions to the interpretation of St. Paul.

This want has now been admirably supplied in Prof. Robinson's "St. Paul." The work, containing ten chapters, opens with an account of the Mediterranean life in Paul's day dealing with such topics as The Mediterranean World, The Jews In Palestine, The Jewish Dispersion, Political and Social Conditions in the Empire, Philosophies and Mystery-Religions, Emperor-Worship and the Fullness of Time. In succeeding chapters, at every stage of the apostle's work as a teacher, preacher and writer, Prof. Robinson has gathered whatever throws light on Paul's words and works.

The epistles of Paul are outlined and woven into the narrative where they originated so that we can see at a glance the circumstances which called them forth. This furnishes a historical basis for the letters and makes them very interesting reading. At the end of each chapter are lists of the more important works for supplementary reading. The book has four appendixes containing a chronological table, a reference library, topics for special study and an outline of a life of Paul. There are full indexes of subjects and scripture passages. The work is to be highly recommended as a most important contribution to the intelligent study of Paul's life words and works. The purpose of the author expressed in the preface, has been admirably fulfilled: "The purpose of this handbook is to serve as a guide in so reading the ancient in the light of the modern that the student will be able to derive

a clear and accurate conception of the apostle and his achievements."

GEORGE S. DUNCAN.

Miniatura or the Art of Limning by Edward Norgate. Edited from the Manuscript of the Bodleian Library and collated with the Manuscripts by Martha Hardie. Oxford Clarendon Press. 1919.

Martin Hardie has rendered a distinct service in his edition of *Miniatura or the Art of Limning*, by Edward Norgate. He has prefaced the edition with a brief but comprehensive introduction. The treatise itself, on a subject of perpetual interest, is sound and explicit as to technicalities of the art, and quaintly charming as an essay. It may, with truth, be called intimate, so affectionately does our author handle his matter. For example, in speaking of "English Oker" he calls it "a friendly and familiar color." But when he speaks of Orpiment as unfit for this "exquisite Art" and "fitter" for "coulour Mapps" one is forced to smile again at the possible differences of opinion among doctors, recalling Whistler's remarks about "tender tones of orpiment."

Quite apart from the many detailed and interesting recipes and rules for actual procedure there are dispersed throughout the text many bits of comment and criticism much worth while. The praise of "Industry and practice" as fundamental to success in this, or any other art, recalls Coleridge's dictum to the effect that common sense and the willingness to work are the chief ingredients of genius. And how fine a power of discrimination he has Norgate shows when he says of the drawing of "the excellent Vandike" that it was at first "neat, exact and curious" but that he was "in all his later drawing ever judicious, never exact." "Holbeene" he calls "soe rare generall and absolute an Artist as never to imitate any man nor ever was worthily imitated by any." And yet, in closing, Norgate says; "For all Painting in general I look upon but as lace and ornament and without which a kingdom may subsist." This raises an ancient question which is always fresh, and one of peculiar concern to present civilization. The unique interest of this charming little book lies largely in this very fact. It reflects personality and is therefore of the old that are ever young.

ALFRED M. BROOKS.

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Etchers and Etching. Chapters in the History of Art, together with technical Explanations of Modern Artistic Methods. By Joseph Pennell. Pp. XVIII—357. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1919. \$15.00.

This is a large, beautifully illustrated, and expensive volume written in Mr. Pennell's characteristic indignant but humorous, lively, and amusing style. The book is divided into two parts: the first is historical and is a study of the work of the great etchers. Meryon proves to be no etcher but only a fad. Whistler receives high praise and the chapter on Whistler is one of the best and most original and valuable, especially when we remember how intimately acquainted with Whistler Mr. Pennell was. One will discount or take as humorous the fine frenzy in which Mr. Pennell indulges, even where he waxes so wrathful against professors of the fine arts and anaemic humpback newspaper reporters. Mr. Pennell's language, as we have noticed in his recent excoriations of the sign-boards at Princeton Junction and elsewhere, is delightful, even if exaggerated, and will attract notice to points which need to be driven home to the minds of many.

The Technical section, based on lectures delivered before various societies, academies, and schools in Europe and America, is even more interesting. There is nothing dry about it and it is full of personal experience. Here is a good account of inks and papers and etching grounds and tools, of biting and dry point, and mezzotint and aquatint, of printing, of trials and states, of framing and publishing and preserving prints, of arranging a print room and making a catalogue. Every known method of etching is described and the descriptions are accompanied by examples of the work of the most distinguished artists in etching of old and modern times and by original plates by the author himself.

The book will prove useful to students, collectors, and all who derive information as to the art of etching and the many plates will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever to all lovers of this important form of art. D. M. R.

The Johns Hopkins University.

Studies of the Human Figure, by G. M. Ellwood and F. R. Yerbury Boston, Marshall Jones Co., 1920.

This is a valuable text-book for classes in drawing from life, with its 87 full-page plates, and its instructive notes on drawing and anatomy, and is useful to all students of the human figure.

A Handbook of Red-Figured Vases, signed by or attributed to the Various Masters of the Sixth and Fifth Centuries B. C. By Joseph Clark Hoppin. 2 vols. Pp. XXIV, 472 and VIII, 600. Illustrated. Harvard University Press, 1919. \$8.00 per volume.

Professor Hoppin's life-long study of Greek vases, his many articles in this field, and his recent book on *Euthymides and his Fellows*, lately reviewed in ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, have made him one of the best authorities on vases. He was thus especially fitted to produce an illustrated corpus of signed Greek vases, and the present two volumes bear testimony to endless labor and detailed research as well as to Professor Hoppin's sound scholarship. All the artists identified by that great English scholar of Greek ceramics, Beazley, have been included, though not illustrated, so that the work is right up-to-date and a most valuable compendium and reference-work. It is remarkable, considering the difficulties of getting photographs in war times, how very few signed vases (less than 25) are not illustrated. In many cases good illustrations of signed vases appear here for the first time and in some cases new signed vases such as my Talaos pyxis are here first published. The material is marshalled with full bibliography under the various painters and potters in numerical order alphabetically by cities and their museums, the signed vases followed by the attributed vases and by a list of subjects and shapes employed by each master. For a work of such infinite detail and countless references there are very few misprints or minor mistakes (see my longer review in *The Art Bulletin*, vol. II, No. 2, pp. 123-128). These two volumes were well worth doing and will be invaluable for purposes of reference. They are one of the most valuable contributions and practical helps to the study of Greek vases which have appeared in recent years. They will be useful to the student of Greek ceramics in particular and to the student of art in general. Let us hope that Professor Hoppin will soon give us a similar volume for black-figured vases, for which I understand he is now gathering the material. D. M. R.

The Johns Hopkins University.

Hellenistic Sculptures, by Guy Dickins, with a preface by Percy Gardner, Oxford University Press, 1920.

This volume, by a former Fellow of the British School at Athens, who died of wounds received in the battle of the Somme, was prepared for publication by his wife. To Guy

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Dickins we are also indebted for a volume of the Catalogue of the Acropolis Museum, which appeared a few years ago, and for several valuable archaeological papers. The preface, by Percy Gardner, is a tribute to his thorough scholarship. Professor Gardner regards this work, though incomplete, as the best that has been written on the subject, and expresses regret, in which every reader will join, that the author could not bring his rich harvest to completion. Mr. Dickins treats in single chapters the Schools of Pergamon, of Alexandria and of Rhodes, and the Mainland Schools during the Hellenistic Age. He concludes with a chapter on Graeco-Roman Sculpture. Gardner adds as an appendix a list of Dickins' published works, with a summary of their purpose and contents. The book contains 53 illustrations, giving a fairly complete survey of the entire field. The author is rich in original observations, and has gathered together in concise form the best that is known of this interesting period of Greek art. The work will win prompt recognition as the most satisfactory and available handbook on the subject of Hellenistic Sculpture.

M. C.

The Gloss of Youth, by Horace Howard Furness, Jr., A. B., Litt. D. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1920. \$1.00.

Shakespeare lovers and all who are admirers of the scholarly Variorum volumes will enjoy this delightful one-act play by Dr. Furness, Jr. The theme is an imaginary episode in the lives of Shakespeare and the collaborator of his later years, John Fletcher. The great dramatist, though scorned by the "scholars" of his day, peers into the Future through "the gloss of youth," and sees the security of his fame. There is a spirited dialogue between the lad Noll Cromwell of fourteen, as King Harry, and Jack Milton aged ten, as Hamlet. Shakespeare overhears, and at length takes part in their animated discussion. Written for performance at the Shakespeare celebration of the dramatist's birth at the Edwin Forrest Home, Philadelphia, April 23rd. "The Gloss of Youth" was successfully presented by members of the Franklin Inn Club, and has been accepted for the Shakespeare festival at Stratford-on-Avon, in August 1920.

G. R. B.

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ALBANIA
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MONTENEGRO
24,000

S E R B I A
40,946

ROUMANIA
42,364

WEST RUSSIA and BALTIC STATES
52,858

P O L A N D
142,971

AUSTRIA and HUNGARY
210,660

VOL. X, No. 5

NOVEMBER, 1920

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



Published at Washington, D. C. by
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APPRECIATIONS

"I find the latest number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY very beautiful and interesting, as its predecessors have been. I am proud to have connection with it."—J. TOWNSEND RUSSELL, *Washington, D. C.*

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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, it seems, needs only to be seen and read to win its way into the hearts of folks. Please send us the names of your friends who would naturally like to read it, and we will send them the November and December Numbers with our compliments.

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NOVEMBER, 1920

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ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME X

NOVEMBER, 1920

NUMBER 5

THE BURNT AREAS OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND PROPOSAL FOR A CITY PLAN*

By FRANCIS W. KELSEY

OF THE TOTAL area of Stamboul, the most ancient part of Constantinople, and still the heart of the city, approximately one-fourth has been burnt over within the past twelve years, and lies unrestored and desolate.

This estimate is based upon official data. The total area of Stamboul which has been built upon is reckoned at eight million five hundred thousand square meters; the burnt areas—making no account of isolated small fires, aggregate two million and eighty-nine thousand square meters.

East of Stamboul lies the quarter of Galata, which is separated from it by the Golden Horn. Above Galata, on the crest of the height, is Pera, the European quarter. Though these and the other sections of Constantinople east of the Golden Horn contain a larger proportion of modern buildings their desolated burnt areas are nevertheless conspicuous.

The relation of the burnt areas to the rest of the city may be seen at a glance. The accompanying Plan with the areas marked was prepared for the United States High Commissioner, Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol, and is published with his permission. It is evident that the destruction has been caused by a series of seven great conflagrations.

The first of these desolated the area in Stamboul marked A on the Plan. It started on August 26th, 1908, and destroyed fifteen hundred buildings. The second great fire commenced July 24th, 1911, in the smaller of the two areas marked B and leaped across to the larger areas; it burned two thousand and four hundred and sixty-three buildings. The following day the area marked C, in the Jewish quarter, was burnt over. The area marked D was burned June 3d, 1912.

The largest burnt area in Pera is that marked E on the Plan. The fire

*Owing to the urgency and importance of Professor Kelsey's suggestion, this article appears simultaneously in *The Journal of the American Institute of Architects*.—EDITORS.



Photograph by George R. Swain, University of Michigan.

CONSTANTINOPLE: A typical fire-nest in Stamboul, near the edge of burnt area marked F.

started on July 26th, 1915, a short distance south of the German Embassy which occupied a dominating position on the Pera ridge, and spread southward roughly paralleling the shore of the Bosphorus. It consumed fourteen hundred buildings. The most recent fire on the east side of the Golden Horn broke out about a year ago, on June 21st, 1919; the burnt area is marked G.

The most fearful conflagration of all commenced on June 13th, 1918, and swept over the area marked F. It cleared a broad strip from near the edge of the Golden Horn southward over the peninsula through the heart of Stamboul. It destroyed eight thousand buildings and left desolate eleven hundred thousand square meters, slightly more than one-eighth of the entire area of Stamboul devoted to buildings.

These areas of destruction by fire give to Constantinople an appearance in some respects resembling that of European cities which were partially destroyed in the war. There is, however, this difference. In the war-wrecked cities of Europe—with some exceptions—walls of buildings are still standing; in Constantinople there are whole blocks in which so little stone or brick was used in construction that one looks across an almost open space.

The fires have had their origin in a variety of causes.

The first cause is the failure to enforce suitable building regulations. Leaving out of consideration the mosques, Government buildings and homes of the wealthy, one observes that the great majority of the shops and houses in Stamboul, and a smaller proportion



Photograph by George R. Swain, University of Michigan.

CONSTANTINOPLE: View from the city wall near the Adrianople Gate, looking east. In the background, at the right, is the Sea of Marmora. The group of six minarets in the background and nearest the sea belongs to the Mosque of Ahmed. The large tower at the middle of the background indicates the location of the War Office. In the middle ground the burnt area F extends entirely across the range of vision.

in the quarters east of the Golden Horn, are wretchedly built. Though the roofs may be covered with tiles, wood has been so extensively used in construction that the fire hazard in many places is greater than in the average American frontier town, because the streets are so much narrower. Fire-nests, consisting of groups of unpainted and run-down wooden buildings, may be found within a block of the two principal streets of Pera, the Grande Rue de Pera and the Rue des Petits Champs. The fire protection, moreover, is wholly inadequate.

One hears strange stories, too, about the methods of the firemen under the old régime. These I have not been at pains to verify, and verification would be difficult; but I am told that when

a fire broke out warning was given to indicate the quarter in order that a man's friends might know that his property was in danger and rush to help him save his effects; and that the point of view of the firemen was about as follows:

"It is the will of Allah that this place be burned, else the fire would not have started. The owner would lose all his effects if we did not rescue them. If we take them for ourselves, therefore, it will be no loss to him, and we need the proceeds because we cannot get enough to live on in any other way."

Since the fireman's first duty, as he conceived it, was to himself, his main efforts were directed to salvaging, with the right to dispose of everything



Photograph by George R. Swain, University of Michigan.

CONSTANTINOPLE: View in Pera, showing the contrast between European buildings, along the higher part of the ridge, and native buildings in the foreground.

which the owner and his friends could not carry away in their own hands. The fire meanwhile was apt to run its course, unless sufficient bakshish was forthcoming or some public building was in danger.

A long-time resident of Constantinople informs me that he has seen firemen in front of a burning building stand idle while bargaining with the owner in regard to the amount to be paid them in case they should put out the fire.

It is believed by many that if the indifference of Allah caused a dearth of fires for too extended a period, he might be reminded of the necessities of the firemen by starting a small blaze in some promising quarter. Should this die out, they would be resigned to further long-suffering; but

if a profitable fire resulted, it was the will of Allah, "whose name be praised."

Near the beginning of the war, when the Germans took charge of affairs in Constantinople, a more efficient fire-department was installed, with modern appliances. Nevertheless by comparison of dates it will be seen that two of the worst conflagrations have accomplished their work of destruction since 1914.

In regard to the origin of the recent fires there is no lack of sinister rumors. The fact that the largest burnt areas in Stamboul, marked A, B, D, and F on the Plan, are in districts inhabited chiefly by Turks, has led to the charge that their enemies were responsible for the destruction.

On the other hand, it has been suggested in all seriousness that the burnt



Photograph by George R. Swain, University of Michigan.

CONSTANTINOPLE: View over a section of the burnt area marked F, looking east, just before sunset. At the edge of evening the minaret in the middle ground, rising above ruined and deserted mosques, presents a ghostly appearance.

area below the German Embassy, E on the Plan, represents the fulfilment of a deliberate purpose on the part of the Germans to get rid of old buildings in order to beautify the part of the city between their Embassy and the water's edge. This reminds one of the rumor circulated after the great fire in Rome in July of the year 64 A.D., that the Emperor Nero had it started in order to clear the ground for a re-building of the city in accordance with his designs.

It is not necessary to attribute the conflagrations to an incendiary origin. A comparison of dates brings home the fact that they have all taken place in the summer, when the heat of the sun makes the houses as dry as tinder. Popular report has it that fire-alarms thicken when the fruit of the egg-plant

comes into market; this is fried in oil which, carelessly used, may easily start a blaze in a small wooden kitchen, though of course the use of oil in cooking is not confined to any season.

However that may be, if one looks at the Plan, he will see that the burnt areas run in a general direction north and south. An insurance expert informs me that all the great fires started at the north end of the devastated zones, and were driven southward by the north wind, which here blows strongly in the afternoon of a large proportion of summer days. "The recent great fires are all due to accident," he said, "and to a lack of water for putting them out as they were starting."

The same expert is authority for the statement that before the war the burning of single buildings or small groups

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of buildings was for a time systematically practiced by an organized gang of criminals who, forming an alliance with the police, placed heavy insurance and started fires in order to collect it. One is not surprised to learn that at the present time the rate of insurance in Constantinople is twice as high as in Paris for the same classes of buildings.

At first thought one wonders that almost nothing has been done in the way of re-building. Here again several causes have contributed to the same result. It must not be forgotten that in the years preceding the Great War conditions in Turkey were much disturbed, first by revolution, then by the Italian and Balkan wars. In the meantime the costs of materials and construction have so increased that according to the estimate of an expert about half the owners of the real estate in the fire-swept districts are quite unable to raise the money needed for re-building. But if the requisite capital were at hand, it is by no means certain that re-building would now be resumed, because of extreme uncertainty in regard to the future administration and development of the city, and the lack of a definite plan.

The destruction of habitations in Constantinople has been accompanied by a notable increase in population. In 1908 the number of inhabitants was estimated as above eight hundred thousand, but less than nine hundred thousand. No exact statistics are available but conservative computations place the total number of inhabitants at the present time about twelve hundred thousand, though it is suggested that the total may run as high as twelve hundred and fifty thousand. The city is crowded with refugees and foreigners.

The resulting condition has brought indescribable hardships to the people of the city. While the population has increased some thirty per cent or more, its housing accommodations have been reduced, on a conservative estimate, at least fifteen per cent below the total of 1908. The congestion of living and of street traffic is almost unbelievable to one who has not come into direct contact with it.

In consequence Constantinople, instead of being, as in times past, one of the cheapest cities in the world to live in, is now more expensive than any other capital that I have visited in recent months; to be specific, living is here more costly than in London, Paris, Athens, Rome, Bucharest, Sofia, Damascus, or even Jerusalem and Cairo. In what degree the high cost of living in Constantinople is due to profiteering I do not know; but it is not necessary to attribute wholly to profiteering the excessive cost of living here at this time in view of the demand for quarters to live in and the cutting off of the supplies ordinarily brought in from Asia Minor. The Turkish Nationalists have had control of the country east of the Bosphorus to within a comparatively short distance of the city.

From the point of view of the future, the burned areas of Constantinople are an asset of incomparable value and interest. The great fires of the last century in American cities furnish no proper parallel. These cities were of modern growth, with broad and regular streets, and in most cases had an adequate system of sewers and water mains. With the exception of a comparatively small area, therefore, it was possible in rebuilding to follow the lines of the old streets.

Here in Constantinople, on the contrary, one finds almost virgin soil for

city planning. In the unburnt portions of the city a large part of the construction still remains of the flimsiest character, and the development of public utilities is far behind the requirements of the population. On account of its commercial and political relations, and its advantages of location, at the crossing of two inter-continental trade routes—an East and West land route connecting Europe and Asia, and a great water route North and South—this center of population, under proper governmental administration, must rank among the most important in the world.

If only a far-sighted and liberal public policy can be worked out and given legal sanction, it presents the most extraordinary opportunity of the ages to build a metropolitan city in the light of the experience and knowledge which the centuries of civic development, and the recent decades of intensive study of city planning, place at the service of the expert.

This is an age when the results of past experience are increasingly utilized by enlightened peoples in dealing with large problems of this character. But it is also an age which more than any other has reduced the study of human origins to a science; by means of investigation and interpretation of the remains of man's handiwork, it is laying the foundation for a more intelligent analysis of modern issues through the knowledge of what man has aimed at and has accomplished in the past. Human hands have wrought on the site of Stamboul since the seventh century before Christ, and on the site of Galata since the third century before Christ.

It would be a crime against science if the re-building of Constantinople should be commenced without strict regulations in regard to the recording

and conservation of all data of historical and archaeological interest revealed by excavations for streets and buildings. In all building operations arrangements should be made to unearth, under scientific direction, the sites where digging for any purpose should indicate the presence of material of historical or archaeological value. Under suitable regulations the scientific exploration of the site could be carried on along with the building operations in a way not to delay or impede construction.

Who will undertake to work out and formulate a comprehensive policy looking toward the future development of this city, which must arise from its squalor, and may, within a generation, be made "a city beautiful?" It is hardly to be expected that the local government, or the European Powers directly interested—beset, as they will be, with grave difficulties of many sorts—will of their own initiative essay this task in a broad way. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that if a competent commission of experts should work out a feasible plan, this would probably be adopted and enforced under proper supervision. The first step is to secure the data and prepare the plan.

Is this not a proper undertaking for certain leading organizations in the United States to attack through co-operation? If the American Institute of Architects or the American Federation of Arts should invite special organizations whose work touches the field—such as the Archaeological Institute of America and the American Historical Association—immediately to send representatives to New York or Washington to join in a conference in order to attack the problem in an effective way, the beginning would be

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

made of a solution fraught with incalculable possibilities for good.

After a preliminary plan of attack had been worked out European co-operation might be enlisted and the way opened to present a clearly formulated and practicable plan to the authorities in control of the city.

The project is by no means visionary. In Constantinople there is no more careful student of problems connected with the welfare of the city, present and future, than the United States High Commissioner, Rear Admiral Bristol. In regard to the problem with which this article is concerned he has expressed himself as follows:

"The City of Constantinople, both in Stamboul and Pera, is suffering from the lack of public utilities which any modern city should have. The sewage and water systems are inefficient and inadequate. The streets are narrow and badly paved, if paved at all, and are generally used for depositing refuse. The lack of a proper supply of water and sufficient pressure in the water mains is not only conducive to unsanitary conditions, but places added difficulties in the way of fighting

fire. In addition to the narrow streets there are very few, if any, open spaces or parks as breathing places for the congested population. If it were not for the natural situation of the city on hills, with natural drainage to the sea, and the strong currents in the Bosphorus that flush away all refuse, this city would probably be a pest hole of all kinds of contagious diseases. As it is, contagious diseases of all kinds constantly exist in the city, and there are various epidemics from time to time.

"Thus it seems to me that an American organization to design, finance and construct a City Beautiful, with all modern appliances, upon the burned ruins of a large part of the city of Constantinople, would be an enterprise worthy of the best efforts of American progressiveness."

The first condition of success lies in immediate action, that a plan may be matured and made ready for adoption before conditions have so changed as to make the adoption of a comprehensive plan impossible.

London, England.





"And when did you last see your father?" by W. F. Yeames.
An episode in the time of Cromwell.

Liverpool Corporation.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TRAGIC IN ART

By ALFRED J. LOTKA, M.A., D.Sc.

"Tragedy warms the soul, elevates the heart, can and ought to create heroes. In this sense, perhaps, France owes part of her greatness to Corneille."—Napoleon.

THERE seems something incongruous in the thought of "enjoying" a tragedy. Why should we go out of our way to be sad? Why does my Lady purchase occasion to shed tears at the price of a theatre box? Why should the mourning widow nurse her grief to keep it fresh against the dulling drift of time? Surely, pleasure and pain are strangely mingled.

In the landscape of life values have varied levels; molehills and mounds in the foreground, rolling headlands merging into great mountains on the far horizon. For the most part our attentions are kept fully occupied and absorbed with the little things in life, with small pleasures and petty annoyances. The low hill nearby eclipses the

mountain in the distance. Our horizon is narrowly drawn. We feel small in a small world. Then blows some wind of fate. There is a storm in our sea of values. We discover that these mounds, these hills, these mountains are not fixed, as points in the solid landscape of the earth, but rather, like the billows of the sea, they surge and heave, carrying us with them into their troughs and crests. Our whole perspective is changed. Carried aloft on the peak of some great emotion we seem to see the world now in its true proportions. How insignificant our concerns of yesterday, how intense the issues of today. We move, for a while, on a heroic plane. "There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away" sings discon-



"The Weeping Magdalen," by Quentin Matsys.

Royal Gallery, Berlin



"The Muse Melpomene," by Johann Heinrich Tischbein.

Royal Gallery, Cassell

solate Byron. No emotion has the same power to stir to its depths the human heart as that of grief. Thus, in the hard school of life, pain and suffering is commonly the high price paid to purchase exaltation.

But we possess faculties which enable us, as it were, to cheat nature of her price. What is the secret of our absorption in the novel? How does a play draw tears to our eyes? Why so much feeling for a mere fictitious character? These are questions for the psychologist, and he is ready with an answer. He tells us that the reason we follow with breathless attention the play of fate around the hero

of the tale, is that we unconsciously identify ourselves with him and share his joys and sorrows. This is merely an extension of that faculty of sympathy by which in everyday life the members of a civilized community are knit together, and without which we should be reduced below the level of the savage. With this faculty and our imagination we, as it were, enter the play or the story and become living participants in its evolution. And so, in watching the play or reading the story we go through similar feelings and experiences as if we ourselves actually suffered the trials of the *dramatis personæ*. By the skill of the writer, by courtesy

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of the players we are led to those heights from which we may survey the world with enlarged horizon and in truer perspective.

But in fiction and the drama tragedy is shorn of its sting; its price is measured in dollars and cents instead of human lives. At the same time, no doubt, the appeal to the higher qualities in man is in a measure weakened when the make-believe is substituted for realities. The story of the Russian lady weeping over the characters in the play, while the coachman on the box of her carriage outside is freezing to death, is a pointed illustration of this. Yet we should err if we were to charge such faulty reaction to the stimulus

of tragedy wholly against the account of fiction. The same person would probably, in real life, display similar preoccupation with her "sweet sorrow," to the exclusion of altruistic feelings. The victims over whom Judge Jeffries shed his tears were, to their cost, very real persons.

No, we can not argue that, because the inspiration from tragedy is obtained at so small a sacrifice in fiction (as compared with what it costs in real life), therefore its value as an influence upon the people is correspondingly small, for there are compensating factors. In literature we see the world through the eyes of the great master minds. "Your own fragment of in-



"The Burning of Troy," by Adam Elsheimer.

Royal Pinakothek, Munich.



Grosvenor House, London

"Mrs. Siddons as The Tragic Muse,"
by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

sight was accidental, and perhaps temporary. Their lives are one long ecstasy” says Arnold Bennett. With such guides as these we may indeed mount high Parnassus, whence the Tragic Muse surveys the world. Thence, through Ibsen’s genius, we see Hedvig, sweet and innocent, bearing upon her frail young shoulders the crushing weight of the stupid fanaticism of a Gregers; the human error of a Werle; the miserable, contemptible weakness of character of a Hjalmar. The Hjalmar in us smarts under the

stinging rebuke and is awed by the spectre of the visitation upon innocents of our transgressions: of dreaming, when we should have acted; of whining when, with brave heart and set face, we should have accepted the hard facts of fate.

But the Muse is not forever chiding. Since the dawn of history it has been the peculiar sphere of Melpomene to sing the undying glory of the heroes of fact and fiction; of those who have heeded the call to the supreme sacrifice. But yesterday, alas, Percival Allen sang the dirge:

They lie in France
Where lilies bloom;

And mutely there the long night shadows creep
From quiet hills to mourn for them who sleep,
While o’er them through the dusk go silently
The grieving clouds that slowly drift to sea.

And the prophesy of the poet has come true:

For they shall have their hearts’ desire
They who, unflinching, braved the fire,
Across the fields their eyes at last shall see
Through clouds and mist the hosts of victory.

And we, who reap in peace the harvest which *they* sowed in pain and blood and death, may catch a faint glimmer of the spirit in which *they* served. Then, perhaps, dawns on us the true significance of the Tragic in Art, as in Life—we feel with Emerson “’tis the majesty into which we have suddenly mounted, the impersonality, the scorn of egotism, the sphere of laws, that engage us.” And, as the new truth comes to our mind, “we suddenly expand to its dimensions as if we grew to worlds.” It is this expansion of one’s being into a greater self coextensive with the universe that gives supreme satisfaction, that “sense of being which

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in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, . . . but one with them." Thus are we liberated from the shackles of our lesser selves, for "when souls reach a certain degree of perception, they accept a knowledge and motive above selfishness. . . . He who sees through the design, presides over it, and must *will* that which must *be*." So Socrates, in superb contempt of death, refuses to sacrifice the dignity of manhood in a sordid plea for life; so Sydney Carton goes to his death, saying "It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done before." The common interests of self are completely submerged in the greater consciousness of partnership in the universe.

How well has Sir Joshua Reynolds in his famous portrait of Mrs. Siddons rendered the spirit of the Tragic in Art. There is here no hint of that aspect of the tragic which is typified in the sculpture of the Laocoon Group, product of the later, decadent period of Greek art. For it is not in harrowing details of physical suffering that the great masters find material for their creations. The horrible may at times be an accessory of the tragic, but it is never its essential element.

It is the austere beauty of the tragic that engages the artist; and it is such solemn beauty that Sir Joshua Reynolds projected on his canvas in the portrait of *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*. Well might his brush be inspired to the task. For, as Mrs. Jameson tells us, "when Mrs. Siddons sat for this portrait in 1784, this unrivalled actress and in every way admirable woman was in her thirtieth year, in the prime of her glorious beauty, and in full blaze of her popularity; honored in her profession and honoring it by the union of moral and personal dignity, genius and virtue." To such a woman the painter paid his tribute when, having inscribed his name on the border of her drapery, he said, "I could not lose the honor of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Thus in an atmosphere of veneration was the masterpiece produced, as befitted the subject. For, when witnessing the creations of the Tragic Muse, we are impressed, not so much with the sadness of the spectacle, as with the fine nobility of soul for the manifestation of which the tragedy has furnished the occasion. For nobility is the willingness to suffer.

New York, N. Y.

THE GOLDEN YEAR

(In honor of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

At fifty years it stands magnificent,
Adorned with glories gleaned from seven seas,
The burden of dream-laden argosies
Borne from far shores by dreamers reverent;
And rarest forms and colors ambient
Burn in long-buried vase and reliquaries
Of Greece, in paintings and in harmonies
Of storied stone, serenely excellent.

These treasures are not all: within those halls
The hearts of long ago beat clear to us,
And men once here seem weavers at a loom;
Thus, Art can hold Time conquered by her walls,
And over Silence prove victorious,
An Angel who rolls open wide the tomb.

JOHN L. FOLEY.

New York City.

OLYMPIA AND GREEK ATHLETICS

By CHARLES NEWTON SMILEY

IN DISCUSSING Greek athletics and Olympia we may take as a suitable text a phrase that was formulated by the Roman poet Juvenal, "*mens sana in corpore sano*," a sound mind in a sound body. Fully eight hundred years before Juvenal formulated the phrase, the ideal which it contains was striven after and in a large measure realized by the whole Greek people. No other nation has ever given so much attention to athletic sports as did the ancient Greeks. It can hardly be denied that this interest in physical training was responsible in no small degree for their prodigious mental attainments and intellectual achievements. In the days of Pericles in Athens a man was not considered educated unless his body were normally developed. There was abundant opportunity for this normal development. In the little district of Attica—a district not larger than a single county of Iowa, there were each year thirteen athletic festivals in which any Athenian youth might participate. Every district in Greece had similar local contests. But high-towering above the numerous local contests were the four great Panhellenic contests to which the whole Greek world was invited, the games at Olympia, at Nemea, at the Isthmus of Corinth, and at Delphi. If one went to the games at Olympia he met there the whole Greek speaking world. There were sure to be representatives not only from the mainland of Greece, but also from South Italy, from Cyrene in North Africa, from the Isle of Rhodes, from Asia Minor and from the more distant shores of the Black Sea. It was no unusual thing for an athlete to make a journey

of five hundred miles for the chance of winning a crown of wild olive. If he returned home as victor, his fellow-citizens welcomed him as a hero. Sometimes they broke down the city wall to make a new entrance way of honor. Often a celebrated poet was employed to write an ode commemorating the victory—and this ode was chanted by choruses of youths and maidens as the triumphal procession entered the city. Solon made provision in his great law code that any Athenian who was victorious at Olympia should receive five hundred drachmae from the public treasury. This emphasis on physical training was not a wild spasm of enthusiasm that soon passed by. The history of the games at Olympia extended over a thousand years, from 776 B.C. or even from an earlier date, down to 394 A.D., when the games along with other pagan institutions were abolished by the Christian emperor Theodosius. What lay behind this remarkable phenomenon? I wish to call attention to five distinct forces in Greek life which tended to make the Greeks devotees of athletics. First of all, the anthropologists tell us that the Greek race arose from the blending of two races; one a tall, fair-haired race from the north that brought with them from their northern home a love of the chase and of athletic sports; the other a short, dark-haired, art-loving Mediterranean race from whom the Greeks inherited an aesthetic bias in the blood, a love of the beautiful which manifested itself in their longing for symmetry and proportion in their temples, in their poetry, in their sculpture and in their own bodies. This aesthetic bias was subli-



Olympia as it appears today. The foundations of the temple of Zeus are in the foreground. In the background appears the museum in which the Hermes of Praxiteles, the pediment sculptures and metopes that survive from the temple, and other ancient marbles found in the excavations, are preserved.

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mated in the belief that a beautiful body was the external evidence and expression of a beautiful soul.

Third, there was the religious influence. The earliest Greeks were worshippers of their heroic dead. Pausanias tells us that in many market places of the various Greek cities he visited he found an altar above the grave of some local hero, where offerings were regularly made. One of the commonest ways of honoring such a local hero was by the perpetuation of funeral games. At Olympia the games were first held in honor of Pelops, the Phrygian hero who gave his name to the Peloponnesus. Afterwards when the worship of the Olympian deities superseded hero worship, the games were held in honor of Zeus. The sacred and religious character of the games is perhaps best illustrated by the sacred truce which was observed at the time of the celebration. Six weeks before the beginning of the festival, heralds went out through the whole Greek-speaking world announcing the games and truce. During a period of three months any one coming to or going from Olympia might pass in safety and without molestation even through the territory of an enemy.

The fourth force in the life of the Greeks which directed their attention to athletics, was war and military service. After the year 490 B. C., they could all remember with pride the time when the physical integrity of their race had saved Greece her freedom. They would not soon forget the glorious day when ten thousand Athenians had charged across the plain at Marathon—and after they had charged for a mile in heavy armor, still had strength enough to whip two hundred thousand Persians and drive them to their ships. Nearly all their athletic

contests were a preparation for military service and had a direct relation to warfare.

The fifth influence was the consciousness on the part of the Greeks that soundness of body is the true basis and foundation of intellectual achievement. "Bodily debility," says Socrates, "causes loss of memory, low spirits, a peevish temper and even madness to invade a man." One is surprised in looking over the list of distinguished men whose intellectual achievements made Athens a radiating centre of culture for all time, to see how many of them were conspicuous in their youth for their athletic victories. Plato the philosopher won prizes at the Isthmus and at Delphi; Aeschylus was one of the ten thousand who charged across the plain at Marathon; Euripides the last of the tragic triad was crowned victor at the Eleusinian and Thesean games. All of these men had the "*mens sana in corpore sano*."

But to turn more directly to a discussion of the games at Olympia. These games occurred every four years. They began at the time of the first or second full moon after the summer solstice; that would be either in August or September. They lasted five days. Any Greek of pure blood, no matter where he lived might enter the contests; but before he entered he must take oath at the altar of Zeus, first, that he had trained for ten months, the last month under the direction of the authorities at Olympia; second, that he would abide by the rules of the contest, that he would play fair. It is a noteworthy fact that in more than a thousand years only six or seven contestants were found guilty of breaking their oath.

At the first it seems that the games consisted only of chariot racing, but



The ruins of the Temple of Hera at Olympia in which the German excavators found the Hermes of Praxiteles. This is generally regarded as the oldest temple site in Greece.

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that soon other events were added until finally there were thirteen different events, viz., three foot races varying in length from two hundred yards to three miles; 4, the pentathlon; 5, wrestling; 6, boxing; 7, the pancration; 8, the foot race for boys; 9, the wrestling match for boys; 10, the boxing bout for boys; 11, race in heavy armor; 12, the chariot race; 13, the horse or mule race.

Perhaps a word of explanation will prove helpful, indicating how the ancient event differed from the modern event. In the foot races the contestants ran with bare feet; with no garment except the loin cloth. A runner who started too soon was ruled out of the race, so that it passed into a proverb: "He who starts too soon is beaten." Particular importance seems to have been attached to the shortest race, the stade race, of two hundred yards. Again and again Pausanias makes use of the expression—such and such an event occurred when so and so won the stade race at Olympia. Eusebius the church chronicler has preserved for us a list of all the victors in this race for a period of nine hundred and ninety three years. Aristotle the philosopher compiled the earlier part of this list. But it is the long distance running of the Greeks which most impresses the modern imagination. For a man to run all day long as Pheidippides ran from Athens to Sparta, seems almost unbelievable. Pausanias gives an account of a certain Drymus who after winning the three mile race at Olympia immediately set out for his home in Epidaurus, and ran all the way up hill and down dale, more than a hundred miles in a single day.

The event which counted the most for physical training was the pentathlon. To win the pentathlon one must participate in five different contests—

in running the stade race, in jumping, in throwing the spear, in throwing the discus, and in wrestling. There are several noteworthy things about the pentathlon. In the first place it makes provision for the development not of a particular set of muscles, but for the symmetrical development of all the muscles of the whole body. It laid emphasis on grace as well as strength. It was not sufficient for the wrestler to throw his opponent; he must throw him gracefully and in good form. The jumper must have a care to light with heels parallel and in such a way as to recover himself; he was not allowed to fall clumsily forward as some of our jumpers do. In throwing the discus the modern thrower whirls three times in a circle and lets the discus fly—not a very graceful performance. The ancient Greek ran forward to a line and threw the discus; distance was sacrificed for grace. Three of these contests, the jumping, throwing the discus, and throwing the spear, were accompanied by the music of the flute, giving a certain rhythm to the movements. In throwing the spear a cord was attached to it, which was wound around the shaft, giving it a rotary as well as a forward movement. The emperor Napoleon had experiments made with the spear, which demonstrated that the spear could be thrown eighty metres with the help of the cord, and only twenty metres without the cord. About fifteen specimens of the ancient discus have come down to us; they are made of stone or metal, and vary in weight from two to ten pounds. In jumping, weights were used.

In boxing, the boxer confined his attention to his opponent's head. The boxer was recognized by his crushed ears. In Greek times light thongs were bound about the boxer's hands. It

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The winged Victory of Paeonius, found by the German excavators in front of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia.

was not until imperial Roman times that the heavy metal cestus was used. Virgil is guilty of a serious anachronism when he assigns such boxing gloves to the followers of Aeneas.

The most brutal of all the events was the pancration. Pancration is from pan, meaning all, and cratos, meaning strength. The contestants were not allowed to bite or gouge each other, but they could use any other means they chose to make their adversary cry "enough." It was a rough-and-tumble fight, a sort of miniature foot ball game. In the Tribuna of the Uffizi gallery in Florence, there is a splendid sculptured group of two pancratiasts.

To turn now to the picturesque valley in which these contests were held. Olympia lies in the valley of the little river Alpheus at the foot of Mount Cronus, a hill top some four hundred feet above the sea. The place suffered various vicissitudes even before Theodosius abolished the games. Many of its works of art were carried off to embellish Rome and Constantinople. But after the games had been suppressed, Olympia met with still greater misfortunes. Various barbarian invaders from the north ravaged and plundered the sacred precinct. The inhabitants of the locality tore down some of its buildings to erect fortifications against these invaders. In the sixth century earthquakes shook down the principal temples, and finally the river Alpheus and its tributary stream the Cladeus changed their courses and covered the wreck and ruin with fifteen or twenty feet of silt and sand. About the middle of the eighteenth century, the great German scholar, Winckelmann, the founder of scientific archaeology, made the suggestion that if the valley were excavated, many art treasures would undoubtedly be found. It took a hundred years for this suggestion to bear fruit. In 1874 the German emperor, William I, gave two hundred thousand dollars to carry out the project. For seven years

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excavations were carried on under the direction of Ernst Curtius and Friedrich Adler. Thanks to these men and thanks to the later work of Doerpfeld, and thanks most of all to that indefatigable traveler and writer of the second century, Pausanias, we are now able to locate and identify nearly all the buildings at Olympia. A considerable number of art objects were found, but not so many as Winckelmann had hoped, for the barbarians and time had done their work too well. In entering the excavations one passes between the scant remains of the wrestling school and gymnasium where the athletes were trained; he then passes the prytaneum, the great dining hall where the victors were entertained at public cost. Then he comes to the temple of Hera, one of the oldest temples on the mainland of Greece. Pausanias tells us that he saw within this temple the gold and ivory table on which the victors' wreaths were laid. He further states that he saw near the wall of the temple, a splendid statue of Hermes and the infant Dionysus, the work of Praxiteles. Now it chanced that the wall of the temple was built only partly of stone; the upper part was made of sun-dried bricks. When the earthquakes wrecked the temple this statue of Praxiteles fell among the sun-dried bricks, where the rain made for it a soft bed of clay. In this bed of clay the German excavators found it. It is generally conceded that this statue is the most valuable single statue in the world. Without doubt, if it were offered for sale, it would bring far more than the two hundred thousand dollars which the German emperor invested in the excavations. As it appears in our picture, the legs below the knees are a restoration. In the days of Praxiteles, sculptors had not carefully studied the proportions



The Bronze Charioteer, portrait statue of a victor in the Pythian Games at Delphi, discovered in the French excavations.

of a child's body. The infant Dionysus has an adult form reduced. It was only in the Hellenistic age one hundred years later that careful attention was given to the infant's form in sculpture.

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Concerning the restoration of the right arm many conjectures have been made. The most remarkable one seems to be that Hermes is holding up a bunch of grapes before the infant wine god. At any rate he does not seem to be giving much attention to the child. He seems rapt in meditation; his thoughts seem far away. Perhaps he is listening to the nightingales that still sing in the valley at Olympia, or perhaps he catches the strain of some idle shepherd's pipe that comes dreamily floating across the valley from some distant hillside. It is a music that knows nothing of strenuousness, that is free from anxious care—a music that can produce the mood that is portrayed on the face of the Hermes. It is this which makes the statue supreme. The critics praise it not simply because it has beautifully modeled flesh, finely wrought muscles and a well proportioned body, but because it has a soul, a spirit. It could speak if it cared to give up its more precious meditation.

No woman was allowed to witness the great games at Olympia except the priestess of Demeter. The penalty for violating this rule was death. The story is told of a certain Rhodian mother, Pherenice, who came to Olympia dressed as a trainer that she might see the victory of her son. She was discovered and would have been put to death, if her family had not produced so long a line of athletic victors. But while women were not allowed to attend the great games, at a different season they had games of their own that were called the Heraea, in connection with the temple of Hera. By a rare chance there is preserved in the Vatican collection of sculpture, a statue which we are able to identify through the description of Pausanias as one of the runners at the Heraean games.

Directly in front of the great dining hall in the most conspicuous place in all Olympia stood a little circular structure with Ionic and Corinthian columns called the Philippeum. It was erected shortly after the year 338 B. C. when Philip of Macedon crushed the Athenians at the battle of Chaeronea. So it stood as a sort of monument to the final downfall of Athenian liberty. It contained gold and ivory statues of five members of the family of Philip, including that of his son Alexander the Great. It is said that during Alexander's campaigns in the far east, he sent couriers to Olympia to announce his achievements, and to issue proclamations in his name.

Going eastward beyond the temple of Hera towards the stadium, one passes along a terrace at the foot of Mount Cronus. On this terrace stood a succession of twelve treasure houses built by twelve Greek cities as repositories for votive offerings and the paraphernalia of their athletes. An enumeration of the names of these cities may help us to understand better the wide influence of the games. There were three on the mainland of Greece: Sicyon, Megara, and Epidamnus; two in South Italy: Metapontum and Sybaris; three in Sicily: Gela, Syracuse and Selinus; one in North Africa: Cyrene; and Byzantium on the Black Sea. There were two others of which Pausanias does not furnish us the names. On a lower terrace at the very entrance of the stadium stood sixteen small statues called *zanes*. These *zanes* were erected with the fines imposed on athletes for violating their oath. As I have already stated, it is a noteworthy fact that such fines were only imposed six or seven times in a thousand years. The position of the *zanes* at the entrance of the stadium is also noteworthy. The last thing an athlete saw before

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entering the contest was this reminder that he should keep his oath and play the game fair.

The stadium itself has been only partially excavated. It was six hundred and thirty-one feet long and quite similar to the stadium at Delphi shown in our picture; only there were no tiers of stone seats for the spectators. On one side the slopes of Mount Cronus were utilized; on the three other sides there were artificial embankments. It is estimated that forty or fifty thousand spectators could witness the games. As one visits the quiet stadium today it is hard to realize that the hillside once reverberated with the ovations given to Themistocles and Pericles.

South of the stadium was the hippodrome; this has been almost entirely obliterated by the river Alpheus. The Roman emperors Tiberius and Nero were victors in the chariot race in the hippodrome at Olympia. It is said that Nero was thrown from his chariot and almost killed; but in spite of that fact the judges found it expedient to give him the prize.

To return now to the sacred precinct, to the principal temple at Olympia, the temple of Zeus. It was erected after the Persian war some twenty years before the building of the Parthenon. It was two hundred and ten feet long and ninety-six feet wide; it was almost as large and of almost the same proportions as the Parthenon, though not so finely constructed. It was built of porous limestone stuccoed over to represent marble. At either end of the temple crowning the wall of the cella were sculptured metopes representing the twelve labors of Hercules. Only two of these metopes are reasonably well preserved. One represents Hercules struggling with the Cretan bull, a composition of great vigor of movement. The

other represents Hercules holding up the heavens while Atlas brings the apples of the Hesperides. There is a certain charming naïveté about this composition. It looks as if some feminine hand had furnished Hercules with the soft cushion that protects his head and shoulders. You will note, too, how one of the daughters of Atlas has gently lifted her hand to relieve the weary hero. It recalls that fine line of Shakespeare—that finest line in Shakespeare from the masculine view point. You remember the scene in the *Tempest* where Ferdinand is carrying the logs, how Miranda comes along—the gentle, the delicate, the refined Miranda, and says, “You rest and I’ll bear the logs the while.” In the east pediment of the temple there were sculptured figures representing the preparations for the chariot race between Pelops and Oenomaus. This brings us to the most important legend connected with Olympia. Oenomaus, an early king of the land, had a beautiful daughter, Hippodameia, who had many suitors. The condition had been laid down that whoever married Hippodameia, must first defeat her father in the chariot race. The course was a long one, extending from Olympia to the Isthmus of Corinth. Oenomaus always gave the suitor a start, while he sacrificed a ram. Then he overtook the suitor and slew him with a spear. Already thirteen suitors lay buried on a hilltop near by when Pelops, the Phrygian stranger came along. With him everything was fair in love. He bribed the king’s charioteer to loosen the lynch pin of his master’s chariot. So Oenomaus was slain and Pelops became king in his stead and married Hippodameia. In the days of Pausanias the tomb of Pelops was still an object of great veneration. The athletes first swore their



The Stadium at Delphi, where the Pythian Games were celebrated. Much better preserved than the Stadium at Olympia, of which only a few fragments remain to identify the site.

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oath at the tomb of Pelops and then at the altar of Zeus.

The sculptured figures in the west pediment were thought to be the work of Alcamenes, the pupil and rival of Phidias. The scene represented the fight between the Lapiths and the Centaurs at the marriage of Pirithous. The Centaurs had been invited to the wedding feast and in their intoxication had attempted to carry off the bride. They were prevented however by Pirithous and his friend Theseus. The central figure of the pediment is the god Apollo, a figure of splendid vigor, poise and reserve force. The work is excellent, but it is hard to believe that it is at all equal to that of the great master Phidias.

Within the temple stood the masterpiece of Phidias, the gold and ivory statue of the enthroned Zeus. The pedestal measured twenty by thirty feet. The height of the statue was about thirty-five feet. It was built about a core of wood. The flesh parts were laid on in ivory, the draperies were of gold and a large part of the throne was of ebony. According to the statement of Pausanias, various myths were sculptured on different parts of the throne. No part was left unembellished. On the extended right hand rested a figure of victory; the left hand grasped a sceptre. The statue was considered one of the seven wonders of the world. A series of stairways about it enabled the visitor to inspect every part. The only representation we have of it is furnished by a coin of the time of the Roman emperor Hadrian. On one side of the coin is a relief of the whole statue, on the other we have the head of Zeus. But we still have the testimony which ancient writers bore to the excellence of this master-work. As we read the words of Lucian, Quintilian, Arrian, Dio Chrys-

ostum, we are convinced that Phidias was a high priest of religion and a philosopher in stone. Lucian writes: "Those who enter the temple there no longer think that they are beholding the ivory of India or gold gotten from Thrace, but the very deity translated to earth by Phidias." Arrian, the ancient biographer of Alexander the Great, says: "Fare ye to Olympia that ye may see the work of Phidias, and account it a misfortune, each of you, if you die with this still unknown." But perhaps the most striking tribute of all is that of Dio Chrysostum who says: "Any man who is heavy laden in soul, who has suffered many misfortunes and sorrows in his life, and who has no comfort of sweet sleep, even such a one if he stood opposite this statue, would forget all the dangers and hardships of this mortal life. It is the image of him who is the giver of life and breath and every good gift, the common father and saviour and guardian of mankind, so far as it is possible for a mortal to conceive and embody a nature infinite and divine."

In addition to the various advantages already mentioned, that accrued to the Greek race from their athletic festivals, there are three others that deserve special attention. First the games furnished an intellectual clearing house for the ideas of the whole Greek world. From the steps of the temple of Zeus at Olympia, Lysias is said to have addressed the assembled Greeks; here, too, Gorgias held his audience spell-bound with his new Sicilian oratory; here Herodotus read portions of his history, recounting how the Greeks had driven the Persians from the land; here too Isocrates distributed his pamphlet, attempting to show how the Greeks if united could even carry their victorious arms into the empire of the Persians and do those things which Alexander the Great ac-

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tually did do sixty or seventy years later. It was a rostrum from which ideas were promulgated to the whole Greek world. Here the Greeks attained intellectual unity even if they were unable to secure political unity.

Second, if we may believe the statement of Professor Furtwaengler, it would be impossible to conceive of Greek sculpture, without Greek athletics. In the open space about the temple of Zeus at Olympia, Pausanias saw almost three hundred statues of victorious athletes. This honor of erecting a portrait statue was granted to an athlete who had won three victories. It is hard to estimate the influence of this custom on the progress and development of the art of sculpture. The athletic contests not only made a demand for the product of the sculptor, but far more important than this, it gave the sculptor the best possible opportunity to study the nude human form in its perfection, both in movement and in repose. There are many Roman copies of Greek statues that show the influence of the athletic contests. There are three, however, that deserve special mention as they are copies of the works of three of the greatest Greek sculptors, Myron, Polyclitus and Lysippus. We have several good copies of the Discus Thrower of Myron, that once stood on the Acropolis at Athens. In the wrestling school at Pompeii was recovered a marble copy of the Spear Bearer, a statue that Polyclitus cast in bronze to illustrate his canon of correct proportions for the normally developed human form. In the Vatican collection of sculpture there is a fine marble copy of the Apoxyomenos, a work of Lysippus, the court sculptor of Alexander the Great. This statue represents an athlete cleansing himself of oil and sand with a strigil.

The athletic games not only made a significant contribution in the development of the art of sculpture; they were also an inspiration to the poets, and gave to the Greeks their greatest lyric poet, Pindar. The Roman poet Horace declared that one ode of Pindar was better than a hundred statues, and time has strangely confirmed this statement. The centuries have swept away the statues; there is only one statue that we can surely identify by name. But the forty four odes of Pindar, celebrating athletic victories have survived, as "monuments more enduring than brass and loftier than the pyramids of kings." It is hard for us to understand how a great poet could use his supreme gift in celebrating a thing so trivial as an athletic victory. But we must remember that the games at Olympia constituted a religious festival and that they were basic and fundamental in Greek life. In them Pindar found ample scope for the splendor of his imagination. He was recognized by his contemporaries as a great ethical and religious teacher. No one who has not studied Pindar can hope to understand the ethical and religious views of the Greeks of the fifth century B. C., Alexander the Great, when he sacked the city of Thebes commanded his soldiers to spare the house in which Pindar had lived. During his lifetime the Athenians presented the poet with a gift of ten thousand drachmae. On the island of Rhodes a poem of Pindar was written in letters of gold on the marble wall of a temple of Athena. At Delphi the iron chair of the poet stood in the temple of Apollo, and for three hundred years after Pindar's death, the priests of Apollo came forth at the twilight hour to the gates of their temple and cried: "Let Pindar the poet come in to the supper of the god."

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But while the poets were singing the praises of the athletes, there were those who felt that too much honor was accorded the athletic victors. About the time that Pindar was born (522 B. C.) Xenophanes of Colophon gave loud and clear expression to his protest. After enumerating the honors shown to athletes he continues: "Yet is he not so worthy as I, and my wisdom is better than the strength of men and horses. Nay, this is a foolish custom, nor is it right to honor strength more than excellent wisdom. Not though there were among the people a man good at boxing or in the pentathlon, or in wrestling, nay, nor one with swiftness of foot which is most honored in all contests of human strength—not for his presence would the city be better governed. And small joy would there be for a city, should one in contests win a victory by the banks of Pisa. These things do not make fat the dark corners of a city." Socrates disapproved of the life of an athlete on the ground that it was incompatible with the cultivation of the soul. From the *Autolycus* of Euripides we have these lines: "Of all the countless ills that prey on Hellas there is none that can compare with this tribe of athletes." And that, too, in spite of the fact that Euripides

in his youth had been a successful athlete. Plato also turns his back on his earlier athletic achievements and says in the *Republic*: "The athlete's nature is sleepy, and the least variation from his routine is likely to cause him serious illness." All this of course is but a protest against the life of the professional athlete, a life in which the thirty years of maturity are given to nothing higher than physical achievement. Theagenes of Thasos won fourteen hundred crowns in his career as an athlete; it is obvious that he had time for nothing else. He spent his life competing on the lower levels of existence and yet for all his success, the lower animals could have defeated him in all the fields in which he had excelled. The hare and horse and deer could outstrip him in swiftness; the lion and elephant in strength; the bull or donkey could beat him at the pancration. The athletic victory of young manhood unless it is a mere preliminary to some achievement in a higher field, is but a fragmentary and inconsequential thing. The broken winged victory of Paeonius is its fitting symbol. You will recall the Irishman's comment. "If this is victory I should like to see defeat."

Grinnell College.

TEMPLE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA

Against the blue of Grecian skies,
In tawny, fluted fragments, rise
The columns of Olympia's fane,
Which in the Vale of Elis lies.

About the Thunderer's fallen shrine
The white and crimson daisies shine;
Along the steps Menander trod,
There creeps a little nameless vine.

No longer flies the Bird of Jove
The shrines and stadium above;
Laughing, among the silences,
Only the Hamadryads rove.

And yet—mine eager spirit hears
Once more the clamor and the cheers;

Once more the hoof-beats on the course,
And shouting of the charioteers.

I smell the wreaths the maidens rain
Upon the victors, splendid, vain
Those laureled ghosts and filleted,
I wonder if they come again

To seek the stadium forlorn,
Whose stones their conquering feet have worn,
And kneel before the altar, there,
Of all its gifts save mem'ries shorn!

AGNES KENDRICK GRAY.



The Hermes of Praxiteles, found in the ruined Temple of Hera at Olympia. The legs below the knees are restored; a portion of one foot, however, is original. It is conjectured that Hermes is holding a bunch of grapes before the infant wine god Dionysus.



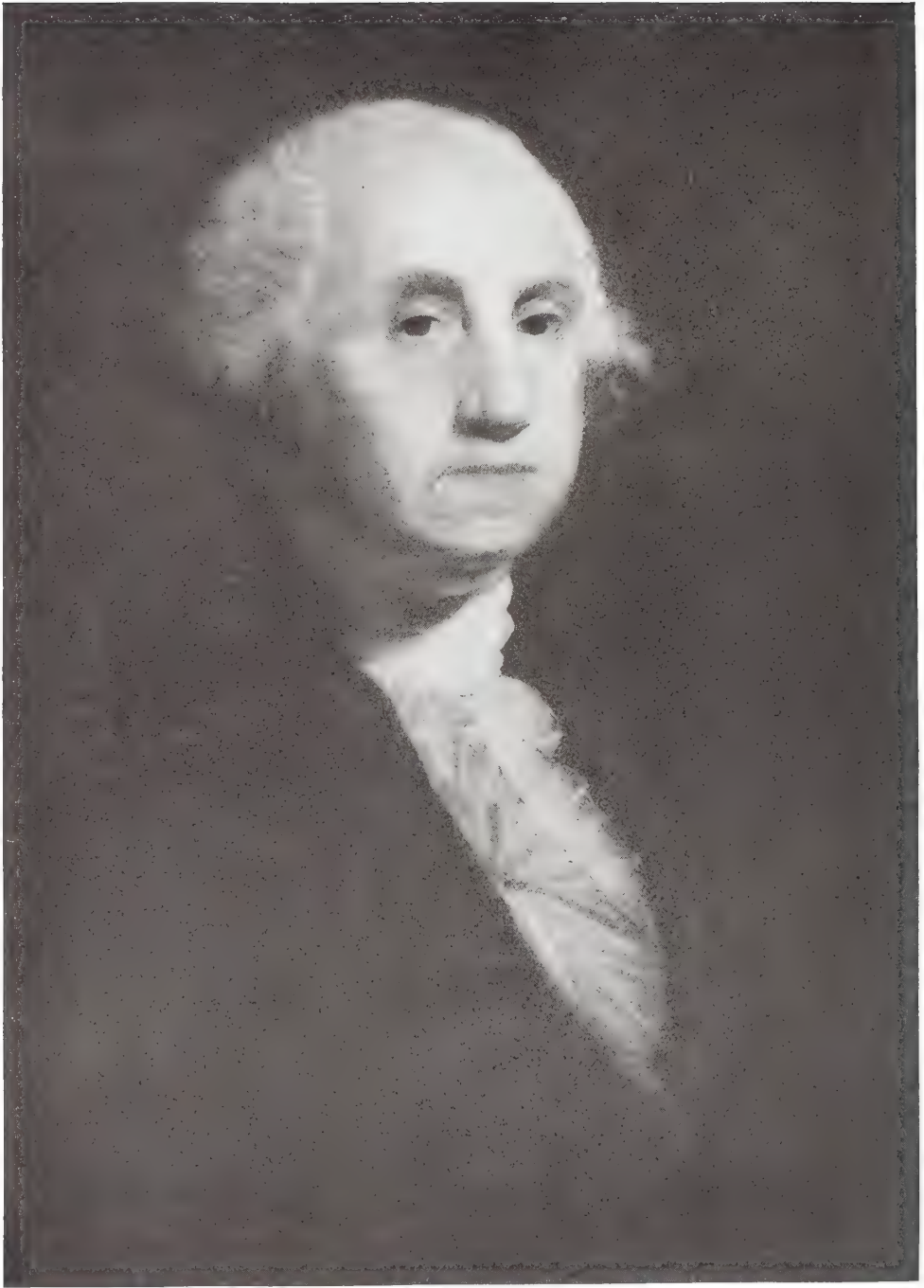
THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES

*Thy steadfast eyes gaze out unseeingly
Into the realms of unsubstantial air
With that serenity that marks the god.
Unseeing—yet they see Eternity;
Unseeing—yet I know they gaze upon
Eternal verities of god and man.*

*Godlike the man who chiselled thee from stone,
From lifeless stone to live for aye, a god,
And filled men's hearts with longing after Truth.
Thy maker's eyes have seen the hidden light,
Have known the unseen things that do not die.
And graven in his heart the image stood
Of thee complete and of thy dreaming eyes
When thou wert but a bit of Parian stone.*

*Prisoned in marble, that it might not die;
In thee there lives the spirit of the Past;
And in thine eyes there lives thy master's soul.
Honor to thee and glory be to him,
Named with a worthy name, Praxiteles.*

HERBERT EDWARD MIEROW.



George Washington, by Gilbert Stuart, at the Ainslie Galleries

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

Another Washington Portrait by Gilbert Stuart, at the Ainslie Galleries.

The exhibition in a New York gallery of a portrait of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart that has heretofore been so little known as to be unrecorded in the "Stuart Books" and that presents some variations from the three standard types of Washington portraits by Stuart has revived in art circles the old but interesting controversy as to what the Father of His Country really looked like. Stuart painted only three originals of Washington. Using these as models he produced the forty odd paintings that are recognized by the experts as authentic. He first painted the so-called Vaughan type, long of face and probably very much like the subject, but he early discarded it because it did not suit his ideals. Next came the Landsdowne type, with face a bit broader and with features a deal more placid and idealized, and of this he painted many replicas. Last came the Athenaeum type, in which the painter reached the ideal that satisfied him and that so captivated the world that it has become the favorite and standard representation of Washington, although it undoubtedly looked less like him than either of the other two. Stuart sought to produce a nation's ideal rather than a faithful presentment of physical facts, and he achieved this ideal eventually by means of the use of horizontal lines in depicting the eyes, mouth, nose and chin. He obtained an effect of placid dignity and repose that pleased the world. It was no great matter that his exaggerated use of the horizontal line made the long face of Washington to appear quite broad.

In this newly presented portrait of Washington, Stuart seems to have effected a compromise between the Athenaeum type and the earlier Landowne type. It was probably painted for some client who preferred the features this way. It is recorded that the painter was obliging and varied the more than forty representations he made of Washington pretty much as was desired by those who paid the customary \$200 fee for a bust portrait. All that is known of the history of the present work is that it once belonged to Edward A. Stevenson, a former territorial governor of Idaho. It was obscured by the grime of more than a hundred years when it was acquired by the Ainslie Galleries of New York, where it is now on view, but when cleaned it came out in all its early brilliance. This alone was sufficient to establish its authenticity, because none of the early copyists of Stuart were able to reproduce the glow of his palette. It has since been examined by all the experts on Stuart, each of whom has given it unqualified approval.

In this portrait the face of Washington appears to be not nearly so broad and serenely contemplative as in the familiar Athenaeum representation. This is because the artist has used gentle curves rather than straight lines. The chin has a curve at bottom. The mouth instead of being straight and thin has a curve that amounts almost to a cupid's bow. The eyes are wide open, which of course required curves to depict. The nose has a curved point that ducks downward. All of this gives the face a rounded appearance rather than the broad and square look that has become the false standard.

Scores of other artists depicted Washington. In the latter years of his life he was harassed almost to the point of desperation by painters. Many times he resolved to accommodate them no more, but always yielded finally and gave the sittings desired. Consequently there are scores of original portraits of Washington. Many of them are bad, but none much resemble the Athenaeum type. All have longer faces and less placidity of expression. Washington was very much a wide awake man of affairs, he was not forever unruffled, and however much it may please the nation so to contemplate him, he did not have the look Stuart strived for so long and finally succeeded in giving him. However, the Stuart now under consideration has the virtue of being divorced from the artist's most pronounced idealism and is undoubtedly a faithful representation. It has the additional charm of the full glow of Stuart's remarkable palette. The ruddy color of the face seems to be a live thing against the dark background.



"The Nubian Prince," by Hovsep Pushman, at the Macbeth Galleries.

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Paintings by Hovsep Pushman, at the Macbeth Galleries.

So much that is unwholesome and untrue in art has come to America in the last few years under the guise either of a newly felt "Persian influence" or of a "Slavic renaissance" that it is cheering to record an exhibition in New York of the work of an artist who really comes from the Near East and who is worth while because of a genuine appeal to our aesthetic feelings—in short, who is neither erotic nor neurotic. A score of paintings by the Armenian-American artist, Hovsep Pushman, are now on view at the Macbeth Galleries. His art is already known in California and in Chicago, but this is the first time his pictures have been shown comprehensively in the East.

Because of our experiences of the last few years we have come to understand that "Persian influence" means something exotic and sensuous. The term has become a negation of spontaneity and health because of its association with the effort on the stage to pander to neurotic temperaments and to the jaded appetite of that age-old institution known as the "Tired Business Man"—(he had his counterpart in ancient Rome). But whatever of Old Persia is reflected in the canvases of Pushman is of sheer beauty for its own sake. There is brilliant, sparkling, at times almost iridescent color. The Persian influence is there, but it is solely embodied in the hues and harmonies of a people in whom the love of color amounts to worship.

Another characteristic of Pushman's pictures is their story telling trait. Almost every one has anecdotal interest, but so evanescent is the theme that it escapes the banality we moderns have attached to story telling art. Each has its distinct aesthetic appeal so well defined that the beholder usually does not suspect that an anecdote lies hidden in the composition. Study the face of "The Nubian Prince." It is interesting and we let it go at that; but if we are told that the artist got his subject by studying a certain young man at the fair of Cairo who hovered about the edge of the crowd watching his sweetheart of whom he was jealous, we get a story interest that enriches the picture without hurting it.

"The Boy from Samarkand" is a glorious vision of color—the rose and gold of that province. The boy, with sad mouth drooping at the corners, holds an image of Buddha, while behind him is the vision of a white horse. The youth is being trained for a priest, but his dearest wish is to become a soldier, the emblem of which is a white horse. There is "The Wine Cup," whose subject is a beautiful young woman, in rose-colored wrap, grey silver gown and gold embroidered headpiece, holding a green bowl of Rakka ware. It is not necessary to our enjoyment but it does add interest to know that at every feast in Persia the wine is held to the lips of each guest by the most beautiful girl of the host's household, and that, having drunk the wine, the guest usually drops in the bowl a piece of jewelry which goes to enrich the cup bearer's dowry when she weds.

Three other pictures of striking beauty and color are "The Sacred Lotus from the Ancient Nile," which has haunting repose; "The Rose of Shiraz," with remarkable fascination of face and eyes, and "The Peacock Girl," which goes to India for its theme and employs the Hindu color chord of rose and green. Mr. Pushman will soon pay an extended visit to free Armenia, where he expects to paint a series of pictures revealing the inner life of the people.

Lectures on Sculpture and the Decorative Arts at the Metropolitan Museum.

One of the most important results of the Great War—probably a reaction from the intensity of its activities—is the present profound interest in art on part of the general public. Everyone seems desirous of sharing in the happiness which its appreciation brings. To meet this demand the Department of Extension Teaching, Columbia University, offers a series of courses conducted by Dr. George Kriehn in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. They treat the enjoyment and history of art from the originals in the Museum. The subject for the winter term is "Sculpture and the Decorative Arts." The class meets in three sections, each presenting the same subject, as follows: Friday, 2.30 p. m., Saturday, 10.30 a. m., and 3.15 p. m., beginning respectively October 8 and 9. Dr. Kriehn also gives another course, "Outlines of Art History," Monday 3 p. m., beginning October 11 in the Metropolitan Museum.

General Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America

The twenty-second General Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America will be held at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December 28-30, 1920, in conjunction with the American Philological Association. The forty-first annual meeting of the Council of the Archaeological Institute will be held during this period.



"Hunting Scene—Reign of the Amazons," by Pinturicchio, at the Satinover Galleries.

Pinturicchio's Raphael as a Boy, at the Satinover Galleries.

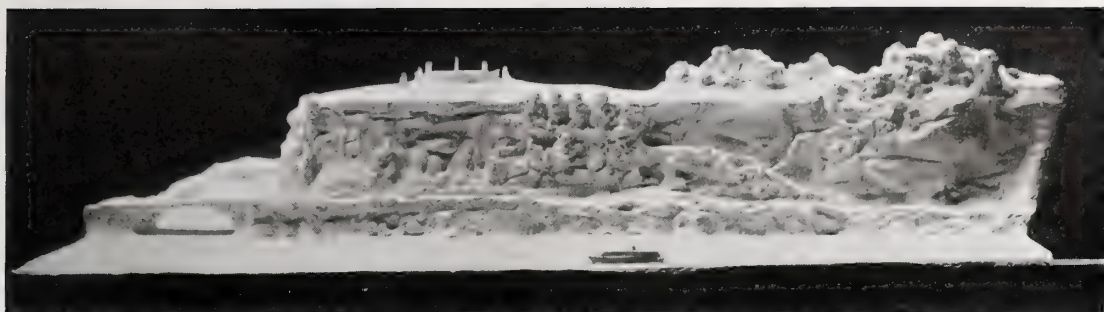
Art lovers will find a peculiar interest in a large painting by Pinturicchio (1454-1513) which has just been brought to this country by the Satinover Galleries, of New York, from the fact that it introduces a portrait of Raphael at the age of fourteen. The work, which is five feet wide and a little more than three feet high, evidently belongs to the series of Amazon subjects preserved in the library at Siena, in several of which also Pinturicchio has introduced the form and features of Raphael. Pinturicchio was the associate, and at times the hired assistant, of Perugino, whose pupil Raphael became at an early age.

The subject is a hunt of the Amazons, a procession of whom is introduced in a lonesome and rocky landscape. It is not clear just what incident in mythology is depicted, or whether the sole masculine figure in the composition is a captive or not. If he is held in durance, he has turned the tables and made a conquest of a fair huntress, who leans toward him from her horse with a fond expression. The youth is none other than Raphael, whose grace of figure and face often caused him to be painted in his apprentice days. His identity is proved by an inscription Pinturicchio put on the trappings of the horse, near the boy's figure, "RSV 1497," the monogram standing for "Raphael Sanzio of Urbino."

This picture would seem to prove that Raphael was a pupil of Pinturicchio in Perugino's studio, since the records show that the latter was absent from his home city of Perugia during the four years before 1499. The pictures of Perugino and Pinturicchio and the earlier works of Raphael are so nearly alike that they have often been mistaken, the one for the other.

Annual Meeting of the College Art Association of America

The tenth Annual Meeting of the College Art Association of America will be held in Washington, D. C., during the Easter holidays, March 24-26, 1921. The sessions will be held in the auditorium of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. The Washington Society of the Fine Arts, the Arts Club, and the Art and Archaeology League will cooperate as hosts of the occasion. Members having papers to present will kindly communicate with David M. Robinson, President, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.



Model of Northern Spur of Fort Washington Heights, by George Gray Barnard, showing how it will look if the proposed War Memorial is carried out.

George Gray Barnard's Proposed War Memorial for New York.

The proposal to build a bridge across the Hudson River as a memorial to the American soldiers who fell in the world war is meeting with vigorous opposition in New York. It is contended that any utilitarian project would be ignoble and unworthy. This opposition is rallying around George Grey Barnard's plan for converting the northern spur of Fort Washington Heights—a high promontory about 900 feet in length, commanding a noble view of the Hudson—into a vast memorial having unique features. The sculptor has made a model of the site as it would look when completed.

This model shows the top of the promontory levelled off and ornamented with a great circular monument, forty feet high, with sculptural gateways at the north and the south, approached by wide terraces. Various symbolical statuary is suggested, enough to employ the minds of many sculptors. The lower half of the tall wall is to be of bronze, showing in relief the tasks of labor, while above in marble other scenes in relief would reveal the realization of labor's dream.

Mr. Barnard suggests treatment for the whole of the promontory, with walks, stairways, grottoes and groves, and even plans on the north a great amphitheatre for open air performances. The friends of the project point to the historical associations of the site—it was here that Washington fought when the struggle looked darkest for the Continentals—as making it peculiarly appropriate. Practical feasibility is aided by the fact that the land, which is valued at \$5,000,000, is owned by John D. Rockefeller, who is ready to donate it for the purpose.

A City Plan for Constantinople

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY and the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects* present simultaneously to their readers Professor Kelsey's important appeal that American organizations cooperate in the preparation of an adequate City Plan for Constantinople.

The growth of American foreign trade in the Near East, and the necessary participation of the United States in the solution of world problems, emphasize the wisdom of U. S. High Commissioner Bristol's words that "An American organization to design, finance and construct a City Beautiful, with all modern appliances, upon the burned ruins of Constantinople, would be an enterprise worthy of the best efforts of American progressiveness."

Before the war a vessel flying the Stars and Stripes was a rare sight in the harbor of Constantinople. Today one will find four or five American liners in the Golden Horn at all times, and more than a dozen American corporations have permanent offices there, and a number of other American firms are represented by local agents. During the year 1919 American exports to Constantinople amounted to \$14,165,285 and imports into the United States from Constantinople amounted to \$20,390,204. These figures will be vastly exceeded in 1920, and will grow from year to year. Hence the business men of America will doubtless gladly cooperate with the architects and archaeologists in the altruistic endeavor to propose a comprehensive City Plan for Constantinople, "a city not of one nation but of many and hardly more of one than of another."



"Landscape," by Vincent Van Gogh, at the Montross Gallery.

The Van Gogh Exhibition at the Montross Gallery.

The outstanding event of the art season so far in New York is the big Van Gogh exhibition at the Montross Gallery, consisting of thirty-one oil paintings and thirty-five water colors, drawings and lithographs. Heretofore New York has had the opportunity to see special exhibitions of the work of both Cezanne and Gauguin, so that now it is able to complete its education in the art of the three men who, though all of them are now dead, are still the most active revolutionaries in the world of painting. They were the founders of the modernist school, which, though it has evolved such exaggerations as cubism and such absurdities as futurism, is entitled to consideration solely on the Post-Impressionist work that is identified with Cezanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh and their immediate followers.

The art of these men was a protest against both the academicism of the 90's and its antithesis. Impressionism, that had then reached its height and was glorifying atmosphere as distinguished from form. The pendulum swings from one extreme to the other in art, a few masters arising from each movement whose names live afterward, and Cezanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh are the masters of Post-Impressionism whom the radicals believe are immortal. Of the three, Cezanne is the most serious and intellectual, Van Gogh the most intense and Gauguin the most brilliant.

Being the opposite of Impressionism, the art of Vincent Van Gogh consists in the expression of form—"significant form" is the way Clive Bell says it, form being made to include color as well. The skeletons of things are used to express their souls, and they are arranged and exaggerated until the painter obtains the effect he desires. If the laws of perspective stand in the way, they are disregarded. This, of course, shocks and offends those who are used to academic and Impression-

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ist pictures, but it must be remembered that similar conventionalism was practiced by the ancient Chinese and Egyptians in producing some of the finest expressions that art has ever known, and that, after all, it is only a matter of the eye becoming accustomed to what it sees.

The pictures at the Montross Gallery come from the family of Van Gogh, and they cover every phase of the Dutch artist's career. "Shoes," the earliest one, is a purely academic study and might just as well have been done by Millet or by Monet. But in such canvases as "Cavern," a darksome hillside with woods, and "Olive Orchard," with bare earth and morose sky, the painter has given full play to the expression of 'significant form.' Perhaps the most remarkable subject is "Plow," a pink and green lowland waste with a hill in the distance surmounted by a lonesome poplar and farm buildings. It shows how poignantly Van Gogh could portray the soul of a scene. Most beautiful, perhaps, is "Ears of Corn with Flowers," a decorative treatment of a field. "Landscape," a hillside with strata of plowed and unploughed ground, with trees bending under the wind, shows the artist's great scope in design.

Arts Club of Washington Endorses Movement for a Department of Fine Arts and National Conservatory of Music.

For some time past, the President of the Musical Alliance has been in correspondence with George Julian Zolnay, the noted sculptor and now President of the Arts Club of Washington, with regard to active propaganda among the members of Congress for the passage of a bill creating a Ministry of Fine Arts and a National Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Zolnay has long been identified with artistic progress in this country. He writes that one of his plans for the winter will be to invite members of Congress to the dinners of the Club and when they are fully informed on the Department of Fine Arts, then introduce the bill. Mr. Zolnay is wholly in accord with the plan proposed some time ago by the President of the Musical Alliance to the effect that the Arts Club should extend its membership by enlisting large numbers of people all over the country, artists, painters, architects, scientists as auxiliary members.

At a recent dinner of the club, at which a large number of women, representative of two and a half million in every state and territory, were present, Mr. Zolnay made an address. He deeply impressed the auditors, who unreservedly pledged their support. This dinner was given on September 15 in honor of the fifty-four national directors of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

In the course of his address, Mr. Zolnay said:

"If ever we are to become the foremost nation in art, that supremacy will not be attained through our wealth, as many people seem to think, nor by our freedom, I don't mean political freedom, but freedom of action such as no nation has ever had. Neither shall we reach that goal by the efforts of our men whose energies are still needed in other directions, but we shall win that artistic supremacy by the activity and devotion of our women.

"It is the untiring effort of the women's clubs which has developed the desire and love for the beautiful, has brought to the consciousness of the people the fact that art is not a mere matter of luxury for the benefit of the select few, but a universal expression of our inner self, and that, unless it is conceived and practiced for the greatest good of the greatest number, art has no place in a democracy.

"And yet, there is the feeling that art is the child of aristocracy. It is, provided we use the word in its highest sense, which means 'supremacy of the best.' It is the best there is in human nature, mentally, morally, spiritually, that constitutes true aristocracy, and since woman is a born aristocrat, it is easy to see why art should best flourish under her dominion.

"A movement to induce Congress to create a department of the fine arts which would mean the eventual establishment of a great national school of music, drama, painting, sculpture, architecture and all their allied branches, is planned by the Arts Club.

"Such a school under the aegis of the national government would improve art education all over the country as every art and music school would have to raise its standard of instruction in order to be eligible to become an authorized branch of this great national school, which would at once do away with most of the near-art schools and fake conservatories of music which now infest the country.

"To carry out these far reaching projects, we need the moral support and co-operation of the women. We all realize that the study and cultivation of the arts—all the arts—is becoming

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a leading factor in our educational system, that the alpha and omega of all civilization is the cultivation of the beautiful, a principle which made ancient Greece the most civilized, the most cultured nation in history."

President Zolnay's eloquent words will no doubt meet with warm response all over the country.

The importance of the action of the Arts Club of Washington cannot well be over-estimated. It means a systematic effort to reach the individual congressman and senator under the most refined and cultured auspices.

The dinners of the Arts Club, modest in their way, have long been renowned for the high character of the entertainment that generally followed, when the members have been addressed by prominent speakers or have been entertained by musicians of national renown or have had their artistic sense delighted with exhibitions of paintings by prominent artists.

JOHN C. FREUND,

President of the Musical Alliance of the United States.

Our National Monuments Number

The *Boston Evening Transcript* (September 11, 1920) devoted a full-page to reproductions of eight illustrations from the National Monuments Number (August 1920) of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY under the caption, "Monuments of Grandeur shown in America's Picturesque Antiquities," and in a lengthy review of its contents by Allan Chamberlain pleads for more adequate protection of our national parks and monuments, as follows:

The Archaeological Institute has performed a service of no small public value in devoting the summer issue of its magazine, ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, to "The Story of our National Monuments." The subject is one that must soon come before Congress for action, and these chapters in the magazine will serve the double purpose of informing the public of these rare possessions and will doubtless give to many members of Congress their first real knowledge as to the merits of the case on which they will be asked to legislate. Every article that the magazine presents is the work of a recognized authority either in archaeology or in park development, the men representative of the former field being those who have been active in the study and restoration of those ancient relics of our southwestern civilizations during many years.

It is manifestly impossible to give within the limits of this article any idea of the great charm of the monuments already in existence, or to speak of those objects which are regarded by competent judges as worthy of inclusion within this reservation family group. Through the courtesy of the Archaeological Institute, we are able to present on another page a series of photographs which tell of the outward beauty and fascination of those scenes. To sense the inspiration which lies behind the painstaking and scholarly work of the archaeologist it is necessary to read the magazine chapters descriptive of the ruins, and of the story of ancient man that they reveal, stories that cover many of the notable monuments, and that also speak of the yet other important subjects that still await protective care.

A tentative proposal has lately been discussed by some of those who are interested in the protection of our National Parks, that Congress might be asked to authorize a commission of competent and impartial men, representative of Government agencies and of unofficial interests, whose duty should be to study the existing park and monument situation with a view to adjusting boundaries if need be, for the purpose of eliminating areas that are obviously of commercially economic consequence, and yet not essential to the integrity of the reservations. It is further suggested that such a board might well be made permanent to act in an advisory capacity to the Government officers administering the parks and monuments, and as a council to the President in matters relating to the creation or abolition of monuments. It seems clear that the country is determined to defend its parks against commercial encroachment, and these, and doubtless other ideas are certain to be brought out in connection with the opposition to the bills that seek to sacrifice the parks to irrigation, power, grazing, mining and lumbering interests.

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Our National Parks and Monuments Threatened.

With the assembling of Congress it becomes our duty to defend the National Parks and Monuments, which are seriously threatened by legislation passed in the closing days of the last session, which must be amended, and by several bills which will be introduced in December. We must realize that these reservations are far more than government-owned pleasure resorts. They are our National Museums of Native America, unique within civilization and a priceless gift to posterity. We must bend every effort to their defense against the powerful combination of commercial interests organized to debase them.

It was our National Parks which inspired the idea of conservation in America. The Hot Springs Reservation in Arkansas was created in 1832 to preserve these healing waters from threatened commercialism. Forty years later the first scenic National park was created, Yellowstone, a remarkable act of conservation for its period. In more recent years the National Park system has become recognized as the visible symbol and the most conspicuous achievement of American conservation.

During the last generation the envious eyes of commercialism have bent even more insistently upon them. Hetch Hetchy was lost for San Francisco's water supply before the people waked to their inestimable value to the nation, but with this exception Congress has, until the last session, held them inviolate against all assaults.

The present war of many combined interests doubtless grew out of alarm at the nation's fast growing appreciation. With them it probably means now or never. So let us make it never.

Our National Gallery Number

The National Gallery Number (September, 1920) of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY has attracted considerable attention in the press. The *Boston Evening Transcript* (September 9, 1920) gives a half-column review of it, and concludes as follows:

The timeliness of this National Gallery number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY is one of its merits. It was only lately that the announcement was made that the National Gallery of Art, which heretofore existed as a dependency of the National Museum, had been separated from the museum, becoming an administrative unit under the Smithsonian Institution. The gallery now has an organization of its own and a staff, with Dr. W. H. Holmes as director; and it is expected that before long Congress will authorize the erection of a suitable building for its accommodation.

The *New York Evening Post* (October 2, 1920) devotes a half-page to the Ralph Cross Johnson Collection in the National Gallery as portrayed in the September ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY. After reviewing with appreciation Mr. Rose's article and the effective half-tone reproductions, Mr. David Lloyd, the art editor, appeals for adequate housing of the Gallery, as follows:

The National Gallery is one of those institutions which have a name but no habitation. The story is such an old one that we have become accustomed to its absurdities. As usual, public opinion accommodates itself to difficulties and delays, while the actual materializing of collections, the sheer growing bulk of possessions, alone begins to force the issue. The National Gallery must have a building.

Congress has taken the first step. After decades of delay, the Sundry Civil Act, passed July 1 last, provides the gallery with a separate administration.

The National Gallery, in short, has a complete organization, independent status, funds and collection, but no gallery. Meanwhile, 20,000 square feet of floor space is assigned it in the Smithsonian Natural History Museum building, encroaching upon the space urgently required by the department of history.

It is difficult to contemplate such a state of affairs with patience. Yet the impatience which draws the hasty moral that the nation is remiss in its interest in art is self-stultifying. All the material possessions are with few exceptions gifts of citizens and all the necessary machinery has been provided by national legislation. The one thing needful is the passing of an appropriation act. Why is that impossible?

"I wish," said the Goop, "I wish that my room had a floor." Suppose we all wish—and wish hard—that our gallery had a gallery.

BOOK CRITIQUES

Moslem Architecture: its Origins and Development, by G. T. Rivoira; translated from the Italian by G. McN. Rushforth. Oxford University Press.

This book, by the author of *Lombardic Architecture*, Heinemann, London, 2 vols. 1910, does not claim to be a comprehensive history of Moslem architecture, but is devoted to an inquiry into the origins and development of the elements which were destined to form one branch of that style, namely, religious architecture. The book is divided into two parts: I. A description of the chief stages in the development of the Mosque, from its birth down to the XII century, by the help of a study of the principal buildings in the most important centres. An appendix to this section consists of an examination and description of the ecclesiastical structures of Armenia, in order to ascertain the nature of their influence, if any, on early Moslem and Christian architecture. II. A discussion of the theory, by the study of the monuments, according to which the systematic use of the horseshoe arch belongs strictly to the Iberian Peninsula.

The author regards this work as a continuation, and at the same time the completion of his previous work on *Lombardic Architecture*. It is his belief that the two books together will generally be accepted as a safe guide for later writers on the main types of religious architecture and the vaulting systems of the West, the Near East and northern Africa in the period between the first and twelfth centuries of the Christian era. The translator has succeeded in producing a faithful and readable version of the original.

In Part I, the author briefly sketches the history of, and describes in detail, the Mosques in Medina, Mecca, Kufa, Jerusalem, Old Cairo, Kairawan and Damascus. A chapter is then devoted to four Moslem buildings of Cairo—the Congregational Mosque of Ibn Tulun, the Mosque Al-Azhar, the Mosque of Hakim, and the Mosque al-Aqmar.

The long section devoted to the Cathedrals, Churches and Chapels of Armenia has unusual present-day interest because they are so little known, and at this time the Christian world is eager to assist in the rehabilitation of Armenia. We are glad to learn so much of its early culture, and it makes us realize what a rich

field is Armenia for the archaeologist. The author's conclusions are, in the main, that the plan of the Armenian church, while related to its Roman and Romano-Byzantine sources, differs from them in certain important particulars: that the masonry follows the Roman tradition; that the form of its dome was a Roman invention but was developed by the Byzantines; that domes with conical roofs entirely constructed of masonry are an Armenian invention; and that the Armenian use of continuous blank arcading of elegant form had an influence not only in the East, but also in the West, and in Italy itself where this form of decoration had its origin. Thus we see that Armenia, during the early Christian centuries, not only derived its architectural forms from Old and New Rome, but also developed them in its own way and evolved new forms, and finally reacted strongly on the art of the West.

In Part II, devoted to the early Churches of Spain, and the most famous Moslem religious building, the great Mosque of Cordova, the author presents proofs that the views of writers who assert that the systematic use of the horse-shoe arch was a Hispano-Visigothic invention, has no basis in fact, but that, just as the horse-shoe arch had been raised to the rank of a constructive system at Damascus in the erection of the Congregational Mosque by the Ummayyad Walid I (705-715), so later there was no formal display of the new system of arching in Spain before the erection of the great Mosque of Cordova by its Ummayyad rulers (756-796), whence it spread to other parts of the Peninsula.

The great value of the book, however, to the general reader, is not in the theories it presents, so much as in the wealth of information it brings in its description of early churches and mosques, and its 340 elegant reproductions of features of the most important religious edifices, Moslem and Christian, erected during the first twelve centuries of the Christian era. The author possesses the broad knowledge of the archaeologist, the architect and the historian combined, and his forceful manner of presentation carries conviction. Hence the work has an abiding place as an indispensable reference-work to every student of Moslem architecture, and it will doubtless be widely read and provoke helpful discussion of the author's theories and conclusions. M. C.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

The Story of Jesus. Pictures from [Paintings by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Duccio, Ghirlandaio, and Barna da Siena. Descriptive text from the New Testament. Selected and arranged by Ethel Nathalie Dana. Boston: Marshall Jones Co., 1920. \$16.50.

This is a most sumptuous publication, the most beautiful and also the most expensive single volume of the many excellent publications by the Marshall Jones Co. It is a thing of real beauty and a joy to the eye. Mrs. Dana some years ago wanted an illustrated story of the life of Jesus for the religious education of her children and, finding no good one, she made a selection of Italian primitives and sent abroad for reproductions to be colored from the originals by competent artists. It is fortunate that these beautiful pictures are now published in book form in the brilliant colors of the originals and made to illustrate the texts selected from the Four Gospels and printed on the opposite oblong page so that a child or adult can look at the beautiful colored picture and at the same time read the text.

As Mrs. Dana says, "In those days printing had not been invented, books were rare and few could read. The best way, therefore, of telling stories was to make a series of large pictures which could be seen at the same time by many. So the walls of the churches were like picture-books. Bright colors were used and figures so arranged that the stories could be easily understood. So much interest and attention was given to these pictures that the greatest artists were engaged to paint them, and even to-day they tell the story of Jesus better than modern paintings." These forty colored reproductions from famous pictures certainly do make a beautiful and impressive and spiritual chronicle of the Saviour's life. The subjects are such as the Annunciation, the Birth of Jesus, the Presentation in the Temple, the Marriage of Cana, the Sermon on the Mount, the Transfiguration, the Last Supper, the Crucifixion, the Ascension, etc., and the original pictures by the artists mentioned above are in Cortona, Assisi, Padua, Florence, Siena, London, Rome, etc. This is one of the most carefully prepared art volumes of recent times and every care has been taken to manufacture the book in a form commensurate with the value of the unusual illustrations so carefully chosen.

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Essays on Art, by A. Clutton-Brock, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920. \$1.75.

Not too academic are the short and refreshing essays which make up this small volume by a well-known art critic of the *London Times* and other British reviews. Clutton-Brock was known to us already as an essayist upon Shelley, William Morris, and the late war. Now he asks, "How are we to improve the art of our own time?" By aiming "at a state of mind in which we ourselves shall learn to know good from bad and to prefer the good." By making our own homes examples of good taste. "All great works of art show an effort, a roughness, an inadequacy of craftsmanship, which is the essence of their beauty and distinguishes it from the beauty of nature."

Leonardo is the great master of history—"seeing life not as a struggle or a duty, but as an adventure of all the senses and all the faculties." "The Pompadour in Art" blames woman's too often baneful influence on art and upon the artist. Poussin he defends as "an unpopular master." Whistler's anti-social view of art, and Tolstoy's contrary plea for art as a human activity, he harmonizes with comprehending insight. "The Magic Flute" is poetically expressive of "the divine beauty of Mozart's religion, which is solemn because laughter and pity are reconciled in it, not rejected as profane."

"All our values," Clutton-Brock tells us, "come from the sense of person as more real than process." This quality he calls "the chief glory of England." In "The Artist and the Tradesman" we are reminded that "in Italy in the fifteenth century this distinction between the artist and the tradesman did not exist. The painter was a tradesman." . . . And of the tradesman somewhat more was expected than to-day. Writing of "Professionalism in Art," he points out, "The value of the Romantic movement lay not in its escape to the wonders of the past, but in its escape from professionalism."

"The artist is a selfish person whom we like and the philanthropist an unselfish person whom we do not like," is a commentary in the closing essay, "Waste or Creation." All readers, whether art critics or not, will find Clutton-Brock interesting and stimulating.

G. R. BRIGHAM.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

A Classical Technology, edited from Codex Lucensis, 490. By John M. Burnam, University of Cincinnati. Boston, Richard G. Badger, 1920.

Such a text as this offers ample opportunity to the student of classical Latin to exercise his ingenuity. The text is that of *Technologia Lucensis*, a large fragment of an ancient classical set of recipes dealing with colors, inks, varnishes, welds, cements, alloys and compounds. The practical value of these recipes we think is not great, but they have a curious interest to those acquainted with modern chemistry.

The original text which was in everyday conversational Greek, dates about 300 A. D., and had its origin in Alexandria. It was transported to northern Italy and there translated into Low Latin. By the eighth century it found its way into Spain where it acquired additions from Arabic and other sources. It was in Spanish cursive. Finally a text was transcribed defectively by Muratori, which is the text in this book. There is an English translation, a commentary, and a very full glossary.

The editing has been a very difficult task. The original Greek being every day conversational language, partook somewhat of the nature of short hand expression, and when translated into Latin not a few of the Greek words were retained, so that these Greek words acted as symbols which when added to the regular symbols increased the difficulties of the text. The editor, however, has industriously gone through the entire text so that the student has no small amount of difficulties removed for him.

Technique of Practical Drawing for teachers, students and professional artists. By Edward S. Pilsworth. New York, The Macmillan Co., 1920.

This excellent and readable manual is indispensable for the artist who works for reproduction. It calls attention to the openings in the commercial field for first-class artists, and shows how the high artistic standards in commercial art can only be met by thorough mastery of the technical requirements for reproduction. Then follow single chapters on pencil technique, pen technique and the technique of the brush. It gives adequate description of tools and materials, of drawing and shading, and the various processes of reproduction. As the future of most art students lies in the direction of book illustrations, poster work and industrial design, the practical suggestions of this little book are of the utmost value.

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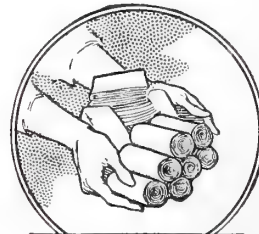
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L'ENVOI.

By the FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

One of the reasons of the interest which attaches to the history of France is that France is so old.

One of the reasons of the interest which attaches to her history is that France is so young.

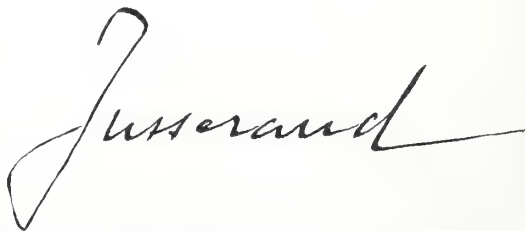
She was already on her feet to win the first battle of the Marne against the old Huns in 451 and she was ready to fight and win against the new ones, the second battle of the Marne, in 1914.

In common with English-speaking countries she has had, from the early centuries, a literature complete in all its parts, and in common with them, she has one nowadays, just as complete: poetry, novels, the drama, essays, history, philosophy.

The thinkers of the two races, giving a fruitful example of help and union, passed on the torch to one another: Bacon influencing Descartes, who influenced Locke, who influenced our Encyclopaedists whose action may be traced on this as well as on the other side of the ocean, in the work of Franklin, Emerson, William James.

Lovers of the beautiful, originators of the Gothic art, which spread from the Ile de France all over Europe, possessing that inventive mind which they have in common with their American brethren, the French, with their share of human faults and foibles, following sometimes the wrong road, ever had the same longings: to know truth, to understand beauty, to reach liberty. The present Republic has chosen as her emblem "La Semeuse" (the Sower); it is in fact the emblem of the France of all times.

Of all this one is reminded, in reading the eloquent and beautifully illustrated pages of the present number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, which lead the reader from the Roman aqueducts at Lyons, to Notre Dame of Paris, and that "Arc de Triomphe" under which, on the other day, Pershing passed in company with Joffre, Foch and Petain.

A large, elegant handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Jusserand". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the page, below the main body of text.

November 28, 1920.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

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VOLUME X

DECEMBER, 1920

No. 6

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The largest triumphal arch in existence. Begun by Napoleon I in 1805, completed by Louis Philippe in 1836, from designs by Chalgrin.

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PARIS: THE PANTHEON.

The Church of Ste. Geneviève in Paris, a large classical building in the form of a Greek cross, 276 x 370 feet, with a central dome 272 feet high and 75 feet in diameter. The pediment is filled with a sculptured group, by David d'Angers, representing France distributing laurels to her deserving children. In 1764 the present church was begun under Louis XV, and in 1791 was first set apart for its present purpose—that of a mausoleum for famous Frenchmen.

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME X

DECEMBER, 1920

NUMBER 6

PARIS: INSPIRATION AND GUIDE OF ART

By GEORGES LECOMTE

Translated by J. MARRON DUNDAS

NEVER has art life in Paris been more vigorous and brilliant than during the last few months. With it begins the resurrection of our country after such a long period of sacrifice, mourning and ruin.

Exhibitions grow more and more numerous at the galleries and at the picture dealers, who show considerable enterprise and activity, while both the press and the reviews teem with interesting discussions on art.

The same enthusiasm is in evidence at the *salons*, meeting places of such society folk as consider art curiosity stylish, and at the cafés, where authors, painters and sculptors delight to grow fervid discussing esthetics.

Heated debates are held about this or that school or the tendencies of this or that group. Are you an impressionist or do you hold art to consist in decorative simplification only? Do you hold fast to subtle lights and aerial harmonies, or do you lean to the austere and synthetic method of painting, paying no cult to the lure of fairy-

like, many-hued atmospheres? Do you prefer classic art or are you in sympathy with that clever, mundane school of painting which, to attract society patrons, condemns itself to artificial graces and follows the fashion? Do you not rather favor returning to an art of strict scientific truth which is content with a devout portrayal of Nature, or are you impressed by ideal and mystic or dream paintings only?

Theories and doctrines clash brilliantly, wittily and good humoredly. All this helps to keep up a fine artistic enthusiasm which maintains in Paris an atmosphere favorable to inquiry and creative labor.

This is one of the reasons why, today as at all times, after our recent victory as after our military defeat in 1870, fifty years ago, Paris still retains the pleasing privilege of being a beacon-light to the arts and a bewitching school of beauty.

In other great cities of the world there are majestic monuments and galleries filled with art treasures. Other



PARIS: CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.

Notre Dame is one of the most imposing and famous of cathedrals. The present structure was begun in 1163,⁶ but is chiefly of the early XIII Century. The façade, with its three large portals, its great roses, its gallery and arcades, and its twin square towers, is one of the two or three finest produced by Pointed Architecture. The figure and foliage sculpture of the exterior is abundant and artistically remarkable. The graceful rood-spire was built by Viollet le Duc in place of the original one.



PARIS: HÔTEL DE VILLE, OR CITY HALL.

A historic building in Paris of great size, burned by the Commune in 1871, but carefully restored and much enlarged. The existing façade offers a picturesque combination of the Italian and French Renaissance styles. It is of two stories, flanked by pavilions a story higher, and surmounted by open-work central towers. The exterior is adorned with much sculpture. The rooms of state display splendid sculptures and wall paintings by the most distinguished French artists.



PARIS: THE OPERA HOUSE

A sumptuous edifice bearing the inscription "Académie Nationale de Musique," designed by Charles Garnier. It was begun in 1861 and completed in 1874. It is now the largest theatre in the world. The principal façade consists of three stories. On the ground floor is the Portico with its seven arches, the piers of which are embellished with four large groups of statuary and four statues, viz: from left to right, Lyric Poetry by Jouffroy, Music by Guillaume, Idyllic Poetry by Aizelin, Declamation by Chapu, Song by Dubois and Vatrinnelle, Drama by Falguière, Dance by Carpeaux and Lyric Drama by Perraud. Above the Portico is the Loggia, with thirty Corinthian monolithic columns, sixteen of which are of stone, while the fourteen smaller columns are of red marble. Above the Loggia the façade terminates in a richly sculptured Attic.

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cities, too, offer impressive and graceful vistas; enchanting and splendid urban landscapes; art schools where learned professors teach drawing and color harmony and tastefully set forth the lessons taught by ancient and modern masterpieces. Elsewhere, also, there are skilled painters who conscientiously study the aspects and types of modern life.

Nevertheless, despite the attractions and art resources of other famous cities where monuments of the past are occasionally more numerous than in Paris, our charming but busy town still retains the distinction of being the most inspiring center of art enthusiasm. Guardian of the sacred fire, she keeps it burning with an alluring and creative heat felt the world over.

The reason for this is not hard to perceive or define. It is because Paris offers the art lover—who studies, works and investigates with mind and heart in a constant state of exaltation—a splendid combination of conditions most conducive to good art training and an interesting and agreeable life.

The best proof of this fact is that during the last century, in spite of reverses which might have contributed to diminish the prestige and enlightening influence of France over those nations whose only creed is success, Paris never ceased to be an enthusiastic art center.

After 1815, when the revolutionary and Napoleonic eras had dwindled to a glorious memory, the splendor of our romantic art and the authoritative influence of the great artists of the time, continued to attract the world.

Thenceforth the luminous realism of the great landscape painters of the school of 1830 maintained our supremacy.

And then, after the German invasion of 1871, against which mankind committed the sin of failing to support us, at least morally—at a time when nothing less would serve to maintain the balance of power and the peace of the world—the splendid originality of Manet and his friends, the great impressionists; the serene and masterly poetry of the decorative paintings of Puvis de Chavannes; the restrained emotion of the canvases of Fantin-Latour; the pathos of Carrière's pictures; the massive and thrilling sculptures of Rodin; the pre-eminent talent of many other justly celebrated artists, and the creative fire which shone around them, added to the attractions of our other resources and art treasures, kept focused on us as in our palmiest days the sympathy and respectful attention of the world.

From every land came crowds of strangers, not only to visit our galleries but to study in our art schools and free studios, and work before the beautiful landscapes which our painters have made famous; but above all to live delightfully in that unique art atmosphere created in Paris by our exhibitions of original yet modern paintings; by the interesting discussions in the reviews, in the press and at the *salons*, as well as by the Parisian enthusiasm for works of thought.

Though it has been my good fortune to travel in many countries I love, and to live in many capitals where I have enjoyed intellectual pleasures, I do not believe there is a single city in the world so uplifting to the artist or the writer as Paris. While gratefully doing full justice to other cities, I still find it wonderfully easy to explain why Paris has always seemed, and why she seems today more than ever before, the best



PARIS: THE TOWER ST. JACQUES.

A handsome square Gothic tower, 175 ft. in height, erected in 1508-20, a relic of the church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, which was sold and taken down in 1789. The view from the summit of the Tower St. Jacques is one of the finest in Paris. The tower was purchased by the city in 1836 and subjected to a process of restoration.

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source of inspiration for art student and artist.

To begin with, Paris offers a magnificent and harmonious scene, carved in venerable stone, inscribed with a long and glorious history. Her famous monuments bring back to life again centuries of faith, hope and beauty, outbursts of enthusiasm and passion. Here one beholds Notre-Dame, with its frail, lace-like Saint Chapelle, or the sombre church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois; over yonder lies the Palace of the Louvre, looking majestically down on the gracefully winding Seine, which reflects the slate tiles of its lofty roofs, the jagged taper-like Tour Saint-Jacques and the austere façade of the Conciergerie with its peaked gables.

All this group of wonders one may take in at a glance while crossing the bridges or strolling along the quays lined with tall waving trees, with the Pointe de la Cité in the background, like a graceful vessel at anchor between the two branches of the Seine.

The artist pedestrian will find pleasure in the noble aspect of the Place de la Concorde with its XVIII century palaces and the splendor of the Champs Elysees looking towards the towering Arc-de-Triomphe de l'Etoile. These form an incomparable whole to delight the eye, elevate the soul, infuse a sense of poise and harmony and make on the heart that impression which one receives from the beautiful.

In every quarter of Paris one may, while strolling slowly along, come suddenly upon an interesting fountain; the façade of some lordly old mansion; an impressive church; a slender spire; a majestic portal or monuments fraught with historic memories, whose antique splendor is enhanced by their modern beauty.

Here stands the Palais du Luxem-

bourg, with Eugene Delacroix's radiant ceilings adorning the Senate Library; hard by is the Church of Saint-Sulpice containing two large paintings by the same artist; over yonder, the Palais Bourbon where his genius for decoration worked such marvels.

The Panthéon, the Sorbonne and the Hôtel-de-Ville contain the masterpieces of Puvis de Chavannes. The School of Pharmacy, the Hôtel-de-Ville and the Mairie in the 3d Arrondissement glow with the feeling compositions of Albert Besnard, veritable lyrist in color. Private residences and collections and the foyers and corridors of the theatres abound with decorative paintings by Maurice Denis and Georges d'Espagnat, Vuillard, de Libaique, Bonnard, and all the now famous masters of the latest contemporary art.

Everywhere one receives endless impressions and lessons in beauty to complete the enchantment of our art galleries. Even though certain other European galleries be richer in pictures of some one particular school, there is no other place in the world where the general features of the art of various countries and epochs are more completely represented than at the Musée du Louvre, or where one may secure a better art education. Our other collections also, such as those of the Luxembourg and Cluny galleries, the Petit Palais and Carnavalet, make strong and delicate appeals to esthetic emotion.

All these beautiful sights scattered about the city have educated both our eyes and our minds and created a good art tradition. To this may be added the influence of the great artists who have succeeded each other for the past hundred years—David and Géricault, Ingres and Delacroix, Carpeaux, Rodin and Rude, Corot and Millet, Dau-



PARIS : CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.

A huge Roman Corinthian temple, measuring 141 by 354 feet, and 100 feet high on a raised basement. Begun under Louis XV and Louis XVI, it was not finished until 1842. The work owes its present character to Vignon. The frieze is richly sculptured with garlands and the tympanum of the south façade is filled with a colossal group of sculptures representing Christ as the Judge of the World.



PARIS: THE LOUVRE—PAVILION RICHELIEU

A castle of the Kings of France from or before the XIII Century, and the chief royal palace until Louis XIV built Versailles. The existing palace was begun by Francis I in 1541, and was extended by his successors down to Louis XIV who added much, including the imposing east front. Napoleon I made some additions to which Napoleon III added very largely. The whole forms one of the most extensive and historically interesting buildings in the world. A great part of the interior has been occupied since 1793 by the famous museum, and successive governments have employed the best artists at their command for its decoration.

bigny, Rousseau, Dupré, Jongkind, Daumier, Courbet, Manet, Claude Monet, Camille Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, Degas—an influence which, though they themselves have long been asleep in glory, they still continue by their works. Bear in mind that only a few years ago the artists of the universe might meet those glorious masters of impressionism in the streets of Paris or at one exhibition or another; and chat with them after studying their

works as well as those of hundreds of other artists who, though less renowned, are none the less original and interesting painters.

Many of these, either at the École des Beaux-Arts or at outside ateliers well known to young artists, native or foreign, gave regular courses to which the renown of such teachers lent great authority. In these ateliers, full of youth and ardor, reigned that bubbling enthusiasm so favorable to art studies.

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In this paper, written to explain the attraction which Paris exerts and the reasons which make her the inspiration and mistress of art, would it be right—after mentioning her enchanting scenic effects, her monuments, art galleries and schools and the noble artists so many of whom work, study and gain wide renown therein—to pass over in silence the grace of her landscapes, the delicate tints of her skies, the charm and interest of a life passed working amid such surroundings; the superb elegance of Parisian women, their bewitching gait and intelligent expression, their harmonious suppleness of carriage and gesture; the brilliant conversation of our men and other charming features of the civilization and polite refinement of a people behind whom lies a long tradition of beauty, culture, and delightful social life?

All these things have their influence upon the inspiration and creative power of the artist. And this leads us to emphasize the constant art fever so characteristic of Paris. To be sure, art and literature form an agreeable subject of conversation among educated people elsewhere who appreciate what is great in both; but elsewhere such a theme is not ceaselessly fed as in Paris by incessant exhibitions, bold and original flights and that intelligent desire to investigate which is one of the attractions of French art life, nor by those art functions which the kind of pictures shown, the *mise-en-scene*, and even the costumes of those who attend them make

so interesting, nor by lectures which not infrequently give one something to think about and widen one's mental horizon.

There is no other city in the world where, under the protection of masterpieces which finally succeed in bringing even the rashest to a wiser state of mind, more untrammelled flights are attempted in art than in Paris, or where there is a more uplifting exchange of ideas or more earnest quests for new art forms. Artists here work hard. They think and talk. The discussions at the *salons* or the clubs keep up an enthusiasm which stimulates intellectual effort. The artist who has found time during the day to meditate before two or three masterpieces in the galleries; engage in earnest discussion with comrades he meets at some exhibition; watch the beautiful poses of women on one of the noblest stages in the world; hear lively conversation and share the prevalent art intoxication, will return to his studio to labor with greater earnestness and freedom of soul at the work wherein he would express his personal feelings and ideas.

Such is the secret of that alluring charm which Paris exercises more than ever before over artists and people of good taste. There is no city where artistic creation is more abundant or more original, or where one may behold more interesting works of art in an atmosphere more agreeably stimulative to labor. That is why Paris remains the great art metropolis.

Paris, France.



LYONS: CENTER OF ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

By CATHERINE BEACH ELY

NEARLY all of us have heart-ties which bind us with "Over There." For this reason a new interest is felt in the cities and villages of France.

Americans who travel know Paris—in eastern France they have probably viewed Mont Blanc and have tasted the hot sulphur springs at Aix-les-Bains. On the French Riviera they have visited Nice and Monte Carlo. But those sections which are a little off the beaten tourist track, other cities of France than Paris, are unfamiliar to most Americans.

They have changed cars in Lyons, they have driven about the city perhaps. They remember that it has a number of bridges and is noted for its silk industry, and that is as far as their information goes. Lyons is worthy of more sustained interest. It is the third city of France. No city tells the story of thrilling deeds more vividly in historic landmarks. Lyons has been the stage of human drama; ancient, medieval and modern—it has been a pivot of world events.

The peninsula of the city of Lyons, lying between the Rhone and the Saône, narrows to a slender point of land where the waters of these two broad rivers flow together.

The principal squares of Lyons are Places Bellecour, Cordeliers, de la République, de la Comédie, and des Terreaux. Place Bellecour is a typical French public square, prosperous looking and neatly trimmed with flower-beds. On Place de la République is a statue of President Carnot. Place des Cordeliers is so crowded one can hardly

draw a long breath. Place de la Comédie is the site of many wholesale silk houses and of l'Hotel de Ville, considered a peer among the public edifices of France. It has one façade facing on Place de la Comédie, the other on Place des Terreaux.

On Place des Terreaux is the Fontaine Bartholdi by the same sculptor who fashioned The Goddess of Liberty in the New York harbor. The fountain, which is almost as robust in design as its New York sister, represents a woman driving seaward four prancing marine horses (the four rivers of France).

In the silk maker's quarter, Croix Rousse, are the ateliers of the "Canuts" (workmen who weave silk by hand)—of course in this day and age they have been mostly driven out by machines. Place Tolozan is the center of the great silk manufacturing houses. We walked from this quarter to the Guillotière, at the opposite end of the city, following the beautiful shady boulevards of the quays. Here is modern Lyons, a display of fine houses and broad straight streets with plenty of space as in our American cities. It is more hygienic and less picturesque than old Lyons. But the shady boulevards along the quays are un-American. We have yet to learn the universal beautifying of our river shores.

Lyons has one of the finest archaeological museums in Europe. It consists of Roman antiquities all found in or near Lyons, and brought together in a peristyle which surrounds a pretty public garden. So if one tires of ancient lore he may take a bench in the garden



LYONS: FONTAINE BARTHOLDI.

This fountain, by the same sculptor who fashioned the Goddess of Liberty in New York Harbor, was erected in 1892 and named after its sculptor, has a large leaden group representing the rivers and springs on their way to the ocean. The appearance of the water on the wheels of the chariot and as it spurts through the nostrils of the horses is very fine.

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and look up at the walls of the "Palais des Arts" of which the peristyle is a part. A professional archaeologist could no doubt spend his lifetime in that peristyle without tiring of its resources. This was not our case. We found an occasional visit at Café Riche a relief from too continued an intellectual strain.

All the silk in Lyons has to be supervised before it goes to the dyer's. This is done at the Bureau of Control which also contains laboratories for studying the "conditions of silk."

On the second floor is a museum called "Conditions de la Soie." A scholarly looking employé explained to us, with a real love of the subject, the process. Lyons is concerned only in the manufacture of silk as the climate is not warm enough for the culture of the mulberry tree. He afterwards turned us over to a young girl who showed us in glass cases an extensive collection of silk-producing butterflies from all parts of the world, many of them beautiful in color and design. But these gaudy ones do not give enough silk to be of practical use. It is the plain, insignificant variety which is of value as a silk producer. We saw the Madagascar spider which yields a silk so fine that it is excessively dear. They say a part of the Pope's vestment is made of this sort. We also saw the industrial and artificial silk made from "cellulose," a product of wood. This variety is much cheaper; the process was discovered 18 years ago. Lyons is probably the only city in the world possessing so extensive a museum of this sort.

Parc de la Tête d'Or certainly deserves its name as one of the most beautiful in Europe. The entrance gates of wrought iron are a *chef d'oeuvre*. On entering one receives a striking im-

pression from the diverging lines of the allées beneath magnificent trees with such dense foliage that a cool green twilight seems to prevail beneath their drooping boughs. We rowed on the beautiful lake which is fed by the waters of the Rhone.

The Roman Catholic church is very strong in Lyons and like a symbol of the fact the church Notre Dame de Fourvière on the heights to the east dominates the city by its superb situation. It is silhouetted against the sky, black at night, and almost ominous like a strong personality from which there is no escaping.

We took the "funiculaire" up the heights to Fourvière. The wind blew lustily on the place before the church. Fourvière is comparatively modern, having been built in 1877 as the result of a vow made to the Virgin a number of years before during German invasions. It has four high octagonal towers which are most impressive at a distance and a richly decorated façade. The interior is still more ornate. It lacks the charm of some of the older churches although great sums have been lavished upon it. Most remarkable are the mammoth mosaic pictures which decorate its walls. They represent scenes in church history and are magnificently rich.

In spite of all this splendor we liked best the quaint little chapel of Fourvière which hides in the rich petticoats of the sumptuous modern building. It is the original Fourvière and lies close to the heart of France. The candles of ardent worshippers lit up its small and dark interior like stars. Gratitude for answered prayers was naively expressed by ex-voto offerings (little rectangular or heart-shaped marble plaques with inscriptions of gratitude in gilt letters).



LYONS: CATHEDRAL OF ST. JEAN

At the foot of the hill of Fourviere rises the Cathedral of St. Jean, one of the finest examples of early Gothic Architecture in France. Begun in the XII century, to which the transept and the choir belong, it was not finished till the XV century, the gables and flanking towers being finished in 1480. A triple portal, surmounted by a line of arcades and a rose window, gives entrance to the church.

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Lyons has a number of old and famous churches, all of them sacred from the city's turbulent history, each one with a rich personality of its own. The most celebrated are probably Les Églises St. Bonaventure, St. Jean and St. Nizier.

We attended a service at the Protestant Church on the left bank of the Rhone. It had the simple forms and forceful preaching, characteristic of protestant churches in France.

The two rivers of Lyons, the Saône and the Rhone, are very different in character. The Rhone is symbolized as a man, the Saône as a woman; the former is impetuous in its course and little used for navigation; the latter follows its winding, leisurely way to the point of its union with the swift-flowing Rhone. The Saône, in accord with its obliging personality, has much more traffic and is more navigable than the Rhone. "Bateaux-mouches" (fly-boats) which pass in both directions afford a good opportunity of studying the river life and landscape of Lyons. The Saône is spanned by 14 bridges. The last part of the voyage was very picturesque. We were told that the great silk manufacturers of Lyons are all millionaires and select this quarter for their homes.

The Rhone is a "fleuve" because it empties into the Sea (near Marseilles), while the Saône is a "rivière" since it empties into the Rhone. The Rhone is a majestic stream spanned by beautiful bridges—Viaduc, Pont du Midi, de l'Université, de la Guillotière, Hotel Dieu, Lafayette, Maraud, St. Clair and de la Bouche. Pont de la Guillotière built in 1190 was for a long time the only bridge over the Rhone. Pont du Midi and Pont de l'Université are comparatively modern, the former has pillars supporting gilded ornaments, the

stone columns of the latter are surmounted by gilded cocks, and decorated with the arms of France. They are more showy and less massive than the older bridges.

On the 14th of July, 1918, 300,000 persons assembled at Lyons on the banks of the Rhone to witness the opening of the new "President Wilson Bridge." Ambassador Sharp said on this occasion: "May the strength of this beautiful creation of the builder's art symbolize the bonds of attachment which unite our two peoples—its beauty the gauge of their mutual affection, and its utility their lasting prosperity."

It is a pleasure to stroll along the beautiful broad promenade on the right bank of the Rhone, the leafy roof of the plane-trees above one's head. Unlike the obliging Saône burdened with traffic, the Rhone in the vicinity of Lyons carries almost no craft upon its rushing waters.

If one crosses the Saône to Rue St. Jean at Pont Tilsitt he at once finds himself carried back into the Middle Ages. The rich gloom of these old 13th, 14th and 15th century houses is fragrant of romance. The city has bought the Hotel de Gadagne as it is interested in preserving some of these old constructions. We tried to imagine Monsieur Gadagne and his numerous 15th century family in this strange old edifice.

To descend Hill Fourvière by Passage Gay is to take the most historical walk in the world. This picturesque winding descent is bordered by trees through which one glimpses the city below.

Here the old Romans built sumptuous residences, baths, a forum and an aqueduct. They loved, caroused, fought, persecuted, bled and died where only vine-covered ruins survive to tell the tale.



LYONS: CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DE FOURVIERES

One of the most sumptuous churches in France, and remarkable for its originality. The style is a modernized Byzantine. The church was begun in consequence of a vow made by the clergy of Lyons during the war of 1870-71 and consecrated in 1896. The apse on the side toward the town is flanked by polygonal towers each terminating in a kind of crown. Instead of buttresses are four square half-towers and on each side of the west front are towers as at the apse. The façade also has a rich portico with four granite monolithic columns. The name originally applied to a small chapel built on the site of the old forum (*forum vetus*) from which it takes its name.

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Forty-three years before Christ, this little Roman settlement was founded on the bank of the Rhone (now Hill Fourvière and Passage Gay). It was called "Capitale de la Provence des Gaules" (Capital of the Province of Gaul).

Most of the Roman Emperors seem to have had a hand in it. Emperor Augustus indulged his little fad for civic improvement by constructing a great aqueduct, the principal ruin of which may be seen at the village of Champonost, eleven miles away. This was evidently appreciated by the Gauls, for they dedicated to him a sumptuous temple built on the extremity of the Peninsula of Lyons at the juncture of the Rhone and the Sône.

Even wicked, mad old Nero seems to have belied his reputation sufficiently to give 800,000 francs for rebuilding Lyons after a terrible fire. It was Emperor Trajan, who, as his share, constructed the forum.

Some of these playful old Emperors amused themselves in idle moments by persecuting believers. It is said that the blood of 190,000 Christians flowed down Hill Fourvière into the Sône.

Lyons continued her restive career. In 478 she belonged to the Burgundians, in 539 to the Franks. In 725 she was ravaged by the Saracens (or Barbarians). The genial Charlemagne took an interest in her development.

Peter Waldo, founder of the famous sect of the Vaudois or Waldenses, was a citizen of Lyons. Some personal sorrow gripped him; as a consequence he turned his back on the Roman Catholic formalities and went back to the Bible. He told the citizens of Lyons what he found there and crowds flocked to hear him. This reformation work spread into other countries. Waldo labored his life long and his followers took up

his mantle where it fell. The Waldenses lived by the Bible. They were an industrious and law-abiding folk. Edward Everett Hale in the novel "In His Name" recounts a charming episode of the life of Waldo.

Lyons has been a center of Roman Catholicism and it is today perhaps its greatest stronghold in France. In 1320 Lyons was definitely united to the Kingdom of France. The favorite pastime of massacring Huguenots became popular again in 1572.

In 1642 Cinq Mars and his friend De Thou contributed to Lyon's fame by being executed at Cardinal Richelieu's instigation, on Place des Terreaux (where the Hotel de Ville is now situated). This episode inspired the celebrated historical novel "Cinq-Mars" by Alfred de Vigny.

The convention of the Revolution was infuriated because Lyons resisted its decrees. After a terrible siege of two months in 1789, the Army of the Republic entered the city. When they had burned and pillaged Lyons to their own satisfaction they rechristened it "Commune Affronchie." Under the *Directoire* the city had a breathing spell. Napoleon I, on his return from Egypt in 1799, stopped off in Lyons, where he distributed a few gracious imperial smiles. He probably did not foresee that not long after General Mouton-Duvernet would be shot on Quai des Étroits for having supported him during the "cent jours."

The Austrians thought Lyons had been quiet long enough, so they entered the city in 1814-15. Then the silk workmen did what they could to establish the turbulent reputation of Lyons by going on strike and firing on their own city from Passage Gay in the terrible Revolutions of 1831 and 1834.

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Even the graceful Saône belied her reputation for tranquility and caused great inundations in 1840 and 1856. In 1870 Lyons was one day ahead of Paris in proclaiming the Republic. Two extensive expositions were held at the "Parc de la Tête d'Or" in the years 1872 and 1894.

President Carnot added a page to Lyons' tragedies. While attending the exposition of 1894 he was stabbed by an anarchist on the 24th of June. This took place in Rue de la République opposite Palais de la Bourse, where the President had just attended a banquet. Lyons has given birth to many famous men and women, among others: Puvis de Chavannes, who decorated the entrance of the Boston Public Library; also Jacquard, inventor of the weaving-loom. Madame de Recamier so admired for her beauty, intellectuality and goodness was a Lyonnaise.

One should not fail to see in Lyons the splendid mosaics from the ancient temple, dedicated to the Emperor Augustus, which stood at the end of the peninsula where the two rivers flow together. They have been inserted in the parquet of the "Musée des Beaux Arts et des Antiques" on Place des Terreaux. These perfectly preserved mammoth mosaics represent in a virile manner mythological and Roman scenes. They emphasize very forcibly Lyons' part as a Roman city.

On Passage Gay one sees a part of

the great aqueduct built by the Emperor Augustus about 20 years B. C. It was 84 kilometers long conducting water from Mont Pilat to Hill Fourvière. Mont Pilat is 70 miles southeast of Lyons on the right bank of the Rhone.

We visited the principal ruin of the aqueduct, twelve miles from Lyons near the village of Chaponost. The ruins are a stupendous souvenir of Roman antiquity; a succession of 76 broad arches, decreasing as they approach the level of the ground, they support the Canal through which the water passed. This series is interrupted in several places, forming fragments. Above a fragment of five arches the canal-conductor is especially well preserved. The aqueduct is constructed of lozenge-shaped stones, united with a cement so enduring that modern masonry cannot imitate it. No ruin could more forcibly show the beauty and strength of Roman construction. It is covered with a parasitic growth of vines and plants.

We gathered black raspberries which grew very ripe and sweet beneath the arches. This spot is called "Plat de l'Air" and it well deserves its name, for a cyclone of wind was blowing. We took refuge in one of the great arches of the aqueduct and mused upon this gigantic accomplishment of Roman hands which labored two thousand years ago.

New York City.



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND THE ART OF THE SECOND EMPIRE

By MITCHELL CARROLL

THE STORY of the life of the Empress Eugenie, judged by Aristotelian standards, moves along from beginning to end with the perfect unity of action of a Greek tragedy. Aristotle defines as the ideal character of tragedy a person highly renowned and prosperous, who is not unusually good and just, yet whose misfortune is brought about not by vice or depravity, but by some error or frailty. In order to produce the tragic *Katharsis* the tragedy must inspire pity and terror. "Pity," he says, "is aroused by unmerited misfortune, fear by the misfortune of a man like ourselves." Eugenie, consort of Napoleon III, admirably fills this rôle. A woman, not of royal birth, raised to the highest station, enjoying for a time the greatest glory and prosperity, is then brought to a sudden and tragic fall. Yet she lingers on, surviving husband and son, in private station, to live to see a half-century later the downfall of the dynasty that had brought destruction to her royal estate, and then passes away at the age of ninety-four in the land that gave her birth. Surely there is no greater theme for tragedy than the story of the last Empress of the French.

But it is not my purpose in this brief sketch to outline the tragedy, but to survey the part played by the Empress in the story of the arts of the Second Empire, a short period of less than a score of years, yet one which in the development of the arts, sciences and literature surpassed perhaps an equal period of any previous regime in France.

It was a brilliant place that France occupied as the foremost nation of continental Europe during the ascendancy of the Second Empire, when art was called upon as the handmaiden of supreme power to contribute to the splendor of a Court life that was the cynosure of all eyes. The beautiful and gracious personality of the Empress Eugenie pervades the whole of it, and the story of her words and deeds abides in the memory as the most salient feature in the survey of the panorama of that brilliant period of French history.

The Emperor Napoleon III, ably seconded by the Empress, utilized all the fine things of France to augment the *éclat* of the regime. Hence the Tuileries became not merely the center of European diplomacy, but also the arbiter of the world's arts and fashions. From the end of the Restoration in 1830 to the beginning of the Second Empire in 1852, there was really no Court life in France, in the generally accepted sense. Great simplicity characterized the reign of Louis Philippe, who prided himself on being the Citizen King. Napoleon III, however, with his astute knowledge of French character, realized how popular it would be, and how advantageous to trade, commerce and the arts, to restore something of the splendor of the Old Regime. He therefore wished to give as rich a stamp as possible to the Court life of the Empire. In these efforts, the Empress was admirably qualified by native gifts



EUGENIE DE MONTIJO, COUNTESS DE TEBA
(After Winterhalter)

Born at Granada in Spain, May 5, 1826, second daughter of the Count de Montijo and Marie Manuelita Kirkpatrick. Married to Napoleon III at Notre Dame, Jan. 30, 1853, and installed at the Tuileries as Empress of the French.

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and training to be of the greatest assistance to him.

Eugenie was beautiful. She has been thus described by Dr. Evans, the American dentist who knew her well even before she became the Empress of the French, and who effected her escape from Paris after that fatal day, November 4, 1870: "She possessed a singularly striking face, oval in contour, and remarkable for the purity of its lines; a brilliant, light, clear complexion; blue eyes, peculiarly soft and liquid, shielded by long lashes and when in repose, cast slightly downward; hair of a most beautiful golden chestnut color, a rather thin nose exquisitely molded, and a small delicate mouth that disclosed, when she smiled, teeth that were like pearls. Her figure was above the average height and almost perfect in its proportions—the waist round, and the shoulders admirably formed—and withal she possessed great vivacity of expression and elegance in her movements, together with an indescribable charm of manner. Indeed she was of a rare type physically as well as morally; one whose distinguishing qualities always seemed to me to reveal the existence of Irish rather than Scotch blood, notwithstanding the name of her mother's family — Kirkpatrick. But she was richly endowed, by inheritance or otherwise, with the best qualities of more than one race; and if it was true that her beauty was blond and delicate from her Scotch ancestry, it was no less true that "her grace was all Spanish, and her wit was all French."

The Emperor said of Eugenie in giving official announcement of his intended marriage: "I have preferred to have for a wife, a woman whom I love and respect, rather than a woman unknown to me, and with whom the

advantages of an alliance would have been mingled with sacrifices. * * * Endowed with all the qualities of the soul, she will be the ornament to the throne, and in the day of danger she will become one of its courageous supports." The Emperor's prediction was not belied by events. By her beauty, elegance and charm of manner she contributed largely to the splendor of the Imperial regime, and when the dark hours came and disaster hovered over the Tuileries, she was, as the official inquiry made by her enemies proved, one of the very few who showed calmness and courage in the face of the rising tide of revolution, and the collapse of her own personal fortunes.

Not only her natural endowments, but also her education and early environment was such as to fit her to exert a benign influence on the artistic life of France. Trained at the famous Convent of the Sacred Heart in Paris, she had as her guide, philosopher and friend in her formative years, the writer Prosper Mérimée, who always spoke of her in terms of admiration. Thanks largely to Mérimée, a Frenchman could say of her when raised to the throne, "Why this young woman knows more about France and her people, her arts, her politics and her public men than many a youth who was born in our boundaries like his ancestors for several generations."

For the intellectual and the aesthetic Eugenie had a genuine love. She was prone to steal away from the distractions of the Court to read a book that had captured her fancy. She took lessons in French history from M. Fustel de Coulanges, who spoke of her literary taste in the highest terms. In the *Life of Victor Cousin*, her acknowledgement of the gift of a book is quoted as follows:



EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

(Winterhalter's official portrait, reproduced from mezzotint and stipple engraving by Samuel Cousins.)

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, born at Paris, April 20, 1808, son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, and Hortense de Beauharnais, and nephew of Napoleon I; after years of exile, and imprisonment, he was made a member of the National Assembly after the fall of Louis Philippe in 1848; was elected President of the Republic December 1848; was chosen President for 10 years in December 1851, and after a plebiscite in Nov. 1852, was proclaimed Emperor Dec. 2, 1852; he took part in the Crimean War 1854-56; fought with Sardinia against Austria in 1859; declared war against Prussia in 1870; was taken prisoner at Sedan Sept. 2, 1870; died at Chislehurst near London, Jan. 9, 1873.



EMPRESS EUGENIE.

(Winterhalter's official portrait, reproduced from mezzotint and stipple engraving by Samuel Cousins.)

Became Empress of the French Jan. 30, 1853; First Regency, 1859, Second Regency, 1865, Third Regency, 1870; escaped from The Tuileries Sept. 4, 1870, after the battle of Sedan; lived in exile in England at Chiselhurst (1870-80) and at Farnborough (1880-1920). Died at Madrid July 11, 1920; laid to rest at Farnborough, July 19, 1920.

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Bust of the Empress Eugénie, by Carpeaux
(1827-1865.)

"I beg to thank you, sir, for having sent me your work on French society in the seventeenth century, and still more for the kind letter which accompanied it. You must have known how much pleasure you would give me, for I appreciate at their full value all these noble works which retrace for us, with life-like fidelity, the society of past ages. The picture is enhanced by that superb language which is the glory of our literature." She had an amateur knowledge of drawing and of painting in water-colors, of which she was very fond; and she is said to have made designs and sketches showing landscape effects for the use of the engineers who were laying out the Bois de Boulogne.

When the Second Empire was in its zenith in the sixties, the rest of the

world looked to it for the standards in all the elegancies of social life. The higher a people rise in civilization and its refinements, the more they care for the arts, style in fashions, fine clothes, rich jewels.

The sovereigns felt it to be the duty of such a Court as the Tuileries, in a country foremost in commerce and the industrial arts, to create a market for the more expensive products. Thus Lyons, as well as Paris, became rich, the fashions of the hour calling for beautiful materials, for silks and rich fabrics of all kinds.

In popular estimation Eugénie is usually thought of chiefly as the queen of fashion, just as if it were not one of the principal functions of a ruler in a country like France to set the fashions of the day. The Empress's efforts in this direction have led to much criticism, most of which is undeserved. It is true she often changed her attire, and designed and possessed many handsome gowns. It is true that many of the fashions of that day—the crinoline, Louis XVI panniers, Renaissance sleeves—seem odd and unusual in this democratic age; but will not our fashions seem equally odd to the people of a hundred years hence? It may be said of Eugénie, however, that it was with exquisite tact and taste she regulated the ceremonials of the Court, and determined the fashions of Paris which set the pace for fashionable folk of other countries. For nearly a score of years she was the supreme arbiter of fashion, and the final authority with her sex in all matters pertaining to the elegancies and foibles of social life. She has been accused of extravagance, yet one day at Farnborough she exclaimed, "Why! with the exception of a few gowns made for special ceremonial occasions, during the whole time I was

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at the Tuileries. "I never wore a dress that cost more than *fifteen hundred francs*, and most of my dresses were much less expensive."

The Emperor and Empress always held that as rulers of France their duties were more than political and ceremonial, especially in a country renowned for its achievements in arts and letters. Hence they gave their patronage freely to the encouragement and support of architects, painters, sculptors, musicians, authors, poets, dramatists, actors and actresses, and fostered everything that contributed to the splendor and magnificence of the Capital City.

In a room near the Emperor's sanctum stood a number of tables covered with plans of Paris. In that room Napoleon III and Eugenie spent hours with Haussmann, Alphand and Viollet le Duc, enthusiastically studying and preparing plans for all those improvements, all those wonderful transformations of the Capital, which made Paris a veritable City Beautiful, and started the modern movement for city planning now so strong in this and other countries.

We must not forget that the new Paris of the Second Empire owes its inspiration to the sovereigns who gave Haussmann his opportunity as well as every facility to carry out his plans, so that in twelve years he achieved more than his predecessors had accomplished in a century. Haussmann's all-absorbing passion was to rebuild his native city and make it the wonder of the world. And as the Imperial sovereigns shared the same passion, and were lavish in their recommendations of expenditures where the city was concerned, the mighty work of reconstruction was carried out. Haussmann was

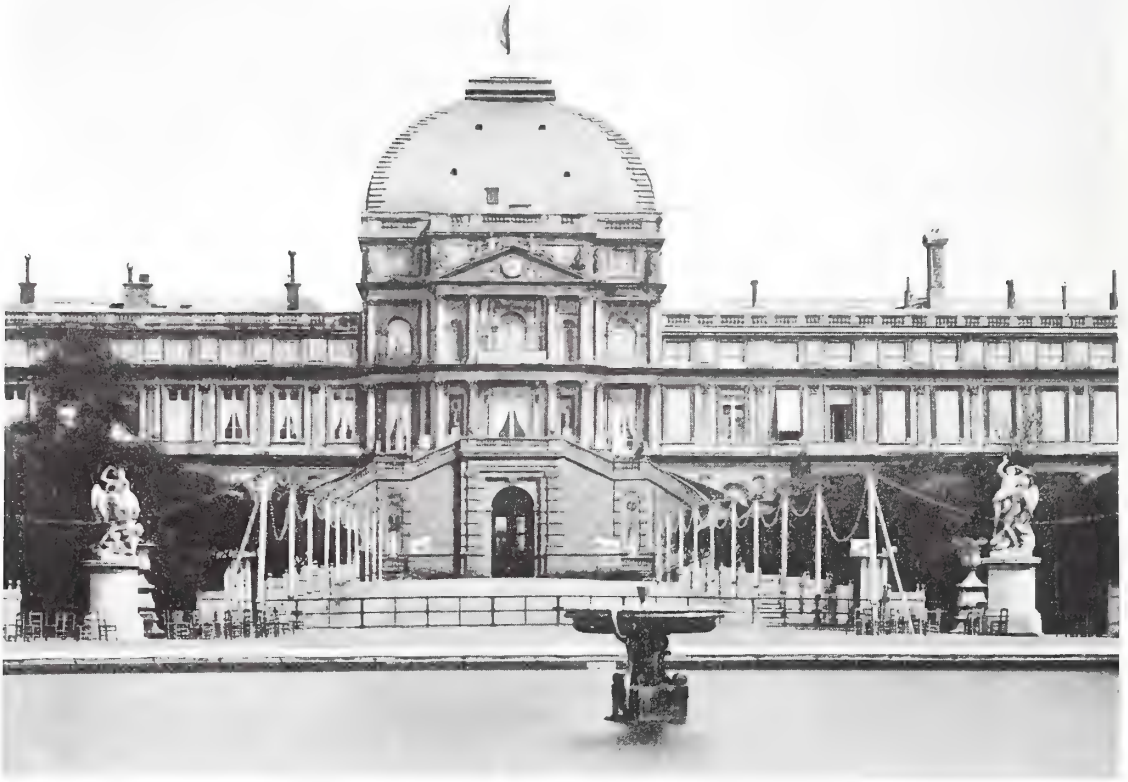


Carpeaux

Napoleon Eugene Louis Bonaparte, (1856-79),
Prince Imperial of France.

ever ready to express his sense of indebtedness to them and until the end remained *persona gratissima* at Court.

The erection of the Grand Opera House, recognized as the most conspicuous example of the "*Style Napoleon III*," is a testimony to the devotion of their Imperial majesties to the arts of the Muses. Eugenie is said to have even entered as a competitor for the prize offered for the best design of the new Opera House; and she had the satisfaction of hearing that her work was deemed worthy of "honorable mention." Grand opera reached its lofty height under such composers as Berlioz, Bizet, Gounod, Rossini and Ambroise Thomas, and world-renowned vocalists of the day were Alboni, Cruville, Nillson and Patti, and others of equal note.



PALACE OF THE TUILERIES

Built by Catherine de Medici in 1564, enlarged by Henry IV and Louis XIV; scene of many disasters attending the overthrow of the French monarchy; its history as a royal residence came to an end with the battle of Sedan, and the departure of the Empress Eugénie, Sept. 4, 1870; burned by the Commune in 1871, the ruins were removed in 1883 and the Jardin des Tuileries now covers the site of the palace.

The theaters, actors and actresses of Paris have been famous under all regimes, and during the Second Empire the high standard was carefully maintained. Nor was French talent alone cordially received in Paris. Dramatic artists from foreign lands were welcomed, often at the expressed wish of the Tuileries. In 1855 the famous Rachel played for an entire month, at the request of the Court, the masterpieces of Corneille and Racine in which she excelled. Ristori, her great rival also enjoyed the favor of the Court. The Emperor and Empress led in the

honors shown the celebrated Italian tragedienne.

Sara Bernhardt began her glorious career under the patronage of the Emperor and Empress, and in her autobiography she gives an interesting account of her first visit to the Empress at the Tuileries. It is a pleasing coincidence, as an evidence of Eugénie's devotion to the fine arts, that her three chamberlains—the Marquis d'Havrincourt, the Marquis de Piennes and the Comte de Brissac—were all clever amateur artists, the first being a sculptor, the second a draftsman, and the last a painter. These three gentlemen

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contributed not a little to making the court circle a delightful center for the cultivation and discussion of the fine arts. Many a famous sculptor or painter was admitted to this "art coterie" of Eugenie's, as the Emperor called it, and went away with a feeling that the Tuileries breathed an atmosphere entirely congenial to the cultivation of the Muses and Graces.

The embellishment of the Empress's apartments in the Tuileries was for the most part designed and executed in accordance with her suggestions. Charles Chaplin, the painter, and Lefuel, the architect, were chiefly responsible for the general scheme of decoration. The first of the Salons was known as the *Salon Vert*, the walls being painted a pale green, over which M. Burette traced endless arabesques of darker color. The ceiling of the second room, the *Salon Rose*, was the masterpiece of Charles Chaplin, annihilated like all the rest when the palace was consumed by fire. Descriptions of the apartment speak of Chaplin's ceiling as representing the triumph of Flora, but the Flora really depicted by the painter was said to be the Empress Eugenie. In the center was a medallion portrait of her, enframed by garlands of roses held by the three Graces around whom were assembled symbolical figures of the Arts. Next came the *Salon Bleu* where the cartouches over the doors contained medallion portraits of six of the greatest beauties of the Court. They were the work of Edouard Dubufe. The Empress's *Cabinet de travail* followed the *Salon Bleu*. Before one of the windows was a table covered with her materials for water-color paintings. There is a story that she one day took Cabanel, the famous painter, into her cabinet—"There," said she, "is a panel—you see

there is nothing on it but a cord. Make me a picture for it." "If you don't," she added with a smile, "the cord can be used to hang you." So Cabanel to escape so dire a fate, painted for her his well-known picture of "Ruth." In this room was to be found also Cabanel's life-size portrait of Napoleon III in a black Court costume—one of the best portraits of Napoleon ever painted. Cabanel was to have painted the picture of the Empress also but the commission was repeatedly postponed, and after the Revolution abandoned.

Winterhalter, the cosmopolitan Court painter of the day, who painted most of the royalties of Europe, including Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, was the favorite portrait painter at the Tuileries. He painted the official portraits of the Emperor and Empress shortly after their marriage, and numerous portraits of Eugenie from his brush are extant, one representing her in profile, another giving a front view, still another depicting the Empress with her ladies-in-waiting.

Those famous "house-parties" at Compiègne were not gatherings, as often alleged, of persons preoccupied with fashion and the frivolities of life, but assemblies of men and women distinguished in the liberal arts and professions, to whom the Emperor and Empress wished to extend special recognition. An invitation to pass a week or more in this charming environment was among the gracious ways the Empress took to encourage those who were striving to enrich the higher life of France.

Here the great men of France, scientists, poets, writers, artists, were gathered together to enjoy the hospitality of the Emperor and Empress. Wit and

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humor, brilliant and informing conversation, could well be expected where such geniuses in different fields of culture filled the drawing rooms with their clever comments on science and art, and the events of the day. And what salon ever brought together more stars of the first magnitude! Among the literary names which figured in the lists of guests, were Ste. Beuve, Cousin, Havet, Mérimée, Renan, Taine, Toqueville. Conspicuous among the novelists were Alphonse Daudet, Flaubert, Gautier and Dumas *filis*. Among poets were the Parnassians,—Herédia, Lecomte de Lisle and Prud'homme, and Coppée who wrote "Le Passant," which introduced Sara Bernhardt to fame. Music was represented by Auber, Berlioz, Bizet, Félicien David, Gounod, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Rossini and Ambroise Thomas. In architecture we recall as typical examples Lefuel and Viollet le Duc, the archaeologist who restored so many of the old buildings of France; in sculpture, Carpeaux, and Count de Nieuwerkerke so long at the head of the ministry of fine arts; and in painting, Cabanel, Meissonnier, Rosa Bonheur, Charles Chaplin, Couture and others.

Carpeaux, the most celebrated sculptor of the day, whose bust of Napoleon III is in the Louvre, desired exceedingly to make a bust of the Empress who, however, declined to pose. Her beauty had always defied the skill of the sculptors, and only Nieuwerkerke, who had executed her bust, had found favor in her eyes. Hence, when Carpeaux was invited to be of the "house party" at Compiègne, he passed the days drawing the gestures and attitudes of the Empress. Finally to overcome the resistance of her Majesty, relates Mme. Carette in her Memoirs, the artist requested the latter to pose, as a certain

resemblance existed between the two ladies, hoping by means of a successful likeness of the maid of honor, he might win the favor of the sovereign. A simple medallion was agreed upon, and during the whole day Carpeaux worked without ceasing. In the evening Mme. Carette brought the medallion to Eugénie who found it charming except in the line of the chin. Her majesty, whose artistic sense was very correct and delicate, proceeds Mme. Carette, touched the clay lightly with her finger, which left an imprint, and in the endeavor to remove it, the medallion was spoiled and the effort to win the Empress's favor ended in disappointment. Carpeaux, however, persisted, and at luncheon the next day installed himself at table with his working utensils opposite the Empress who appeared greatly offended at the insistence of the artist. The best proof, however, that his hosts did not esteem him less is that the Empress ended by yielding to the resolution of the sculptor. She posed for him finally in 1866 and the bust remained in her possession after the Revolution. A replica in marble was executed and many copies in plaster and clay are preserved in private collections.

Carpeaux was commissioned in 1865 to make the statue of the Prince Imperial, and he produced the greatly celebrated statue of the lad standing by the side of his dog Nero—"a figure full of grace, the lines in the face of which are as pure and charming as those in the bust of the young Augustus." "The Empress visited me yesterday with a numerous suite," he wrote in May 1865, "my success is assured and the plaudits fill me with joy. The Empress is enchanted with the bust of the prince and with the statue."



THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU

From the middle ages one of the chief residences of the King of France. The Fontainebleau forest is considered the most beautiful in France, and is the favorite resort of the French School of landscape painters.

The celebrated royal palace at Fontainebleau, with its forest, considered the most beautiful in France, was another favorite resort of the sovereigns, when they wish relaxation from the cares of state. Fontainebleau had already become the resort of the French landscape painters, many of them living at Barbison, Chailly, Marlotte and other villages of the neighborhood.

One of the favorite pastimes of the sovereigns and their guests was to pay impromptu visits to the famous artists who had their studios in and around the Fontainebleau forest. For example, one day Napoleon and Eugenie dropped in unexpectedly at the house of the painter Descamps. He hastily brought out the few canvasses he had still in his studio. The sovereigns warmly con-

gratulated him on his beautiful work, and left him beaming over the praise bestowed by his Imperial visitors. Another afternoon, Eugenie and her ladies, taking Rosa Bonheur by surprise, found her in her favorite masculine attire and warmly praised her fine animal pictures. Said one of the mayors, "When the Emperor and Empress come, we here in Fontainebleau imagine that the age of Louis XIV has returned."

Taking it all in all, the verdict of history will be that during the eighteen years of the Second Empire the artistic genius of the French maintained its preeminence, and that the Empress Eugenie, in her steadfast devotion to the arts, contributed in no small measure to the prestige and achievements of "*La belle France*."



Madonna, by Master of Frankfort (1500–1520), at the Ehrich Galleries, New York.

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS



Madonna, by Francesco Bissolo (1492-1530), at the Ehrich Galleries, New York.

Exhibition of Paintings of the Madonna at the Ehrich Galleries

A most timely and very well-chosen exhibition of paintings of the Madonna is on through the month of December at the Ehrich Galleries, 707 Fifth Avenue, New York—examples of the various early schools interpretive of this universal appealing subject.

We have illustrated one of the most charming and intimate sixteenth century portrayals of this subject, painted on panel, by Francesco Bissolo. The Virgin in rose colored robe, blue cloak lined with brown, white head-veil falling over her shoulders, is holding the infant Saviour who stands on her knee. Behind the group is St. Joseph and near him is St. John the Baptist holding a cross and scroll; on the right is St. Roch in Pilgrim's attire carrying a staff. The flesh tones are rich, the drapery broad in cast, simple and straight in line, the heads softly outlined against a clouded blue sky and the whole group suffused with a uniform warmth of glowing color without harsh shadows.

Francesco Bissolo, born, it is said, at Treviso about 1450, painted under the immediate influence of Giovanni Bellini. Trained in the school of Bellini when it was attended by the most promising masters of the 16th century, he early displayed an aptitude for appropriating the surface forms of the master's style.



"Rheims: The Cathedral—The Tower," lithograph by Howard Leigh, young American artist, at the Anderson Galleries, New York.

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The type of the Virgin as well as the Child, so peculiarly in favor the early part of the century, is perfectly characteristic of Bissolo in his Bellinesque manner—in treatment and pose much the same as the one in the Redentore, Venice, which was attributed to Bellini for many years and is the same as the one from the collection of the late Dr. L. Mond whose paintings have been bequeathed to the British nation. His presentation of the Virgin and Child are so closely akin to Bellini's "Virgin and Child with Saints" executed for the altar at San Zaccaria that they are often attributed to Bellini himself. Nothing could better prove the high quality of Bissolo's art than this confusion, for it shows that Bissolo was not only strongly influenced by the personality of his master but was himself a man of astounding genius. We find many specimens of his Bellinesque style in the foreign galleries—the Venetian Academy, the Leipzig Museum, Berlin Museum, the National Gallery, the Manfrini Gallery and Brera, Milan.

Other paintings in the collection are by Masters of the Dutch, Flemish, Spanish and German Schools. One of the latter is a typical group by the Master of Frankfort (early 16th century) which so clearly shows the influence of the School of Antwerp—the figures full, strong and vigorous; the high forehead; the rather prominent eyes; the round chin; the light falling on the hair threading it with gold; the richly colored garments falling in deep heavy folds. The colors, too, are typical of the period—rich red, blue-green, ivory and black. The walls and towers splendid in perspective are mellow brown with tiled roofs of the same bright green that appears in the garments.

The exhibition in its entirety affords an unusual opportunity for study and research, and will amply repay many visits from both student and collector.

Howard Leigh's Lithographs at the Anderson Art Galleries

The most surprising thing to come up in the art season so far is the exhibition of lithographs by Howard Leigh at the Anderson Art Galleries, New York. Considered solely on their artistic quality and their human interest, these forty-seven prints are bound to attract attention, but when it becomes known that Mr. Leigh is now only twenty-four years old and that he is self-taught, save for a year spent at the École des Beaux Arts, in Paris, the exhibition becomes nothing less than sensational. As an additional point of interest, it may be recorded that the artist won such gracious recognition in Paris that he was accorded an exhibition at one of the best known galleries of the capital and that the French Ministry of Fine Arts bought for its museums an entire set of the works then displayed. So it can be seen that any enthusiasm manifested for Mr. Leigh is grounded in fact and precedent.

The success of this young American is not without its significance, too, in the revival of the lithograph as the true art expression, and its effort to live down the stigma that commercialism for so many years put upon it. It has been contended by artists, in the face of this public prejudice, that lithography offers the most intimate and facile medium in existence save direct painting—that is, the best of all reproductive means. This is undoubtedly true, whether the artist seeks delicacy, as Whistler did, or strength of masses, like Brangwyn. Mr. Leigh did well to choose lithography.

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Twenty-four of the lithographs have to do with the Great War; the other twenty-three are divided between Paris and Rouen. Men of the A. E. F. will take particular interest in a set of four Chateau-Thierry subjects. One of them, "The Old Abbey—Essome-sur-Marne," was sketched from the loft of a barn, where the Americans had a machine gun nest. "An Ancient Street" has a sense of bleak desolation, a thing that is even more emphasized in "Pernant Castle," of the Soissons set, which uprears itself like a specter.

Mr. Leigh was especially attracted to Rheims, and probably the most interesting print in the collection is "The Cathedral—The Tower," because it shows in the foreground an ancient eleventh century arcade whose existence was not known prior to 1916 when the German shells, destroying the later buildings placed around it, brought it to view. The arches probably formed entrances to some of the ancient wine cellars that underlay this part of the town. Because of their character and antiquity, the French government, in following out the plans for reconstruction of Rheims laid out by Mr. George B. Ford, New York architect, has provided for a small open space or park, so that they may be kept as relics.

Another Rheims subject, "The Cathedral—The Ruined Doors," is remarkable for the melancholy feeling obtained by the use of mellow sunlight, which affords spiritual contrast to the mind of the beholder.

The Nevinson Exhibition at the Bourgeois Galleries

C. R. W. Nevinson, Briton, now in America, is perhaps the most universal in method of painting of any artist that has ever lived. His amazing variation in style is explained by himself. Printed in the catalogue of his exhibition held at the Bourgeois Galleries, in New York, is his "Art Creed," which is well nigh as interesting as the pictures themselves. This creed in its entirety is as follows:

"I wish to be dis-associated from every possible clique, school, ist, ism, post, neo, pro, anti, academic, unacademic, conventional or unconventional. I wish to be labelled as Nevinson, living artist (with landlords to support, and their stomachs to fill). Devoted to Art, past and present, alive to contemporary civilization and barbarity.

"I aim at creating paintings which shall be a vital magnetic force, in which 'beauty' or 'ugliness' is subordinated.

"Technique, accomplishment, and again accomplishment, I aim at, so that they may become second nature, all self-consciousness disappear, and the subject dictate the method. I maintain it is impossible to use the same means to express the flesh of a woman and the ferro-concrete of a sky-scraper; or the restless, dynamic groups of curb brokers and the static calm of an English landscape. Individuality survives diversity of methods.

"Originality is, and always has been, unknown in Art. So-called originality is the result of the influence of contemporary art, and a tradition of the past, plus individual shortcomings, tastes, selections, and re-actions.

"First and last, a painting without virility is not a work of art for a contemporary painter, who has to break through the sugar coating laid on by his immediate predecessors of the pretty-pretty school of the popular painters, the French official painters, and the slimy productions of the Salon."



"The Mill Pond," by C. R. W. Nevinson, at the Bourgeois Galleries, New York.

It is not surprising, in view of this creed, to find in Mr. Nevinson's exhibition paintings that are Post-Impressionistic, others that are Cubistic, some that are Futuristic, and many that frankly enough follow academic traditions. If it were not for the overwhelming personality of the artist, the visitor at first might naturally enough think the display was by a group of painters with widely varying techniques.

Greatest response is commanded, perhaps, by Mr. Nevinson's Post-Impressionistic paintings. These include, besides various landscapes, among them "The Mill Pond," a set of New York subjects, which he calls "abstractions." While pictorial in the sense that they do not take very much liberty with facts, yet, in their mass and color, they convey the feeling of the city, aroused by its physical aspect, in a way never done before. Assuredly, they present New York as New York affects the senses. "Broadway Downtown" and "Night" are works in point.

There are some pictures, such as "Violence" and "Arrival," that are purely abstract intellectual feats and that mingle Cubism and Futurism. "Gare St. Lazare" is an unforgettable impression of steam and locomotive, wall and girder forms. From these subjects an astonishing transition is made to the portrait labelled "18" and to "Cornish Landscape," a purely pictorial glimpse of wind-swept coast and walls, with shrubs blown almost horizontal in the gale.

BOOK CRITIQUES

Life of James McNeill Whistler, by E. R. and J. Pennell, new and revised edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1920.

One of the many remarkable qualities possessed by the "Life of James McNeill Whistler" by E. R. and J. Pennell, new and revised edition, the sixth, is what, for lack of a better expression, I call sustained breadth. It is a very rare quality in any biography; exceptionally rare in a "life" so fully documented as this. From beginning to end one is made to feel that the man, Whistler, whether represented by his acts and opinions, or by his "works"—there are those who will promptly deny that such distinction can, or ought to be made—is a living being; one who "eats and sleeps and puts on clothes;" one who still walks the London pavements; loses his temper easily and soon forgets that he has done so; says innumerable, incomparably witty things; paints, lithographs, and etches. What I mean is that our authors in all that they say, of report or of comment, interesting, useful, positively inspiring, manage to body forth an individual of remarkable personal, and very remarkable artistic character. And, thus, do they make the true Whistler. It is a splendid thing to do.

Peculiarly illuminating is the chapter on "The Gentle Art," a rare instance of that precious thing; a book about art by an artist. The Pennells say that Whistler "knew it would live with the writings of Cellini, Dürer and Reynolds." It recalls to mind the justified pride of Dante when he said Homer, Horace and the others elected him to be "the sixth amid so much wisdom." Will six centuries and a half justify Whistler as they have done Dante? The question cannot be blinked, nor answered save by time.

They say, "everything he (Whistler) wrote had the same end: to show that 'art should . . . stand alone, and appeal to the artistic sense of eye and ear, without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism, and the like. All these have no kind of concern with it, and that is why I insist on calling my works, 'arrangements,' and harmonies.'"

In other words Whistler placed representative art low. For this reason he was, of necessity and rightly, at sword's point with the prevailing fashions in art and criticism alike, of the later

Victorian decades. To use the pivotal idea and expression of Clive Bell's refreshing and stimulating book, "Art," it was "significant form" which Whistler sought, and regarded as the end of all great art. It would not be fair to leave the implication that Mr. Bell looks on Whistler as a consummate exponent of "significant forms" *i. e.*, as one of the great artists of all time. What he says is that Whistler "went in the right direction." Space forbids more than touching upon this vitalest of art questions.

The "Life," aside from its intrinsic fascination, is a mass of invaluable evidence in connection with this question. In the London of the "eighties" Whistler stood unique as critic and creator of art. He performed a two-fold wonder. He told what art is, and he showed what art is. This twin aspect of his genius the Pennell "Life" makes workably and inspiringly evident.

It is to be wished that the preface had not been written, or rather that it had not been necessary to write such a preface. Its querulous tone, and implications as to so much that is base in human dealings, does not worthily prelude the great and serene composition which follows in the four hundred and more pages, every one of which is absorbing and for every one of which we should be profoundly grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Pennell

ALFRED MANSFIELD BROOKS.

Medals of the Renaissance. By G. F. Hill, Fellow of the British Academy. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1920. Pp. 204. xxix Plates.

This book is the outcome of the Rhind lectures at Edinburgh delivered in 1915 by the author at the invitation of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and whereas there are many volumes on separate portions of the subject, this is the first general summary giving the description and history of medals of the Renaissance. The many plates contain reproductions of 209 historic medals, which gives some idea of the completeness of the work. In the introduction the author distinguishes between medals and coins, showing that the medals with which he is concerned are of the commemoration sort in the modern sense. The medal is a very characteristic creation of the Renaissance and is, therefore, on a different

footing from arts that had flourished before the Renaissance began. The introduction is followed by chapters on Medalllic technique, Northern Italy in the fifteenth century, Rome and Florence in the fifteenth century, the Italian medal in the sixteenth century, German medals, Medals of the Netherlands, French medals, England and Scotland. There is a good index and twenty-nine plates with several medals beautifully reproduced on each plate. This is a luxurious publication for these days of high cost of printing. The text is well printed and accurate, though an expert might dispute a few of the attributions and classifications. The volume, however, is most scholarly and undoubtedly the best general survey of the whole field of Renaissance medals, and even for the Italian field rivals Alfred Armand's *Médailleurs de la Renaissance* and Cornelius von Fabriczy's *Italian Medals*.

D. M. R.

The Lewes House Collection of Ancient Gems.
By J. D. Beazley. Oxford: The Clarendon Press,
1920. xii+124 pp., 6 figs., 12 plates. 38 shillings.

In this beautiful catalogue is published Mr. Warren's collection of 128 intaglios and 7 cameos, surpassed in number by such private collections as Lord Southesk's but far superior in quality to any collection except that in the British Museum. It is especially rich in Greek and Etruscan gems. Many of the gems are masterpieces. More than a third of them are published in Furtwängler's elaborate and masterly *Antike Gemmen*. Nine bear signatures, among them some of the most famous Greek gem-cutters such as Epimenos, Dexamenus, Hyperechius, Dioscourides. In many of these gems the artistic supremacy of Greece is as evident as in the best vases or sculptures. It is, therefore, a pleasure to students of art to welcome this catalogue which will form a good introduction to a field which has long been neglected.

Mr. Beazley has published the gems well. His text shows the same remarkable acumen displayed in his work on vases. There is not the same chance to apply Morellian methods but his commentary gives an elaborate account of each gem and deals with every question raised by it, revealing his command of all branches of ancient art and its literature. Even the head-dress on a gem is illustrated by experiments conducted by a friend to show that the head-dress is accurately rendered. Only in rare cases does one miss a reference to an important work which should be cited. So in discussing centaurs (p. 75) we miss a reference to Baur's *Centaurs in Ancient Art*, a read-

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ing of which would have modified the statements about the primitive type of centaur.

The text is large and the twelve plates are well reproduced, two devoted to enlargements and A and B to gems in other collections. Let us hope that one of our American museums quickly purchases this unique collection which is now on the market.

D. M. R.

Bookplates by Frank Brangwyn, R. A., with a foreword by Eden Phillpotts and a technical note by E. Hesketh Hubbard, Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1920.

On all sides we hear the art of Frank Brangwyn under discussion. This latest contribution to the literature of the subject is important in that it presents examples of the artist's work in a field of his art which is not widely known because of its personal nature. *Bookplates by Frank Brangwyn, R. A.*, more closely resembles an album of his work than an attempt at serious criticism as there are only six pages of text accompanying sixty-nine plates. But to the reader who brings to the work a sufficient knowledge of the artist's creations to critically discern their fine qualities, the book is a veritable mine of information and enjoyment.

Any feeling that the popularity of Brangwyn's art is due to a freakish newness which is merely attracting attention, as a newly-decorated shop window might attract attention, is promptly dispelled by critical analysis of the work. The impression gained by such analysis of his work in various fields (for the artist is a craftsman of the first order and handles masterfully the making of a jewel case, for instance) is that a fundamental reason for his success in any field he attempts, and for his consequent popularity, is not so much due to his virile masculinity as to his consummate grasp of the limitations of the medium in hand and to his ability to press those limitations to the breaking point without either bending or shattering them.

This fundamental quality is apparent in many of the bookplates; whether the medium is lithography with its charming, soft tones, etching with its amazing intricacy, or wood-engraving with its bold, broad effects conveying so much by what they omit. The lack of criticism of even the outstanding examples in this book amounts to neglect of an important opportunity to broaden appreciation of this versatile artist's talents. Consider the fine bookplate for Miss Edith Hope which is passed without mention and which is, in a space less than three inches wide, a creation in which composition, decoration and technical handling vie with

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each other in importance as examples of those versatile talents. We do not mean to give the impression, however, that the present work is a misdirected effort, because Brangwyn's art possesses the vital, even if indefinable, quality of compelling wide appreciation on sight. It is good to look upon as much of it as possible.

ALFRED FOWLER.

Memoirs of the Empress Eugenie. By Comte Fleury. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1920.

The title of these two interesting volumes is somewhat misleading, as they do not contain any memoirs written by Eugenie herself, as was anticipated when it was announced that publication was withheld by her request until after her death, nor do they treat exclusively of the Empress. They give an intimate picture of the brilliant French court of the Second Empire, and personal impressions of Napoleon III and Eugenie, and many of their contemporaries. The author was for many years identified with the Court, and kept up his close acquaintance with Eugenie during her years of exile in England. The account is strengthened by numerous quotations from private papers of the Emperor and others, which have not before been seen the light.

The first volume gives a picturesque account of the early years of Eugenie, her marriage to Napoleon, the birth of the Prince Imperial, his "baptism of fire," and tragic death. It describes the Imperial household, tells of royal visits and visitors, and gives interesting episodes of the Emperor's life, and tells the story of his imprisonment, exile and death.

The second volume gives the inside or Court view of the political and diplomatic history of France during the Second Empire, largely from unpublished notes and other data. It reveals the actual rôle filled by Napoleon and Eugenie in the Crimean War, the Austro-Italian War, the Polish Question, the Mexican fiasco and especially in the Franco-Prussian War leading to the Sedan tragedy, and relieves Eugenie for all time from the imputation of having brought on the War of 1870.

The work is an important contribution to the historical literature dealing with the career of Napoleon III and the story of the Second Empire, and the reader will close the two volumes with a more sympathetic and admiring appreciation of the Empress Eugenie, the most romantic figure of the nineteenth century.

M. C.



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The Spell of the Heart of France; The Towns, Villages, and Chateaux about Paris, by André Hallays, Illustrated. Boston: The Page Company, 1920.

This is one of "The Spell Series"—the readable travel volumes published by the Page Company, embracing Belgium, Holland, France, Italy, Switzerland, England, China, Japan, Egypt and other lands, giving descriptions of rare old monuments, of wonderful landscapes, of beautiful out-of-the-way places, combined with historical episodes and personal incidents in the lives of the good and the great associated with the spots so adequately described.

The author, who has already treated "The Spell of Alsace" in this series, devotes his attention in this volume chiefly to the outer suburbs of Paris, the many spots of Old France rich in architectural styles and historical associations.

He takes us first to Maintenon, and accompanies his description of the famous chateau with a charming account of Mme. de Maintenon, whom Louis XIV is said to have secretly married in his old age. His descriptions of the Valley of the Oise, of Noyon and Soissons with their old cathedrals (described in ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, Vol. VIII, No. 4, Aug. 1919) tell us of devastated regions as they were before the havoc of war swept over heroic France. Nor can one soon forget the thrilling chapters devoted to Chantilly, to the Chateau of Widenneville and to the Abbey of Livry, dear to Mme. de Sevigné. The map of the heart of France and the forty-five full page illustrations, many of them in color, contribute in large measure to the value of the book, which those who have seen these places will read with delight and those who have not seen them will read with longings to visit "La belle France" at the first opportunity.

M. C.

The Maid of Mirabelle. A Romance of Lorraine, by Eliot H. Robinson. Illustrated. Boston: The Page Company, 1920, pp. 304.

A quaint village of the Vosges beside the waters of the Moselle, where the gray-white houses are linked together 'like friendly old neighbors arm in arm' is the scene of this appealing romance.

The story deals with the experience of a young American of the Society of Friends, who goes to France during the war to do his bit in the work of rehabilitating destroyed villages in the liberated area. He leaves a sweetheart back in the States, but it is 'youth's privilege to forget' and for a time his love is laid at the feet

of beautiful Joan, the Maid of Mirabelle. Tragic events follow, and lives hitherto simple and tranquil are stirred to the depths. However, there is happiness for all at the end and our American finds his in 'that quiet harbor called home.'

With the unfolding of the love story, we are given charming glimpses of French life and character. The author's sympathetic understanding of France is indicated in the dedication of his book,—

"To all who love France unseen,
or having seen her love her the
more despite her failings, this
book is respectfully dedicated."

CAROLYN CARROLL.

Attic Red-Figured Vases in American Museums. By J. D. Beazley. Cambridge: Harvard University Press; London: Humphrey Milford, 1918. X+236 pp., 118 illustrations, \$7.

Mr. Beazley has done more than any other recent scholar in the way of identifying unsigned vases. He has discovered more than fifty new vase-painters and although certain scholars such as Percy Gardner and Pottier have questioned his methods, there is no doubt that his identifications, which often are the same as those made independently by others (Hoppin, Swindler, Frickenhaus, myself, and others) are in the majority of cases sound. He certainly has an unusual knowledge of stylistic details and aesthetics and a familiarity with the original vases themselves, such as perhaps no other living scholar has.

The present volume deals with a far greater field than its title indicates and represents a treatment of the whole red-figured style down to Meidias. There are many new attributions to artists already known, such as Epictetus, Oltus, Macron, and to those created by Beazley such as the Achilles and Pan Painters. Several new painters are identified, the best being the Niobid Painter, an artist of first rank. Some of the names of the artists such as the Flying Angel Painter; The Providence Painter, The See-saw Painter, The Painter of the Deepdene Amphora seem strange and the arrangement of the material might have been more practical. But there are very few errors in the book, which is one of the most important contributions ever made to Greek ceramics. Many unpublished vases in America and Europe are here illustrated for the first time and there are several better reproductions of vases already published.

D. M. R.

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